THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND POLITICS.

VOL. XLIV.—AUGUST, 1879.—No. CCLXII.

PREACHING.

IT is to be observed that preaching is something in which perfection is not attainable. The highest excellence in this work is but an approximation. The object of preaching, expressed in the largest way, is the formation, culture, and development of human character, and the guidance of conduct or life, in accordance with the laws, requirements, and obligations of our moral nature or being. With this in view as the end, preaching employs, as an instrument or means, the presentation of religious truth and thought, especially — in Christian teaching — the truths and doctrines of Christianity; the chief source whence these are to be drawn being the Scriptures of the New Testament, with illustrations and helps from the Hebrew sacred books, and from the religious history and experience of mankind.

The essential or fundamental principles and truths of Christianity are not presented or expressed in the New Testament in the form of exact, definite, direct propositions, so as to be apprehended with equal readiness, success, and perfection by minds of every character; but these principles belong to a class of ideas which in some measure depend for their apprehension upon moral and mental conditions, upon states of the will, the heart, or the moral character. In the phrase of the New Testament, they are spiritual truths or principles, and must be spiritually discerned or understood. These principles of Christianity are in this respect like most of the ideas which are conveyed in poetry and by the forms of other kinds of art; that is, for their adequate reception a certain preparation in the quality or attitude of the mind, and in the character of the person, is necessary.

Ideas and truths connected with almost all subjects of serious human interest may be appropriately employed in preaching. Innumerable facts of science in all its great departments may be rightly used in sermons, when such facts and truths are dominated and subordinated by a spiritual or religious purpose. Anything which can be made to serve a spiritual end may be of use, but all the elements and materials employed in preaching should be fused by a central, controlling, religious idea and motive. This spiritual or religious idea is of course complex. On one side it has, of necessity, an intellectual character; that is, in so far as it consists of thought, or is expressed in the form and by the terms of thought. But preaching, when rightly considered and performed, is not chiefly intellectual, but religious or spiritual; that is, it concerns itself primarily and principally with those faculties of man's being which find expression in

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reverence, trust, and obedience. Preaching deals with the will, and with action or conduct, and it addresses the intellectual faculties for the sake of these objects. But man's being or nature is a unit, and if the culture of the intellect is neglected, the religious character becomes ill balanced, morbid, and unwholesome. The evils and dangers resulting from excessive development of the emotional element in religion, though less portentous now than in other ages, still require examination, and render necessary whatever safeguards knowledge and foresight can supply.

Let us endeavor to see clearly some of the characteristics of the spiritual or religious idea. One of its essential qualities is that it always transcends the sphere of the transient, special, or particular, and passes into the region of the permanent and universal. All teaching which is truly spiritual or religious maintains a constant and direct relation with a moral order which is universal and eternal. This order is always recognized, or the belief in its existence is necessarily implied. The end, object, or purpose of all preaching or religious teaching is the production, development, or cultivation of obedience to the requirements of this moral order, of trust in its sovereign adequacy, and of harmony and conformity with it. The personality or character of man as a moral being stands within this moral order, and is related to it. This order existed before he began to be, and he is in some sense produced by it, and is a part of it. It is a peculiarity of man's being and of his relations to this order that he learns progressively of its existence, nature, and requirements; that he can never know or comprehend it perfectly, or attain to a complete or finished harmony or unity with it. His nature possesses or includes the capability of endless approximation or advance toward a perfection of vital harmony and oneness with this order, which is never to be completely attained, but which constitutes, in every stage of his progress, a most powerful incentive, inspiration, and ideal.

The preacher's faculties being finite, and their work necessarily imperfect, it constantly results that he does not adequately distinguish between what is special, transient, and subordinate, and what is universal, permanent, and supreme. His work is here so much a matter of relative or comparative emphasis, its quality depends so largely upon the character, insight, and genius of the man himself, that no adequate rules or directions for its right performance can be given. Some men have minds so mechanical and unspiritual that it is impossible for them ever to learn to preach usefully, and it may be conceded that some representatives of this class have in almost every age found their way into the pulpit.

One of the chief dangers or defects of preaching in our time, in this country at least, is its tendency to become predominantly intellectual, to deal with all its materials by intellectual methods. The facts, truths, principles, and ideas employed and illustrated in American preaching to-day belong, in great part, to the domain of the intellect, and are of a nature to stimulate chiefly the intellectual faculties, and to be apprehended by them. They are not marshaled by a spiritual purpose to spiritual ends, are not fused or assimilated by any power of adequate spiritual vitality. Preaching of this intellectual kind consists largely of argument and discussion, and it therefore necessarily produces and cultivates chiefly activity of the intellectual faculties; that is, a mental condition or attitude of a critical or questioning character, a spirit of doubt. The religious spirit is essentially the spirit of trust and of obedience. The special tendencies and developments of thought which characterize our own age have been, in too great measure, reproduced in the preaching of the time. We have had too much of "preaching for the times;" that is, the preaching has dealt too largely with things which are recent and transient, with the superficial and particular rather than with the vital, permanent, and universal.

The deepest and highest powers of

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the nature of man respond only to spiritual or universal influences and ideas. Nothing is potent or vital enough to summon his faculties to their highest and best activity except a perception or revelation of his relations to the universal order, and of the duties proceeding from and depending upon these relations. It is wholesome and good for man — it feeds the very sources of his life — to stand awed before the majesty and beauty of the moral order of the universe and the strength of its eternal laws. It is not possible that his nature should be so expanded, stimulated, and purified, or raised to such perfection of vitality and action, by any other influence. To produce and develop this perception is one of the most important objects of preaching; but it is not attained by the method of treating religion chiefly as a matter of knowledge, as something to be explained and understood, a theory or system of thought, to be defended by argument and sustained by refuting objections.

There is much preaching in this country which is a potent and valuable means of intellectual culture, but which has little of the religious or spiritual quality which should characterize Christian preaching. Many of the most intelligent, active, and influential ministers have for several years devoted much attention to the peculiar literature of modern science; and they have reported to their hearers the speculations and theories of the men who write about science for the magazines and reviews, regarding subjects which are most closely and vitally connected with the religious and theological beliefs belonging to Christianity, and with the principles, laws, sanctions, and obligations of Christian practice and character. The dissolving or disintegrating tendencies of modern scientific thought have thus been to a great extent combined with the preaching of the time, and so conveyed into the minds of the people who make up the churches of this country. Multitudes have in this way been made acquainted with the skeptical elements and tendencies of the thought of the age, and have been brought to feel the force of the objections which materialism has recently urged against the doctrines of Christianity. In many cases the scientific, skeptical, and critical ideas thus presented have had more force with the hearers than the answers or refutations brought forward by the preacher.

Many of these scientific objections to the doctrines of Christianity have received far more attention than is rightly their due on any ground of intrinsic weight, value, or respectability; and many of the ministers of the country have thus assisted in the propagation of skeptical notions to an extent which has noticeably influenced the thought of the people. Many persons have been affected by negative and disintegrating ideas with which they would have had little acquaintance but for the carefulness and iteration with which these opinions have been presented in the preaching of the time. It is possible to have too much discussion in preaching. Hearers are convinced and confirmed, strengthened and established, rather by the thoroughness and strength of the minister's own beliefs, by their perception of the confidence and certainty which he feels, than by his presentation of arguments against skepticism.

It is always necessary to distinguish between what is superficial and of slight significance in the thought of the time, and what belongs to the class of forces and ideas which work deeply and widely in the mind of an age, gradually producing important changes in opinion, and so, at length, modifying the structure of society and the civilization of nations or races. I suppose we must say that this power of distinguishing between the superficial and insignificant manifestations of popular caprice and the real spirit, thought, and voice of the age is something which cannot be taught, communicated, or learned in its entirety; but all real culture assists the development of this discriminating judgment or estimate of the comparative value of the different products and tendencies of human thought. It is also important to observe that the study of his-

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tory and acquaintance with the world's best literature are specially adapted to assist the formation of the intellectual character which is the basis of such judgment and the pledge of its value.

Christianity properly changes front from time to time, to meet new forms of evil and error; and its continued existence depends upon this necessary flexibility. What changes of relative emphasis in Christian teaching and practice are required by the new conditions of human life and its environment in our age is an important question, — the most vital and momentous, indeed, which can now engage the thought of Americans in connection with religious subjects. This is at once the real issue and the common ground between the conservative and the modern parties in the Christian church. One party emphasizes the value of what has been tried and has done good service in the past; the other emphasizes the need of new weapons, and the advantages of a partial change of front. Neither party has clearly defined its own ground or aims, nor have the leaders on either side thought it necessary to understand the position of those from whom they differ. Nobody seems prepared, as yet, for any thorough examination or discussion of the subject.

It is especially easy, in a time when thought upon religious subjects is becoming less vital and spiritual, for men to imagine that there is great value in the use of terms and phrases which have lost their primary significance and vitality, even for those who utter them. The truths, facts, experiences, and forms of thought and expression which furnish the most varied, adequate, and valuable illustrations of the relations between man and the universal order, or Supreme Will, which are anywhere accessible to the preacher are to be found in the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. But the forms of expression used in these books have no magical value. They cannot be successfully used as charms or spells. Their mechanical repetition or pronunciation by the human voice does not necessarily, or in itself, benefit those who hear. The use of phrases drawn from these high sources is helpful and tends to edification only if they are employed appropriately, and in connections or relations in which they have actual meaning, truth, and efficiency. Many preachers with whom I am acquainted, even among those of most pronounced rationalistic tendencies, often appear to think there is great value in the mere repetition of Old Testament phrases and figures of speech. But in our time even church members read the Bible so little that such expressions are often unintelligible, and tend to obscure the thought of the preacher instead of illustrating it.

The preacher always deals most successfully with the special sins, dangers, temptations, and evils of any time by using, as the chief substance and texture of his teaching, the great fundamental, permanent, and universal principles and truths of the moral nature and life of man, as they are illustrated in human experience and in the moral aspects of the history of mankind. He may safely trust to the universal nature which is in man and over him to make nearly all necessary special applications of general moral principles and universal truths. It is rarely best to give very elaborate treatment to such themes as form the staple of the newspaper writing of the time, or the prevalent gossip of the community. Yet the necessary distinction here does not consist so much in the difference of the subjects presented as in the spirit and manner of their treatment. Many things can be profitably used as incidental illustrations which could not properly be employed as the chief topics or substance of a sermon. A minister of my acquaintance was once preaching on the subject of truthfulness, and after various illustrations of its importance in practice, and of the temptations to unveracity in modern life, he said, "It is not open to a member of this church to evade the payment of the tax on dogs by any falsehood or equivocation whatever." He passed at once to other topics, but this sentence produced important changes in the practice of the citizens of that community, and in the amount of the revenues of the

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town. It is not likely that the effect would have been so salutary if my friend had delivered a lecture on dogs, with interesting facts and illustrations from history and literature, though such a lecture would not have been greatly unlike some modern sermons.

One of the special dangers and defects of preaching in this country is connected with the popular liking for oratory in the pulpit, the demand for what is called eloquent preaching. The common American idea of pulpit eloquence is low and sensational. It means chiefly a rapid and emphatic utterance of sonorous sentences, with something extreme, paradoxical, and violent in the thought presented, though not much thought is required. People demand of the preacher that he shall arouse and excite them, and they enjoy with a kind of voluptuousness the temporary stimulus and thrill of emotion which the preaching causes. It results from the laws of mental action that preaching of this kind does not inspire conscientiousness, nor tend to practical moral activity. It necessarily produces and fosters mental conditions which are extremely unfavorable to spirituality of character and life.

This appetite for eloquence, working with other tendencies of the age, has helped to make the preaching in this country dramatic and entertaining, but, in large measure, unspiritual. This, I think, can be rightly regarded only as a calamity, a tendency opposed to the interests of religion, adapted to weaken and subvert it, and to lead the people who are influenced by it into a region where religion will be impossible or regarded as unnecessary. This is one of the most important among the unfavorable tendencies of the age. It has made preaching "more interesting and attractive to the masses," but this has been accomplished by sacrificing much that is essential in religion itself.

There is a peculiar peril in oratory or eloquence for the orator himself, and few of the idols of popular taste have escaped it. This is the temptation to say things which will arouse and excite people, and so give them the emotional thrill which they require the orator to produce, rather than the things that are true, and that would tend to acquaintance, on the part of the hearers, with their own needs and duties, and to a more rigid subjection of their practice to the laws of Christian morality. The preacher's own taste for truth is dulled, and his power of perceiving and distinguishing it is gradually lost. Seriousness declines, and the most solemn and sacred doctrines and facts of Christianity come to be regarded merely as materials for oratorical display. An enormous egotism disorders all the preacher's perceptions of fitness and relation, subverts reverence, and emancipates him from moral obligation. His hearers, on their part, make the emotional enjoyment which they experience in hearing eloquent preaching a substitute for Christian conduct and character. Exceptional instances of this kind are chiefly interesting and significant as indications of general tendencies.

The requirements of the people regarding the social life and occupations of the minister form a serious hindrance to the spirituality and usefulness of his work. His work demands, more than almost any other, except, perhaps, that of poets and artists, periods of solitude, of silent thought and waiting, of receptive communion with the universal and eternal within him and around him. It needs, in a peculiar degree, a free, unfettered condition of his faculties. This is indispensable for the best performance of his work, for the production of the higher qualities in his preaching. Many men have been able to enjoy this disengagement of their faculties, this freedom for devotion and allegiance to the Highest, in the midst of affairs, conditions, and circumstances which, to most observers, appear to have been highly unfavorable to such concentration of faculty. But only the man himself can ascertain and decide what are the necessary conditions for the most successful performance of his work. Yet there are very few persons in the churches of this country who appear to have any understanding or appreciation of this law of

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the minister's work. The people with whom the preacher lives in closest relations usually think they know much better than he how he should arrange and employ his time during the week; and the popular judgment decides that most of his time should be devoted to drinking tea with his parishioners, to what is called "going about among the people, and making himself at home with them."

The history of Christianity shows that the ministry has never possessed great power or authority, or the church a high degree of spiritual vitality, at any time when ministers were accustomed to pass a great portion of their time among their people in ordinary social intercourse with them. It is one of the features of the life of our time that pastoral visiting, that is, short calls devoted to conversation upon religious subjects, has given place to ordinary social visiting and intercourse between the minister and his people. This change is closely connected with important features and tendencies of the religion of the age. It has had a great effect upon preaching in this country. The modern practice has made impossible, in great measure, the habit of solitary study, and has thus shorn the preaching of the time of the peculiar authority and impressiveness which belong to utterances which come from lonely heights of thought and experience.

As things are at present, the minister's hearers are to a considerable extent already familiar with his thought before they meet him at the church. He has been with them during most of the week, and has thus had little time for thoughts arising from beyond the circle of pleasant, worldly conversation. I concede willingly all that may be claimed for the influence of the clergyman in thus promoting culture and refinement among his people, and so aiding the development of a higher civilization; but I wish to point out the fact that the minister has in this way lost much of power and authority for his work as a preacher, and it is this work which we are now considering. It is not visiting among the poor or sick that injures a man's power as a preacher, but the modern expectation that he shall spend most of his time among the agreeable people of his parish, who live comfortably and like to be entertained.

The preaching of the time in this country is as good as the people are willing to hear. Neither in the church nor out of it is there any considerable demand for better preaching. Where there is most intelligence or culture the chief desire in regard to preaching is that it shall be entertaining, and thus suited to attract many hearers who will help to pay the expenses of the church. Under the "voluntary system," as it is called, which prevails here, it would be very difficult to give the people any kind of preaching which they do not want. The persons who need to be taught, guided, and instructed thus fix the standard and determine almost wholly the character of the teaching which they are to receive. This is an incidental effect of the dominion of the masses, of our universal-suffrage arrangement of society. In very few of the churches or congregations in this country can there be any continuous or habitual religious teaching which the people do not approve. The standard, or ideal, as to preaching is usually higher among ministers than among their hearers, and many clergymen maintain a constant struggle against the injurious tendencies of the popular taste, and try to create in the minds of their hearers an appetite for the higher and more spiritual qualities in religious teaching. But the preaching of the country, like nearly everything else in our national life, is likely to become more and more completely representative of the culture, taste, morality, and entire character of the people who compose the churches. If this is the tendency, the character of the preaching will not thereby be elevated or improved.

At last, everything among us must depend upon the average or aggregate culture, character, and will of the people. They are the real source of everything in our national life, of whatever good we can hope to keep or establish here, and of all the evils which injure or threat-

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en us. Their sovereignty has been commonly regarded as having its sphere and operation in political affairs. The ballot is esteemed its proper symbol and expression. It is time for us to recognize the fact that under this sovereignty of the people everything in the life and character of our nation, its institutions, religion, morality, culture, and civilization, are dependent upon the character, development, and will of the people. Our people are not yet prepared or disposed to permit or sustain such preaching as is needed for the purification and guidance of our national life, and the growth of a higher civilization.

The church is still a valuable conservative and vital agency in our national life, but it exhibits only such spirituality, moral illumination, and earnestness as are possessed by the people who compose it; and it is marked by all that is defective in their culture and character. Under the voluntary system, preaching in this country is, in fact and of necessity, almost exactly what the people who have money wish it to be. Most of the preaching needs improvement. Some influences which our national interests most imperatively require should naturally come from this source. They are not now supplied by any agency whatever. But the preaching of the country can be improved, so as to make it more valuable to the nation, only by elevating the popular taste through an advance in the culture of the more intelligent classes of our people. No adequate instrumentalities for effecting such an advance are yet in existence. The preachers of the country could do much to prepare the way for a better state of things if they would give earnest attention to the facts, conditions, and tendencies of our national life, but the popular optimism is averse to such study of the facts of the time. The teaching of the Bible in regard to preaching, especially its marked emphasis of the idea that it is the business of the preacher to proclaim the will of God, to deliver a message from Him, to teach the truth, whether men wish to hear it or not; that he is to utter whatever his ultimate convictions of duty require him to speak, accepting whatever of suffering or loss may be the result, — this has great influence upon all manly and sincere young men in the ministry. It inspires them with something of heroic feeling, and still, even in our time, gives to this profession an element of solemnity, an ideal quality, and a culture in elevated sentiments not found in equal degree in other professions or occupations, except perhaps among artists. But it soon comes to seem impossible, under the conditions of our modern life, to obey these principles, or to maintain an attitude in any wise heroic, except in personal self-denial on the part of the minister for the sake of his work, and in the endurance of life-long pain and regret on account of the difficulty of keeping the Bible estimate of his work in sight even as an ideal. It would soon increase the vitality of religion among us in a marked degree, and greatly improve our national life, if the more influential clergymen would unite and coöperate in developing and disseminating scriptural ideas of the moral authority of the pulpit, and its rightful freedom from popular control.

The dangers to religion in our time, as well as to the moral interests of our country, are very grave; but it is for the present nearly impossible to interest Americans in anything which depends upon the operation of general and complex influences, or far-reaching tendencies. Optimism discourages effort for improvement. It is a great maker of phrases, and delights in announcing that "truth and right must triumph in the end." It refuses to regard anything that may occur in the mean time as worthy of serious attention. Many are anxious, but comfort themselves with the hope that "things will remain about as they are" in our time, and that those who come after us may be wise enough to deal with the increasing difficulties of the next age. Nothing seems very important to our people unless it is of the nature of a catastrophe; nothing arouses them to serious interest but the belief in the near approach of a terrible crisis. There is little love of excellence for its

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own sake among us at present, and we are generally not only indisposed to earnest, steady devotion to high ideals, but we are almost destitute of respect, veneration, and enthusiasm for those who have, in other times, lived in high and noble ways. One chief reason why the heart of the age is not more potently moved by the central personage of the New Testament story is the fact that men have, to a great extent, lost the power to recognize greatness and heroism in human character, as they have lost the faculty of reverence for moral grandeur.

We have reached a state of things, a stage in the evolution of thought, when a partial change of front on the part of Christianity is necessary to meet the forms of error and evil which have been developed under the new conditions of society in modern times. The enthronement of the masses, and the extension of man's acquaintance with the physical universe, — democracy and science, — these have been the principal agents in the production of a new environment for religion in modern life. Some considerable changes in relative emphasis in Christian teaching are imperatively required by the conditions that have been developed in society since the revival of learning. That such changes will some time be made appears to me, for various reasons, probable. But such changes are never wrought by Almighty power operating directly and without human agency. Neither are they produced by "the resistless influence of the laws of progress." They have hitherto been brought about very slowly, as the result of many small movements and efforts on the part of religious teachers, and of other persons interested in religion and in human welfare.

Other-world sanctions have to a great extent lost their force in Christian teaching, and in the thought both of Christians and of the people outside of the church. The influence of what are called the miraculous or supernatural facts of Christian history has also less potency in human thought than ever before. Neither the distant past nor the distant future awes, inspires, or restrains men now as heretofore. The church will be obliged to recognize these changes. The chief line or method of advance is by an increased emphasis upon the sanctions, obligations, and activities belonging to this world and to the moral life of the present time. Heaven can wait. It is not necessary to think much about it while we have strength and time for labor here. But this world ought to be purified, and life here developed, organized, and directed in obedience to the requirements of order and justice. And for us — for Americans — this world means our own country. We have no real opportunity or relation with humanity in general. As they are usually set forth in the phrases of sentimentalists, the brotherhood of mankind and our duty to humanity are abstractions without vital meaning or practical value. We have most vital relations, we have boundless opportunity, with the people of our own country. We need the influence of the strongest emphasis that religion can give to our duties as citizens, as members of the national family. Religion should translate the idea of the brotherhood of man into the idea and fact of the fraternity of the people of our country. Righteousness, justice, order, patriotism, — these are the principles which religion should henceforth emphasize in this country. If Christianity should come to mean this and do this, it would regain its lost vitality and sovereignty; it would be again a light to guide and a law to govern mankind.

But all the experience of the past makes it probable that such a change of front and shifting of relative emphasis on the part of Christianity will not be accomplished without enormous loss, injury, and moral disintegration. I do not know how much of this might be prevented if a few of our teachers and leaders were wise enough to begin at once to act upon the lessons which time is sure to teach; but there are few signs of such wisdom among us. The old beliefs are losing their power, but no new sanctions of equal or adequate vitality are taking the place of the convictions

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which are thus perishing. No human power can prevent this decay of the old beliefs, and no wise man could wish to hasten it. We need now insight and impulse for the development of the new methods and forms of thought and teaching, and the new ideas of life, which are to house and clothe, feed and guide, the "emancipated" but untaught multitudes, who, if left to themselves, are the helpless, predestined prey of the delusions always ready to ravage and desolate the life of a race or generation which has not inherited a vital and adequate religion.

Probably the most groundless and irrational of the teaching of our time is that of the "liberal" or "rationalistic" optimists, who insist that there is no loss of moral vitality, or decay of religion itself, in this wide-spread breaking down of the old beliefs. The history of times of transition in the past and the known laws of mental action and social change should lead us to expect a long period of intellectual bewilderment, of religious and moral disintegration and political debasement. We shall probably try many wasteful and hazardous experiments; the optimists will still prophesy triumphantly; and the people who live after us may learn, if we do not, that new agencies for the education of the people are indispensable, and a new consecration to the interests and objects of our national life. A few men will think of the flag with something of the passionate devotion with which men formerly thought of the cross, and will transmit their high ideal to their children as a holy trust, to be guarded and enshrined by each succeeding generation. After measureless toil and suffering, it may be found that Christianity has made a partial change of front, that men in this land have again a religion, and that civilization has moved forward to higher grounds.

THE FUTURE OF INVENTION.

In our recent national phenomena there is no other fact so significant, so startling, as the prodigious increase of inventions, both in their number and in their influence over business and daily life. Within the past ten years far more patents have been issued than during all our previous history, although the former period is more than half made up of our most prolonged and serious commercial crisis, while the latter includes nearly every prosperous season that we have ever known. Could the hard times materially soften, we might expect such a rush of new improvements as would resemble the bursting of a torrent through an ice gorge. But even as matters are, with an aggregate of more than two hundred thousand patents (mostly recent) and a weekly issue filling a ponderous printed volume, we cannot but feel ourselves in the presence of a growing force, which is not to be estimated, and which is assuredly the greatest factor of modern life.

Already nearly all other interests have begun to cluster around invention. It is a matter of common remark that most of the capital of the country is somehow bound up in patents, or drifting toward union with them. They raise or lower the value of farm lands and city lots. The great railroad arteries pulsate under their pressure from end to end. The manufacturer who ignores them invites speedy ruin. The merchant sells under them. The farmer, the mechanic, the miner, all work for them or by their authority. They constitute the most lucrative branch of legal practice. Vast sums are continually changing hands in the litigation upon them. They have probably made and unmade more fortunes than all other agencies combined.

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Even in our seven greatest grain-growing States of the Northwest, from Ohio to Minnesota, the aggregate value of the manufacturing interest was shown by the last census to exceed the aggregate value of the agricultural interest by about seventy-six millions of dollars; and nearly all of the former sum is said to be invested in or employed under recent patents. No doubt the excess would be much more at the present day. A competent witness recently declared that it would require a population of nine millions, without machinery, to do what the State of Massachusetts is doing to-day, — this, when factories have lain idle for three years and more at Amesbury, and all over the State only a small proportion of them have been working full force and full time! Perhaps we cannot better realize the situation than by considering for a moment the effect of a sudden abolition of this complex artificial system which we have built about us. The confiscation of half the real estate of the country would scarcely be a more staggering blow to vested interests and settled order.

It is plain that we have evoked very literally a genius, which for good or evil will mold us to its will. We have already lost power over it, and can only ask, "What will it do to us and with us? What changes may we expect from it in our great national life and the yet greater life of the world outside?" If anything can be worth considering, this surely is; for it refers to a future which intimately concerns us all, and which will not long delay its coming.

Let us begin by considering the nature of this force, and its past history and results. A little thought will show that all inventions have their origin either in the desire to get something new, or in the desire to get something more cheaply. The former class would of course preponderate at first, since the tendency to acquire is generally greater than the tendency to save; and primitive man feels first of all the instinctive impulse to expand his powers. There is, at all stages, something very fascinating to the imagination in the advances of our race as a whole toward the subjugation of nature and the application of her laws and powers to man's benefit. But with the growing needs of a developing civilization, we should naturally expect to see that class of inventions come into view which looks first of all to economy in production. Especially is this true of such as tend to lessen the need for prime movers, such as human hands, the supply of which increases but slightly.

These expectations have been fulfilled. Until the last two or three centuries, most inventions had for their object the bringing of some new field under human control, the enabling men to have or to do what they could not have or do before. The mariner's compass, gunpowder, printing, and at earlier periods glass, iron-working, bronze, the bow, and the production of fire, may be cited as a few familiar instances of them. They came at wide, though decreasing, intervals; partly because of the dense, yet diminishing, ignorance of the world in physical matters, and partly because the laws of mental action make radical discoveries and vast acquisitions comparatively infrequent even in the most enlightened times. But they engrossed pretty nearly all the inventive power then manifest. The world was generally too crude and fragmentary to offer much encouragement to wholesale manufacture, and human labor was almost everywhere a drug. Moreover, a ready remedy for any special need of the kind was found in a raid over the borders of some neighboring state and the enslavement of a portion of its people. Even after these practices ceased, an unsettled and warlike feeling remained, which despised the useful arts, and tended to discourage economy as compared with the acquisition and manifestation of power. Unfortunately, this spirit is not quite dead even yet.

But at length the growing standard of comfort and the increasing love of peace had created, or stimulated, in certain countries a demand for articles of use and wear, which spread from class to class. Rapid, cheap, and multitudinous production became more and more es-

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sential; for it was necessary to supply with profit the many who were not rich. The first stumbling-block was soon found in the multitude of artisans needed, — machines which demanded the most expensive of fuel, and at best could work only at a slow rate. It was imperative to substitute as far as possible something which should be vastly less costly and more efficient. Thus the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, and a legion of improvements came into being, each stimulating the others, and all urging forward the production of textile fabrics. Concurrent with these were advances or tentative efforts in most of the other arts, each having the same general object. Invention had entered on a new era.

It is worthy of remark that at this point the force of which we treat encountered for the first time a vehement opposition, which did not proceed from mere theological bigotry or hatred of innovation. It has been the fashion of late years to berate as blind and ungrateful fools the weavers who persistently thwarted Cartwright and mobbed Jacquard; but it may be questioned whether a good deal could not be advanced in favor of their intelligent appreciation of what was to come. The average human intellect is unfortunately too apt to consider class interests and personal interests rather than the grand advance of the race, and the dread of the discomforts of a transitional period, through which we and our immediate descendants must certainly pass, finds very little alleviation in the thought of a possible millennium beyond. As men, these resisters of progress were doubtless wrong, but as weavers, they were (in some sense) right. At least they acted, however impotently, in the line of the interests of their class. They had made the acquaintance of the labor-saving machine, and they realized, in spite of specious arguments, that it was the enemy of the mechanic, — *as a mechanic.*

As we draw nearer and nearer to our own times, we find the cheapening devices gaining ground more and more in number and prominence. We meet in brilliant succession, it is true, with the steam-engine, the steamboat, the telegraph, vulcanized rubber, the ice machine, Bessemer steel, the sand-blast, the telephone, and a number of others which constitute real advances; but they are only a handful in comparison with the multitude of inventions which have cheapness for their chief object.

At first, outlets for superfluous workmen were readily found. The new discoveries opened new fields for demand, and wants of all sorts were stimulated. The man who had been crowded out of weaving in his youth might learn to make horseshoe nails, or pins, in middle life, and at worst he could handle a sickle in the harvest field till old age came on. Moreover, telescopes and microscopes, steam-engines and cotton-gins, all required workmen for their manufacture. The very labor-saving machines themselves were in the last analysis the work of the mechanic's hands. Back of all this lay the great need of the raw materials, such as grain, cotton, wool, wood, gold, silver, iron, and coal, all of which, in some way, had to be won from the earth by the effort of human strength. At first sight it might seem as if the compensation would be permanently adequate; and indeed it has generally been so regarded. But there are strong reasons for believing that in this the political economists (or some of them) have been wrong, and the uninstructed but interest-sharpened instincts of the workingman right.

The outlets and compensations mentioned obviously have their limits. Railroads, telegraphs, and steamboat lines, ranking among the greatest of them, cannot be infinitely extended. The earth itself is bounded, and we cannot cover it all with tracks. Already this country is blessed with a number of railways which are more likely to be abandoned than completed. Moreover, a railway once constructed has fulfilled the greater measure of its utility in this regard. It employs few men beside those needed for repairs, protection of property, and management of its rolling stock. It diminishes their number by the use of labor-saving machines in its shops and on

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its trains. It has, and often uses, every advantage of the market over those who remain. The same applies to steamboats and telegraphs, though in less degree.

The greatest compensation is perhaps to be found in the increased demand for raw material and for the production of food on a larger scale. At the base of nearly all our manufactures, except such as are worked by elemental power, lie the coal beds; and the more multifarious the forms of improvement the greater will be the demand for fuel. But then a single man can quarry in a few hours the condensed and conserved power of many men for many days. Experience shows that this receptacle for overflow is itself generally overflowing. The same is true of gold mining, iron mining, and all allied industries. Everywhere the workingman is superseded by machinery, or he works to such advantage that one can supply what many may need.

Agriculture underwent a decided revolution with the rise of the manufacturing interest. From a means of providing the household it became a field for speculation, or a medium for supplying the multitudes who had left their normal position as the producers of their own food. It retains this wholesale and half-speculative character yet, and might, in this aspect, seem to offer a refuge. But here again the labor-saving machine interposes at every turn, and warns the machine of flesh and blood off the premises. The reaper has driven him mainly from the harvest field, the thresher from the threshing-floor. The cultivator is half a dozen hoes in one, and the horse-rake a dozen rakes. The binder takes the place of four or five additional laborers. Improvements crowd fast upon one another, and each means "a few more men out of the way." Nor can the workingman profitably farm (as a rule) on his own account, for the supply of the market. The above-mentioned cheapening devices have made the production of breadstuffs so excessive that they will generally bring but a very low price, not nearly enough to pay expenses and interest on borrowed capital.

Many writers have assumed that the stimulated demand for familiar articles (partly arising from the greater activity of desire and the enlargement of hope due to our material advances, and partly caused by the improved quality of the goods manufactured by machinery) will always counterbalance the enormously increased supply produced by an unchanged, or but slightly changed, aggregate of hands working with the aid of continually improving machinery. But a little thought will show that this expectation is fallacious. The necessaries of life can never be required in more than certain quantities, and this is measurably true even of its luxuries as well. If hats become very cheap, a man may get a new one every month, instead of two or three a year; but no man can possibly need, or will buy, many more than the former number. The same is true of shoes and clothing. The cheapness of glass has caused it to be introduced into nearly every house outside of the backwoods; but after all, a dwelling cannot be entirely window-panes. Lucifer matches, pins, brooms, and other perishable articles may be used as wastefully as their reduced cost suggests, but nevertheless the bounds are easily reached. The number of horseshoes and horseshoe nails required is necessarily determined by the number of horses in use, and this cannot be multiplied at will. Newspapers and periodicals are numerous enough to make the world stare; but publishers have already discovered that it is possible to overload the reading public. If more tools be produced than can be used by the carpenter, the blacksmith, the gardener, or some other of the mechanical fraternity, they will lie unbought; and a great part of the work of these men either is not affected by the improvement of machinery or is superseded by it. A given number of persons can dispose of but a given maximum of prepared food or medicine, even if they have at their command all the cheapening and multiplying mechanism of which the human mind can conceive. Nor does the numerical increase of the race from generation to generation bear any considerable proportion to its

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growing facilities for producing the articles which it needs.

Of course, with the advance of civilization new articles of luxury are required, and here there is a real, though inadequate, compensation. It *is* inadequate, because with all of us the novelties of life bear but a small proportion to the things which have been long and familiarly used; because under our present social system the great majority of the people cannot afford many luxuries; and because ingenuity is less readily exerted in discovery than in improvement. It is far easier to shorten or expedite travel than to find a new country; it is far easier to simplify the manufacture of old things than to devise radically new ones. Moreover, as soon as any great demand grows up in this field, the labor-saving machine appears again, reducing the number of laborers who are thus relieved.

It must be remembered, also, that labor-saving devices, and indeed inventions of all kinds, often absolutely lessen demand instead of increasing it. Suppose, for example, that the many attempts at producing a satisfactory traction engine should result in success; is it not evident that the number of horses in use would be greatly diminished? This would similarly reduce the demand for horseshoes, horseshoe nails, curry-combs, and harness of all sorts, every one of which now forms the centre of extensive manufacturing interests, employing many men. Again, the vast improvements in machinery for metal-working, wood-working, leather-working, and the like, of necessity tend to lessen the need for the tools required to labor at those trades by hand. Every simplification (and most real improvements are simplifications) of a process does away not only with some of the men formerly employed upon it, but also with the tools or ingredients which those men used in working, and which other men prepared elsewhere. This deduction must be made in every department. One may almost say that every labor-saving device is also a material-saving device. Its effect in stimulating demand for the articles which it produces and for those which are used in it is largely off-set by its effect in destroying demand for other articles. The remaining increase of demand will not at all compensate for the enormous increase of supply which most of these improvements afford.

The achievements of some of these latter-day inventions read almost like fairy tales. They have been so frequently published of late that it seems needless to present an array of figures here. We find the same phenomena in every one of the useful arts. The recent Congress called out some interesting facts with regard to one of the least familiar of them. A report having been circulated that a certain bureau of the government was injudiciously using patented machinery instead of human labor in a part of its work, a resolution of inquiry was passed, which led to the discovery that the change had resulted in a saving of about seventy-five per cent. of the expense. This represented the salaries or wages of nearly the whole force previously employed for the same service. Almost the only compensation for this permanent diminution of the demand for human labor is to be found in the small amount of such labor temporarily required to construct the machines, and to replace them, in whole or in part, as they wear out after long use. The same result must have followed wherever the same machines were introduced.

The most astonishing results of this sort, however, are found in the manufacture of small articles of ordinary use. Formerly, horseshoes were made one at a time by hand. The amount of labor and time required to transform a large, thick bar of metal into something so different as a heap of nails may be readily imagined. With all possible skill and exertion, only a comparatively small number could be produced in a given period. Now we have machines which will take bar after bar of metal as fast as it can be supplied, cut it into suitable lengths, compress it to any diameter in cross section, turn, shape, feed, point, cut, polish, and finally deliver into any receptacle, without human interven-

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tion at any stage of the process. The bars go in at one end, and the nails come out at the other, in a continuous stream. It is obvious that a machine of this kind, with its attendant, will take the place of a number of hand laborers not easily to be computed; and this in a market which is not capable of any very great expansion. In such a case, there is hardly any compensation beyond the slight temporary ones above noticed. The same may be said, with scarcely diminished force, of the manufacture of pins and other small articles. Of pins and needles in particular, we are told that the chief labor in their manufacture is now the sticking them into the paper. Yet it is not so very long since they were made by a slow and laborious succession of some half a dozen hand processes. In fact, there is hardly any one minor article of metal which cannot be produced by some existing machine nearly or quite as fast as a man can count. Even the more complicated operations, such as the manufacture of brooms, are performed automatically and rapidly by a single machine, with very little human aid. Every stage of wood-working has undergone a similar transformation, from the sawing and planing of huge masses of lumber to the shaping and throating of spokes, and the turning of irregular forms for children's toys.

The list might be very considerably extended. Everywhere we meet with the same state of facts. The labor-saving machine is entering every field, and its entrance is to the workman an irresistible command to go. We are brought face to face with a problem which is essentially new. To the contemporaries of Watt or of Arkwright the present quandary was what the future exhaustion of the coal fields is to us, — a great fact looming in the distance, full of changes for the race, but without immediate application. It was more than this, only to the extent that it compelled many persons to change their methods of earning a livelihood, — a serious inconvenience, no doubt, but not ruinous so long as only a few departments were occupied by machinery. But this is no longer true. Every-day experience and observation show that men are frequently thrown out of employment, and are reduced to great straits by their inability to get work elsewhere. Where is the field in which the supply is not greater than the demand? Who can show any reasonable hope that this will be reversed? The country swarms with the unemployed wandering from place to place. For years we have been growing accustomed to the growlings of labor in all our cities. The disease has continued so long that it unmistakably indicates a deep-seated and permanent cause, which can be cured only by a radical change of conditions in the great body of the people.

The crisis is delayed by the natural conservatism of mankind. If we were now practically using all the labor-saving appliances at command, the number of laborers employed would be much less than it actually is. In point of fact, many manufacturers, producers, and users on a large scale cling, through force of habit, to old, slow ways, and resist or distrust innovations. There are large and fertile agricultural districts where the self-binder is just making its way, and the sulky-plow and wheel corn-planter are almost unknown. The great majority of brick-makers do not use brick machines of any sort. Very many persons, through prejudice, decline to buy machine-made shoes or clothing. A good deal of house carpentry is still done by hand, which could be done more expeditiously and as well by existing machines. Most railroads as yet prefer a full complement of brakemen to the air-brake, and only a few have substituted for human hands any one of the fifteen hundred patented car-couplers now on record and accessible to the public.

Doubtless many other instances might be cited, but they serve only to postpone for a little the hour which must come. Conservatism is giving way every day before the demonstration of increased utility, convenience, and cheapness; and this is accelerated by the great efforts made by the owners of most of these inventions to secure their general adop-

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tion. Every improvement in their efficiency commends them more and more to the attention of all who need of them.

The first effect of the flood of inventions now pouring in, when most of those already existing have been generally brought into use, will be to throw out of employment by far the greater number of persons now working on wages, and to make it impossible for them to get similar employment elsewhere. This will be brought about gradually as a result of the causes and limitations hereinbefore stated, but (in the absence of war, or any great property-destroying or labor-employing agent) it will have reached a point before many years which will be simply intolerable. This distress will not check invention, for the prevailing lowness of prices will stimulate manufacturers to use every possible means for still further reducing expenses, and the demand of the people for the necessaries of life cannot be greatly changed. But some outlet for the workingman will become a necessity, and fortunately such an outlet exists.

If our civilization rests on the coal beds, it is none the less true that our humanity rests on the soil. Our normal condition is that of the infant drawing its sustenance from its mother's breast. All our other arrangements are essentially artificial. We have built up on our primitive foundation an elaborate piece of architecture, which will soon topple down by its own weight, its fragments forming a stronger basis for the simpler structure which will follow. The support of man by man is the exception; the support of man directly by mother earth is the general law of the race. Our recent history is the only wide-spread attempt at overturning that law which the world can show; and it is not so much a designed effort at subversion as an inevitable, though in some sense abnormal, transition state. For the first time we have comparatively few men who are simply producing what they eat and use. The remainder comprise a minority of producers, and a great majority of remolders, traffickers, and consumers. The minority provide the majority with food, and both the majority and the minority are divided into numerous groups of varying size, each consisting of workingmen governed in some sense by a proprietor or proprietors. This leaves the great mass of mankind dependent on the will or the misfortune of the few; it is unfavorable to independence of thought and action; it perpetuates needless class distinctions; and it insures a vast amount of distress among those who do the hard work of the world. The natural escape from all this is the return of the masses to their normal and healthful existence as tillers of the soil, not for the sake of speculation or considerable sale, but for the means of living.

There is no one of our States which does not offer abundant space for settlement and cultivation. The practical difficulties would very speedily dwindle if they were seized by determined hands. Everywhere along the Atlantic slope there are waste lands which are quite beyond the reach of agricultural machines, and these tracts are generally very cheap. Only a small amount of land is necessary for subsistence, if plenty of labor be expended; and it would not be difficult to procure a locality where the water and the woods might add a variety of food. An independent, even if isolated, life of this sort would soon be found more satisfactory than a subordinate and precarious existence on wages, and would certainly be infinitely preferable to the hopeless hanging about after a job. Under the pressure of which I speak, the workingmen would soon feel the necessity of aiding one another to make the change of life suggested; those who had prospered in it would gladly urge and assist others to do likewise; and the manufacturer and capitalist, desirous of securing stability for his property, would see the wisdom of lending a helping hand. The remedy will doubtless come as gradually as the need, and not until after the latter has been long and sorely felt. But when there is an imperative necessity for relief, and only one possible method of escape, it is idle to suppose that any such obstacles as exist can permanently bar the way.

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It must not be thought that I am predicting a return to barbarism by any part of the population. A self-supporting life of this kind, begun by persons of fair intelligence, could be made a very different thing to-day from what it would have been a century ago. It is not at all necessary to set up the old-fashioned spinning-wheel and loom, which give us the words spinster and wife, and which still hold their ground in the less accessible parts of the Appalachian chain. Clothing is likely at all times to be very cheap, and for this, as well as for other necessaries not easily producible, many things could be exchanged, either directly or through the medium of sale. There are a large number of commodities which from their very nature are ill adapted to be produced by the aid of machinery, and which are proportionally more profitable when grown in a small way than on a large scale. These could always be disposed of. An industrious, thrifty family, after having surmounted the first difficulties and hardships, would soon be able to supply themselves with many conveniences beside what their own soil might afford. The workingman would then once more be in league with invention. The labor-saving device would become his friend.

It must be remembered that labor-saving devices are of two kinds: those which are designed for accelerating and cheapening wholesale work, and of which we have heretofore spoken, and those which are intended chiefly for household or private use. We hear less about the latter, but they are destined to play a great part in smoothing the road of life and lightening the daily routine of the weaker members of the family. Invention has already been largely directed toward this class of subjects, and under the changed conditions of the future would be still more largely attracted thither. The increase in the number of isolated families would largely increase the demand for many of those articles. Of course their introduction would require time; but improvements make their way finally even to the most seemingly unlikely places. About a year ago an instance of this came to my notice. Riding through a dense piece of woodlands in one of the more sequestered counties of Maryland, I came on a cluster of negro cabins, and in the first one of them that I looked at was — a sewing-machine.

The four or five thousand patents already issued for washing-machines attest the need that has been felt to lighten the task of cleansing clothing as now generally performed. It is highly probable that among these there are a number which will eventually come into general use, even in small families.

Stoves have been so greatly improved as to make the labor of cooking, in a well-ordered household, comparatively light, and to insure good heating in winter.

In districts remote from water, or where the climate is too mild for a certain ice crop, refrigeration is often a troublesome problem. Invention in this direction has reached a point, however, whence we may confidently look forward to an ice-machine of the near future which shall be as manageable and as cheap as an ordinary cooking stove. It will in time be as common to make one's ice for the day or week as to prepare a baking of bread.

Unfortunately, no one has as yet devised a satisfactory machine for automatically sweeping and scrubbing floors, and it is likely that these labors will be generally performed by hand to the end of the chapter. But the toil has been lightened by improvements in the implements used for such purposes, and there will undoubtedly be further advances in that direction. The number of patented mop wringers, for instance, is very considerable, and rotary floor sweepers, like street sweepers, are already in use.

Human ingenuity has not yet invented a dining table which will automatically dress and set itself, but tables have been patented which obviate all need of passing things about by hand, or employing a waiter. They are arranged to rotate so as to bring the dishes around when slightly pulled, leaving a stationary platform or rim for holding the plates. There are moreover simple fanning and fly-brushing devices run by clock-work,

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which will keep the household free from annoyance during meals. There is not even any necessity for lifting the coffee-pot and tea-pot, very neat and secure tilting frames being procurable, which reduce the effort to a minimum. These things are all practicable, and obtainable at no great cost. When the patents run out, almost any mechanic can make them for himself.

The improvements in churns have made the operation of churning much less onerous than it formerly was. There have been divers efforts to do away with nearly the whole of the remaining toil, by utilizing the ordinary motions of the body for that purpose. In one of the most notable of these, an attachment was made between a lady's rocking-chair and a strong coiled spring, whereby her leisurely oscillation while conversing or novel-reading would store up sufficient power to do the morning's churning, or to rock the baby's cradle through half the night. This scheme has been considered as carrying the utilization of waste force almost to the verge of laziness. There are, however, practicable churn powers driven by weights or springs, which need only a little winding up to do all the work required. The watch-dog, too, or a good sturdy setter, can be readily trained to add a little churning to the rest of his duties. A large Newfoundland for a long time manufactured most of the butter in a dairy not far from my office. Something like an ordinary horse-power, of the kind worked by treading, was the medium through which he operated.

Bee-hives, like churns, have formed the subject for a multitude of patents. A good many of them agree in being provided with easily removable drawers or boxes, in which the bees make their combs and leave their honey, ready packed for shipment or storing. By the use of these, all risk of stinging is avoided, and no labor worth mentioning is required.

Simple, satisfactory, and cheap milking machines and knitting machines are desiderata with which we shall doubtless in good time be supplied. The attention of inventors has long been more or less directed to both subjects, and something is sure to come of it. Already there are devices for both purposes which answer pretty well.

In short, there is no branch of domestic economy into which invention has not benevolently forced its way; and this is but an indication of what the future will give us. It is apparent that a household taking advantage of these improvements would not only be enabled to live in considerable comfort and moderate luxury, but would also easily find leisure for a fair share of mental culture and recreation.

The degree of civilization attained would depend, naturally, upon the energy and capacity of its members, but it might well be much higher than that of the average workingman of our cities. It is true that the life which I have sketched does not open a very tempting road to wealth, but then even under the present system we are learning that we cannot all become rich; and there are some already who would prefer a certain independent subsistence, and no more, to the possibility of riches, balanced by dependence and insecurity. As I have elsewhere said, the number will increase perforce by and by.

Of course there are many things which an isolated family, such as I have supposed, could not ordinarily manufacture in a profitable and desirable manner. No man is likely to set up a nail machine in his kitchen, or a match factory in his parlor. Under any probable state of future affairs it would seem wiser to pick a few berries, or dig a bushel of potatoes, or trap a rabbit or two, and exchange them at the nearest roadside store for the needed nails and matches. So, on a larger scale, of iron ware, tin ware, boots, hats, and clothing. Some of these things may doubtless be made satisfactorily at home; but in general the required labor can be better expended in other ways. Nor will invention probably change this. It is more likely to cheapen articles like the above, and thus aid the man who wishes to obtain them.

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A very small farmer raising grain or hay can never work his place as easily as a large farmer. There is practically nothing between a man and a horse in our industry. The reaper is the simplest effective machine that a horse can use, and the scythe and cradle are the most considerable and effective that a man can handle. Animal force and physical conditions of resistance determine the matter. And what can a man substitute for a thresher?

The poor man of whom I write would do well not to attempt raising wheat. Here he comes into competition again with the labor-saving machine. In his corn patch (for home use) he is relieved from that conflict, and may even turn his old enemy to some account. Probably the machine best adapted to his use in out-door work, and least likely to do any injury, is the combined cultivator and potato digger. Its little sharp-edged rotary wheels are available for all his root crops, as well as wherever soil is to be loosened or lightened.

Invention has not as yet very greatly aided in the picking of small fruits, or the cultivation of leaf crops like tobacco. But under the changed conditions of which I speak, the demand for assistance in expediting such work would be very likely to call forth a suitable supply of devices. For tree fruits there are already numerous well-known forms of gatherers, provided with cutting knives for severing the peach or pear, and bags like inverted liberty caps for receiving them when severed and lowering them uninjured. Still, in almost every product suitable to cultivation on a small scale, invention finds as yet a promising but almost unoccupied field.

The great question, however, for the poor man is, or shortly will be, that of escape from competition with labor-saving machinery by occupying small tracts of land, particularly of such rough woodland as cannot be successfully invaded by machinery of less flexibility and adaptability than the human body. Here flesh and blood have the advantage, and he can live. Making his work easier is a less consideration, but by lightening the labor at home he obtains more assistance from his family in his out-door duties. The time saved from washing and churning may go to weeding and chopping; sewing is convertible into sowing. Thus the certainty of a living and of a fair exchangeable surplus becomes established. It is a life which can be made a success, and which will be one day the rule rather than the exception.

This change will of course strengthen all our institutions, by broadening the base of our national life and multiplying the number of those who have a direct property interest in public prosperity. It will not stop the growth of cities, which will still be needed as great distributing centres; nor will it lessen the number of inventions of a different sort from those last referred to. All that is needed now will be needed then, and there will be more people in a position to obtain what they want. The chief revolution will be the general substitution of unintelligent matter for human bodies in nearly all subordinate work, and the greater liberation of the human mind and will. Concurrent with this will be the more thorough development of the agricultural resources of the country, and the occupancy of its many places now lying waste. All this is not so far away as it may seem.

Other changes lie beyond, but they are too remote to be more than guessed at. In time, of course, this country will be absolutely full of inhabitants; so will the entire world at a later date. Before or after this (who can tell which?) the coal fields will give out, and all possible substitutes will follow. As our present civilization rests almost wholly upon coal, and as our social phenomena have thus far been largely caused by the law of the vacuum, we can hardly form a conception of the condition of our remote descendants. But the probabilities seem to indicate a more placid state than our own, in which personal desire shall play an unimportant part, and invention shall appear chiefly as the handmaid of scientific discovery. Possibly, like the early Christians, the people of that date may have all things in common.

W. H. Babcock.

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THE INLAND COUNTRY.

DOROTHY, draw the curtains, and make the window tight,
And cover up the embers, and quench the candle-light;
For sometimes folks see clearer without the help of sight.
Now, in the pleasant darkness, how plainly I can see
The dear, dear inland country, where I used to be!

'T is morning, and the meadows are glittering like the rills,
The tinkling sheep are climbing to pasture on the hills;
Ah, fair the apple-orchards, for they are all ablow
With blossoms sweet as honey, and blossoms white as snow,
Far as the eye can follow, like white tents, row on row;
The winds are freshly breathing the sweetness of the May,
The grain seems climbing, climbing the hill-side all the day.

Beyond the apple-orchard, above the maple-trees,
I hear the far-off voices, and tinkling on the breeze;
And now against the evening's pale yellow and deep gold
I see dim figures turning dim flocks of sheep to fold,
Where they will count them over, till the least lamb is told.

The cattle in the twilight stand lowing at the bars,
And the neighbors talk together under the far, still stars;
The harvest moon is rising, the day's long work is done,
In sound which is next to silence fall dewdrops one by one.
All were content to stay there; no one went but me
Away from the inland country, where I used to be.

The little song-birds, even, build here on rocks and sand,
And only sea-grass glitters upon this barren land;
Here little red-lipped blossoms the doleful storms foretell,
And in bleak nests the sea-birds never in safety dwell;
There, from the elm-tree hanging, swingeth the fire-bird's nest,
But crowds of pale pink peach-blows the blue-bird loves the best.
High slopes of fair green mountains shut in that peaceful land, —
It always seemed like living in the hollow of God's hand.
I never thought of fearing to feel the fresh wind blow,
I was not always thinking, "Is 't the right wind, or no?"

There was a great lake lying, all calm and blue and wide,
White water-lilies drifted like snow along the side;
The neighbors never fretted, nor thought about a tide.
I 'm always fretting, thinking, and watching by the sea, —
Not in the inland country, where I used to be.

There, if a woman 's wakened a wild and windy night,
Her heart would not be beating with terror and affright.
She 'd reach out for the children, and smooth them with her hand

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(Her own ones, sleeping sweetly in that contented land);
Without a breath of praying for sailors on the deep,
She 'd turn herself in comfort, and fall away to sleep.
Her man and boys are living upon the homestead farm,
On green and level pastures, secure and safe from harm!
A woman 's always wakeful when her man is on the sea;—
Not in the inland country, where I used to be!

There, if her dears were lying forever still and dead,
Though they could never answer one loving word she said,
Yet every Sabbath morning she 'd know that she could pass
Their dear graves in the church-yard, all green and fresh with grass.
'T would seem as if they surely could hear the church-bell ringing,
And hear the neighbors' voices join in the sweet psalm-singing;
And she could sit in the church-yard, beside the gray head-stone,
And lay her hand on the dear graves, and sing in tender tone
As they were still the children who feared to sleep alone.
My man and boys are lying in a strange and far-off sea,
Away from the inland country, where I used to be.

Dorothy, other women lie by the ones they love,
Under the self-same cover, with daisy blooms above;
When from my grave I waken, I 'll be alone, you see,—
My neighbors all together, but none of mine by me.
And still I see through the curtain the light-house lantern turn;—
Now stir the fire, Dorothy, and let the candle burn.
There was no wild sea sounding, no hidden rocks like these,
But lights from homestead windows shining through the trees,
Beyond sweet-smelling meadows, the grass above your knees;
There you could hear the beating of the calm heart of night,
And you could hear the pine-trees' sweet breathing, low and light,
With the soft darkness seeming to heal your tired sight.
You cannot understand me, born here beside the sea,
And not in the inland country, where I used to be.

O, Dorothy, dear Dorothy, I hear the sad buoy-bell
A-moaning and lamenting, as the black waves ebb and swell;
Ah me, how weary, dreary, the stories it could tell!

I cannot see the flashing from the light-house any more,
I cannot see the shadows a-wrestling on the floor;
I cannot hear the buoy-bell, nor the waves upon the shore!
The holy book bring hither, and read, read plain to me
Of that fair inland country, where there is no more sea;
Of valleys and still waters, fresh pastures and white sheep;
For Dorothy, dear Dorothy, I am too tired to sleep.
And draw the clothes about me; this sea-air seems to me
More chilling than the coldest of inland winds could be.

Oh, look! oh, look and listen! With mine own eyes I see
My man and boys a-waiting; I hear them call to me
From mine own inland country, where I used to be.

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Dorothy drew the covers about the quiet breast,
And softly stepped and silently, though none might break that rest, —
The sleep supreme, unbroken, God's holiest gift and best.

And through the little window the gray, pale dawn looked in:
No sea, no sky, but everywhere the mist hung drear and thin;
No sea-bird's cry, no grating of a boat upon the shore;
Oh, nothing, nothing, but the sea with ceaseless rush and roar,
And now and then the warning, the calling from afar,
The buoy-bell's solemn tolling beyond the harbor bar.

Christine Chaplin Brush.

AN EXPERIMENT IN PLAY WRITING.

"SIDONIE is a bright novel. They say the translation is selling by thousands. Why don't you dramatize it?"

Such were the heedless words an experienced dramatist addressed to a non-professional writer one evening, — after dinner, of course. Earlier in the day he would not have been so indiscreet.

"Will you help me with it?"

"Certainly I will." (The dinner must have been a very good one indeed.)

And so the experiment began. My evenings for many a week were thus thoughtlessly mortgaged; and now that the matter is past and gone, the proceeds of the venture having been principally a mass of unsalable experience, those proceeds may as well be given to the inexperienced public.

"But Sidonie, my dear fellow, — you know in the novel she is a little off color" —

"Oh, to be sure. Well, you must tame her down for our market. Let her break all the commandments but one, and bruise that one black and blue, but not break it."

"How would it do to make her a woman not a bit too good, but very far too shrewd, to be led astray?"

"Capital! A new character in dramatic fiction, — a married flirt!"

"A character not quite unknown in real life."

"Well, I've heard so."

"Perhaps our play might teach a great moral lesson."

"Oh, ah! You think of depositing the MS. in a leaden box to be placed in some corner-stone?" (Sarcasm.)

"No. I think of having the drama played on the stage."

"Well, then, draw your married flirt as realistically as *les convenances* will allow, and let the great moral lesson take care of itself."

Mark Twain says that when he wrote a play the manager who presented it began cutting out and rejecting portions of it according to his own taste; and the more he cut it, the better it grew; and that finally he, the author, rather thought that if the manager's strength had only held out until he had erased the whole it would have been the very best drama he ever saw in all his life.

This probably corresponds very nearly with the experience of every non-professional writer who ventures on a dramatic experiment under proper professional guidance. Put yourself in his place, and let me forecast your horoscope.

First, you read and re-read your foundation novel (in the French, of course), and then you shut it up, not to be looked at again forever. The more the play resembles the novel, the more certain it is

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to be worthless. One does n't plant melons and squashes together unless he wants his squash to taste like boiled melon, and his melon like raw squash. You write your drama, wasting over it the inexpensive midnight kerosene for some weeks. You are secretly a little proud of your work. You think it reads well, and you have not yet learned that this is a fatal characteristic for a drama. You think highly of it. You read it over to your wife, and she thinks pretty well of it, — at least of as much of it as she caught as long as she could keep awake. You carry it to your professional friend, leave it in his hands with affected diffidence and real confidence, and call next day only to learn that as it stands it is utterly worthless. "It is *talky*."

If you are a man of sense, which is possible, or if you are driven by stress of hunger for money and fame, which is probable, you swallow your mortification, and, combating with more or less success the conviction that the professional theatre-man is a phenomenal idiot, you listen to his criticism, see gleams of truth in it, lug your long manuscript back to your study, and, with a deep sigh, start to rewrite the whole.

At your next visit, your experienced friend (though obviously surprised and a little bored by your perseverance) is rather more encouraging. After a day's inspection he says, —

"You have decidedly improved it! It is not so talky, — oh, not half so talky as before. But still too talky, — far too talky. Here, I've gone over it with a pencil, and marked out where talk can be spared, and marked in stage directions, positions, business, etc."

(A pencil! — a dozen — a score — a gross of pencils! you mentally ejaculate, as you glance over your once fair pages.)

"And then see the length of these speeches! It 's declamation, not dialogue! No character should say more than two words consecutively, if it can be avoided. Break it up, — cut every speech in two or three, and then throw away a third, or two thirds, or three thirds of it, and fill in with action, — action, — action."

"Am I writing a pantomime?"

"Call it what you like; it must be saved, if it is saved, by what is done on the stage, not what is said."

Rewrite it? Whew! Well, this only means another long series of evenings under the lamp. The hardest thing is to begin again; once under way you find compensations. You find that you have become acquainted with your characters. They are no longer puppets, dressed up in your own old clothes. They have individuality; you can fit words to their actions and actions to their words, attributing to them their own thoughts, impulses, deeds, not yours. You see them moving before you; not walking about the world, as you might if you were writing a novel, but strutting their brief hour on the stage, coming and going behind its footlights, fettered by its narrow grooves. They work out the plot with an impetus of their own. They say and do things for you that surprise you, although you are their creator, just as our own children at home so often show traits we never possessed, — exhibit characteristics which we know are spontaneous and not inherited, at least directly.

So clear does your mental eye-sight become that you grow to be suspicious of anything you especially like and appreciate in the writing. The thought at once occurs to you, "That must be the author talking, not the character." Perhaps you let the written words remain over night, though you feel sure that you will cut them to-morrow.

The professional playwright probably never makes these slips of the pen. He doubtless "erases" his pet ideas — if he has any — before he writes them down. His mind travels steadily on the iron rails of conventionality, and does not run off the track and have to be lifted on again with the jack-screws of criticism. (!)

Another visit — dare you hope it is to be the last? — to your mentor and torment.

"Um — ah — yes, — this is better. Some of the dialogue is quite passable."

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(That is the part which consists entirely of interjectionary fragments.) "The stage directions, position, and business are all very good, — very good indeed." (These are what you had followed his directions about, to the letter.) "But here, — look at the ending of these acts, especially the last! *There* is the true ending; all of these pages that follow are weary waste. Cut them, and finish up there."

"But my good sir, folks won't understand; these closing paragraphs are necessary to polish off, explain, round out everything, and dispose of the characters."

"My dear fellow, if the people don't know what you are driving at by that time, you 'd better give them their money back and let them go home."

Once more into the breach. Great gaps are cut in the serried ranks of your toilsome pages; the fortunes of war lay low whole platoons of good things, — friends to bury whom grieves your fond heart.

When all is done, you begin to perceive that you have finally a drama. Good or bad, it is a truly dramatic entity, something you could never have really appreciated without having elaborated it and brought it forth with travail.

Play-writing, you conclude from your short experience (generalizing, like a tyro as you are, from the narrowest possible premises to the broadest possible conclusions), — play-writing differs from most other literary achievement in this: that it is best effected by patient and painstaking elaboration. Scene-painting by the stage-artist may be done with a whitewash brush, but scene-painting by the dramatist must be done with a fine, hard, sharp pencil. The two extremes of the literary spectrum seem to be the essay and the drama. The first is a bronze statue, a mass of homogeneous metal poured hot from an ample melting-pot into a mould previously well prepared to shape it. The drama is a mosaic, a solid though picturesque surface made up of an infinite number of vari-colored fragments. The best essay is probably written at one effort; or even perhaps never written at all, but given out from a mind fully charged with its subject, by an orator who can "think on his feet." But the best drama may be the one which, other things being equal, is most faithfully studied out in its details.

"Oh, you mean that your play, as you first wrote it, was like a mass of butter fresh from the churn, — needs a lot of working over to get the water out and the salt in."

"Well, — what about Sidonie?"

"Oh, the work has merit. But I doubt if you find any manager willing to undertake it. The chances are a hundred to one against it."

"Why, what 's the matter with it?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Can we not interest good society in it?"

"Bother good society! Good society does not support the theatre."

"What does, then?"

"The rest of the world."

"Well, why cannot the rest of the world be interested in Sidonie?"

"I 'll tell you. This naughty beauty needs a star to play her, — a woman young and handsome and a fine actress. But such an actress will not take a part wherein she cannot have the sympathy of the audience. And Sidonie as she is cannot. If you had either reformed her or killed her she might have done so."

"But that would not be so true to nature and the probabilities. Such women never reform and rarely die."

"Oh, bother nature and the probabilities! What has the stage to do with them?"

"Sidonie goes on in the play as she does in real life."

"All right. Put her into the leaden box in some corner-stone."

"Then we have taught a great moral lesson, after all."

"I 'm afraid so."

Nevertheless, by some marvelous accident or other (the professional member of the firm being the wonder-worker), our play achieved the glory of represen-

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tation. Let us detail some of the surprises attending the production of a drama.

The first surprise is that any play should ever see day-light, — or rather foot-light. That it should prove to be such an exception among its kind is little short of a miracle. The number of dramas that are written compared to those which succeed is as the acorns that pave the forest in autumn compared to those which germinate. A few acorns the swine eat, and a few plays the critics chew up, but the great majority rot where they fall. Lope de Vega, they say, wrote three hundred plays; being, as he himself sententiously estimates, an average of five folios of MS. for every day of his life. Yet how many among us know the name of one of them? And our own Boucicault (if any one country may claim him who claims all lands as his for grazing purposes) is said to have written more than a hundred. "Where are the ninety and nine?"

Sidonie is announced. The actors have learned their lines and got up their "business." The scene-painters have done their part — one scene having cost, you are told, five hundred dollars. The property-man has done his part, — one little adjunct to one scene having cost him two weeks of labor. The play is well cast, well mounted, and well billed, to use the technical jargon of the trade, and the first night arrives. In Paris, where there is a real critical dramatic public, the first night is a test of the work. But in America, where there is no such public, where the mass of people take all their views at second or third hand, nobody usually goes to first nights save those who have free tickets; and consequently such occasions have come to be regarded rather as final dress rehearsals than anything else.

The question of free tickets has been previously well discussed. Whether to "paper the house," as it is amusingly called, that is, fill it with friends on complimentary admissions, or not, has received anxious consideration. You manfully determine to do nothing of the kind; you have more than a thousand acquaintances, you will ascertain if you have any friends. Then let the play stand or fall on its merits.

(A dramatist in New York took a friend with her to the first night of her play. He, looking at the beggarly account of empty places, said, "Oh, this is too bad! You ought to have papered the house." To which she ruefully replied, "*It is papered!*")

The successful playwright must be the happiest of creators. The novel-writer, at the end of his romance, has to bid farewell to his characters, with a sigh of regret. It is never given to the sculptor to see his finished statue step down from its pedestal; or to the painter to welcome his Madonna or his Venus advancing from the canvas, instinct with warm life. If it were so given, then those artists might appreciate the pleasure vouchsafed the playwright when he first sees his incidents enacted and his words uttered by trained actors in costume and character, — when his bodily senses are made acquainted with the creatures of his brain.

The pleasure I have described is one he has without reference to the audience. The effect he observes, later, on the spectators, is another and separate delight. Some men are familiar with the strange joy it is to an orator to see a responsive thrill in the sea of upturned faces intent on the words that fall from his lips. Near akin to this is the feeling of the playwright when he hears a roar of laughter go up from an audience at some comicality which he has elaborated for their amusement; or, better still, when he glances back where hundreds of bright eyes are dimmed with tears at the fictitious sorrows of his heroine. Then he probably remembers the evening when his own eyes filled, as he allotted to her the griefs and trials which the demands of dramatic light and shade made necessary.

The breath of popular favor is an intoxicating ether. It never palls. How tame seem all other dissipations after the taste is once vitiated by its flavor! Who can maintain an illustrious public

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career and a happy domestic life? As Mr. Dickens said, after one of his triumphant appearances as an amateur actor: "It is glorious to see an audience rise to you! Nothing like it! Avaunt the Domestic Hearth, — let us play all over the world, forever!" And we know something about the domestic hearth in his case, and in the cases of other public men — and women.

To return to Sidonie. The author's next surprise is at seeing how marvelously well the professional theatre-company does its work. To appreciate what this means, you need to have had something to do with amateur theatricals, and to have yourself tried the learning, rehearsing, dressing, and acting a part. No offense to you, my dear sir or madam, but, frankly, how poorly we did it! We cannot but admit it; and, after doing so, agree to the truth of the saying, attributed to Mr. Dickens, — himself the best of amateur actors, — that the poorest band of professionals ranting to rustics in a barn does better than the most refined and cultivated club of amateurs. It is not so much that the amateurs do their work so poorly, but that the professionals do theirs so marvelously well. To put an extreme case, let us suppose any man, educated, well-read, having good taste in many matters, the drama among the rest — let us suppose such a man taking up the few absurd lines assigned to the part of the Crushed Tragedian, reading over that mass of folly and nothingness, and then trying to divine, to imagine, to invent, some way in which it could be made amusing to an audience! Vain effort! He may cudgel his brain for a year or a life-time; he can make nothing of it but a dull lot of balderdash hung on a stick, after all. He would starve long before any of us would give a penny to hear him repeat it. But Sothern, with the experience, traditions, inspirations, of an actor, born and bred, looks over the lines once or twice, sets them into his memory merely as pigments on a pallet from which a picture is to be drawn, and lo, the great, the original, the inimitable Fitz Altamont walks the boards, and we look and laugh and wonder, and remember this new creation for years.

Yes, the masters of the trade and mystery of histrionics do their work well. They clothe your words with human meanings you scarcely dreamed of when you were writing them down in cold black and white. How do they do it? Their first secret is *work*, and the second is *work*, and the third is *work*. I know no trade or profession which makes so heavy a draught on human endurance as that of a stock actor or actress, especially the latter. Gay butterflies of fashion and frivolity while on the stage, they are patient grubs of toil when off. Their favorite air of elegant leisure in public is only a part acted for a purpose. They cannot wash all the paint off every night. Under the broad light of day, they appear a little like near-sighted eyes denuded of their accustomed glasses. They have a tender, morbid look when separated from the spectacles where they belong.

Call on a "leading lady" (stock, not star) at her apartment. It is euphuistically called apartments, though there be only one. What are you likely to see? The fine lady of the fashionable drama sewing for dear life, while a sister actress is giving her her cues and hearing her lines. What is the chief ornament of her room? A sewing-machine. What is the occupation of her life? Stitch, stitch, stitch. What is the sweetest sound in her ears? A recall by the audience when she has tried to make a point. What is the best news she can hear? That the play is to run another week, so that she need not force her tired mind and body to do all her task over again instantly. What is her hope? To become a star, so that she can play fewer parts, and play them better, in better dresses, for higher pay. What is her fear? That she may not secure an engagement next season, even as a stock actress.

What anguish of anxiety there is to her in these hopes and fears! Her own respectable maintenance depends on the outcome of them; perhaps the support of a mother; perhaps that of a child

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whose father is dead, or worse than dead to her.

Who can wonder that in this wild life of hers, trying to gain favor with everybody because the bread of her mouth and the breath of her life depend upon it, surrounded by so many temptations and so few supports, she so often strays from the right path! The true woman's hour of light and life and dominion is the evening at home. But the actress has no evening at home. This alone is enough to separate her from her sex, and make her almost belong to ours.

A personal friend of the writer once wrote in a newspaper, thoughtlessly but truthfully, about a wretched actor, "He has mistaken his vocation." A day or two afterward, a man whom he did not remember ever to have seen before, called on him, showed him the article, and said, "I hope you are satisfied with your work. The manager to-day told me he supposed you were right, and discharged me. Now my wife and children must starve." (The fact that the fellow was a sot as well as a stick — had no wife or children — would never starve so long as free lunches exist — interferes with the illustration but not with the principle.)

Poor things! poor things! dependent on accident and the fickle breath of popular favor, theirs is a hard lot. As you begin to know them a little, it is to pity rather than to blame their follies and short-comings. Never thereafter can you look even at the grossest failure in their line without the impulse to condone it — to make the most of every bit of value, and hide every sign of ridicule or contempt as being wanton cruelty to the helpless.

For no other reason, any one should be glad to have been the hero, or the victim, of a single play-writing experiment, if it has given him, incidentally, a slight acquaintance with that strange, half-known country of Bohemia which is bounded by a row of foot-lights in front and a dirty alley in the rear: a land whose thunder is of sheet-iron and whose rain and hail are of dried peas, and yet which is infested with fearful storms; a land where everything is turned topsy-turvy, — where the very light shines from below upwards instead of from above downwards; a country whose crown is of tinsel and whose ermine is cotton-batting, and yet which is governed by some laws as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians.

But to return once more to Sidonie. (It must be that the subject is becoming distasteful, it is so easy to wander away into generalities.)

Other surprises await the amateur playwright. He is surprised, first, to find how good the play is in his own eyes and in the eyes of his friends; second, how little the public cares whether it is good or bad. His most prized critics and judges are most complimentary. One says she cried her eyes red over the pathos; another, that he laughed himself hoarse over the fun; a third, that it is the only play he has seen in a long while that he cared to see a second time. The actors like it. The manager says it is the best American play that has appeared for years. The newspapers — the less said about them the better. Some speak well of it, while some say things that come like a buffet in the face, and make one ask one's self if he can be really awake, or if it is not a horrid dream.

In short, the people whose judgment is best approve it heartily, and there it stops. The houses improve during the first week and fall off during the second, and then the work is quietly shelved. The long agony is over; the poor little bantling is relegated to the shades, — the limbo already so crowded with the ghosts of its myriad predecessors.

> "Since that I am so quickly done for,
> I wonder what I was begun for."

The amateur dramatist takes leave of his first and last play, and turns to the serious business of life, amused, instructed, disappointed, but far from regretful. By the help of his professional collaborator (without whom the work would not have been worth the paper it was written on) he has received perhaps a dollar an evening for the time it cost him, or twenty-five cents an hour. In experience he has gained more than could well be represented in money.

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"My dear professional collaborator, why did not our play draw?"

"Not enough of the blister about it, I suppose."

"The manager and the actors liked it."

"They don't support the theatre, — the theatre supports them."

"My friends, God bless them, turned out, bought tickets, and brought their families."

"That would fill the house about once."

"Good society liked it."

"That filled the house part full the other thirteen times."

"Where was the theatre-going public?"

"At the minstrel show, or off seeing a woman walk a million quarters of a yard in a million quarters of a month."

"How can they be drawn in?"

"They cannot be drawn in; they can only be taken in."

"How to do that?"

"Don short skirts and go to walking."

"I must decline."

"So must the drama."

"Was there no way in which we might have made our play succeed?"

"Perhaps; by going somewhere else to produce it and then bringing it here when it had been quite played out there."

"What should a man do who has anything sensible to say?"

"Oh, put it in a corner-stone."

"But if he wants to be heard and quoted all over the world?"

"Then he 'd better write Whoa, Emma."

"Will nothing better succeed?"

"Never!"

"What, *never?*"

"Well, *hardly* ever!"

And with this latest, most popular, and most tiresome of "gags," we have dropped the subject, for good.

Joseph Kirkland.

AT KAWSMOUTH STATION.

"From Indiana, did you say? My dear sir, you have my warmest sympathy."

He grasped my friend's hand with a cordial gripe, and there was a persuasive, proselyting look in his face as he continued: —

"I used to live in Hoosierdom, and I know how it is myself, so to speak. You're going to Kansas, of course. Correct, sir, correct. Let me congratulate you. That's Kansas, just across the river there."

We were at the Kawsmouth railway station, waiting for a train to Topeka, and this chance acquaintance was like a whiff of fresh air to us, in the sultry strangeness of the place. He had an assuring countenance, slightly abated by an equivocal little twitching at the corners of the mouth; his bearing was easily familiar without being offensive; and his voice had in it something of the sparkle of the April sunshine that was making gold of the cracked and dingy station windows. Moreover, he was quite intelligent in his way, and uniquely original at times; and if he presumed upon our credulity, as I fear he did to some extent, it was done so adroitly and so graciously that no chance was left for detection.

"You 'll like Kansas," he went on; "it 's the very perfection of a prairie country, — not flat, nor boggy, but gently swelling, with rich valleys, and sloping everywhere. Eden sloped, you remember, — 'beautiful as the gardens of the angels upon the slopes in Eden.' And the climate is simply celestial, if I may be allowed the word. Do you know, the average temperature of Kansas at

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the present day is very nearly the same that Greece enjoyed when she was at the pinnacle of her greatness? Fact, gentlemen, sure 's my name 's Markley."

So saying, he took from his pocket a roll of papers, some printed and some written; and, leaving my friend to the study of what I took to be unassailable proofs of "the glory that was Greece" in the weather of Kansas, I turned my own attention to the young man who had been furtively passing back and forth in front of us as we talked, and who now stood gazing out through the dusty east window, a few steps away, with his elbow against the wall and his hand to his cheek, — silent, listening, and absorbed.

He was a wholesome, honest-looking fellow, this young man, with frank blue eyes and the limbs of a gladiator. Evidently he was unused to the glossy black clothes he wore, for he wriggled about in them now and then as if with a haunting sense of their illogicalness; and in various noticeable ways he betrayed that confessing flutter of the heart which marks a man at once for a lover thinking of his mistress, or a criminal apprehensive of pursuing officers, — it is often hard to tell which, the two are so much alike. But he did not leave me long in doubt on this point, for as I walked near him he faced about, and said, pleasantly, in answer to a question concerning his destination, —

"I 'm not going anywhere, — that is, on the cars. I 'm waiting for a young woman. She 's to be here this morning, and I 'm mightily afraid she 's got left at St. Louis. She had to change cars there, coming from Macoupin County, Illinois. One train 's in from St. Louis, you know, — the one you came on, — and she was n't on that. There 's another one due at 10.30 though. I reckon she 'll be on that; but I don't feel easy about it at all."

He went to the door, and looked eagerly out along the railroad track eastward; and then, returning, he added, —

"We 're to be married to-night, that 's the truth of it; and we 've fifteen miles to ride into the country after she comes. It would be too bad if we did n't get there in time, with the license bought, and the preacher all ready, and the folks waiting and notioning about us. It would take us down so, you know. Is it much trouble for a woman to change cars by herself at St. Louis?"

"Not much," I assured him. "No doubt her ticket was over the other road, and she 'll be here, all right, when the train gets in."

"Yes," he replied, in a dubious tone, "if she did n't get left, or if there has n't been an accident on the way. It 's foolish, I suppose, but do you know I can't help being shaky about it? And the nearer the time comes for the train, the shakier I feel; I do, really. Things are so uncertain, you know, 'specially railroads;" and he tried to laugh, but it was a hollow mockery.

Glancing towards the man Markley, I saw that he had spread out before him various documents, full of queer parallel lines and plentifully sprinkled with figures, from which he was interpreting to my friend, "Mr. Wabash," as he had named him, the marvelous growth of Kansas, — "a growth which nobody would credit," he remarked, "were it not for the records, which I have here in black and white.

"The population of Kansas," he went on to say, "grew from one hundred thousand in 1860 to over three hundred and sixty thousand in 1870, a gain of nearly two hundred and forty per cent. in ten years, against an average increase of less than twenty-two per cent. in the whole country; and more than four fifths of it came during the latter five of those ten years. It does n't seem possible, does it? And now, in 1878, the population is certainly three fourths of a million, at least. More than doubled, you see, since 1870."

He paused a minute, in an exultant way; and then, adjusting his documents, resumed: —

"There are now over five million acres of cultivated land in the State. More than three million of it was raw prairie eight years ago; and in 1860

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less than half a million acres had been 'broken.' And then, you must remember, the war had to be fought meantime, and Kansas was in the red-hot of it all the while. You may have forgotten that at one time she had twenty thousand men in the army out of a voting population of less than twenty-two thousand, and she actually gave more lives to the Union, in proportion to the number of troops engaged, than any other State."

These were indeed striking figures, we readily agreed; and I sought, with the best intentions in the world, to win the young man waiting for his sweetheart to an interested notice of them. But the effort was provokingly futile. He was not looking for land. He had a home, — in Kansas, too. He was telling the pale little lady in black alpaca, who sat near him, all about it: how he had preëmpted it five years before, and paid for it with two years' crops, and built a snug house of three rooms and 'a beauty of a buttery;' and how the front yard was sodded, and evergreens put out, and wisterias planted by the south porch. He was telling her, also, of the young woman who was to be queen of all this, and who was coming that morning to claim her crown, "if she had n't got left, or the cars did n't run off the track, or something else did n't happen to her.

"May be you saw her at St. Louis. Did you notice a young woman there in a drab gown cut goring, and a sleeveless jacket, and a brown hat with two red roses and a bunch of wheat-heads on it, — artificial, you know? That 's the way she wrote me she was going to dress."

"A smallish young woman, with large hazel eyes?" asked the little lady in alpaca.

"Yes, yes," he replied, quickly and fondly.

"I did see such a person looking among the baggage," returned the little lady in alpaca. "I remarked her, I remember, on account of her elegant little feet. Are your young woman's feet very small and trim, — about twos, I should say?"

He dropped his head, blushing, and said in a kind of hesitating under-tone, — the big, bashful, simple-thoughted fellow, — "I never noticed Clara's feet." No, indeed. For aught he knew, or cared, her drapery might have concealed the finny wonder of a mermaid. He worshiped her, that he knew; and she was unspeakably sacred to him; and of course he had never noticed her feet.

"She gave some one a letter to mail for her" —

"Yes," he interrupted, "that was for me. No, it could n't have been for me, either; she would n't have sent me a letter when she was coming right on herself. No, it was n't for me," and he appeared lost in a puzzle of thought. Then, directly, he looked up again, and remarked, with quiet earnestness, "I don't think that was Clara."

"But to drop generalities, and come down to details," I heard Markley saying, "in these six counties with the red marks around them there were in 1870 only about a hundred settlers, and there was little of anything raised but the hair of casual immigrants who fell into the hands of the Indians. Now there are more than thirty-five thousand people living there, and they have in cultivation over three hundred thousand acres of land, and own good houses, with books and pianos in them and the women folks wear pull-backs, and all that sort of thing." Just here, a jaded, pinched, and calico-clad old woman came in with a basket of apples, and this afforded Markley an excuse briefly to commend the rare advantages of Kansas as a fruit country. "You know we have already taken several first-class premiums in the pomological line; and I 'm sure you saw our fruit display at the Centennial Exhibition, — everybody saw it. And we have n't hardly begun yet. Wait a few years, and we 'll astound you; it 's a mere question of time." Then he purchased a half dozen of the old woman's apples, — carefully choosing the larger ones, I could see, — and divided them among his auditors; and he said to her very kindly, as she made change for him, "My good woman, you

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ought to go out into Kansas, to a higher, drier latitude; you look aguish."

"Thank you," she answered, "I 'm as well as common. It 's kind o' warm, and I 'm a little down-hearted like; that 's all, I guess."

"Speaking of ague," Markley went on, without further notice of the shrinking old apple-woman, — "speaking of ague, I don't see how anybody can stay where it is, when it 's so easy to go to Kansas."

"But you have ague in Kansas, the same as in every other new country, don't you?" inquired Mr. Wabash.

"Only as it is brought in, temporarily, from other States," Markley politely responded. "*It is not indigenous.* We have no malaria. Our atmosphere is rich in ozone; and ozone is nature's own purifier. Homer mentions it in the Odyssey, you recollect, where he speaks of the atmosphere being 'quite full of sulphurous odor.' That 's ozone."

"I presume the atmosphere of the infernal regions is also 'quite full of sulphurous odor,' — or ozone," said Mr. Wabash, with a chuckle.

"Yes, I suppose so," Markley retorted, promptly; "put there, no doubt, to tantalize the fellows with suggestions of Kansas. 'Sorrow's crown of sorrow,' you know, 'is remembering happier things.' But as I was about to say, ozone dispels malaria, and keeps the climate free from bilious conditions. Besides, the ague is really a matter of morals rather than of physics, you understand." But we did not so understand it, and he therefore graciously proceeded to enlarge upon the statement for our benefit. "The ague always hovers about low, flat lands, where the soil is thin and jaundiced-looking, and where the inhabitants go on voting for General Jackson for president. Take those quinine river-bottoms in some of the Western States, — I shan't call names, — where the men gather at the saw-mill every Sunday to pitch horseshoes and shoot at a mark; there 's where you 'll find ague every time. Then move out on the high, open lands, where they have Sabbath-schools and debating societies and collars to their shirts, and you 'll see very little of it, usually none at all; the sickness there, when they have any, runs in the nervous way." Mr. Wabash laughed good-humoredly, and ventured some light remark about finding out more the longer we live; but Markley kept on in a solemn and impressive manner, as if charged with a special mission on the ague question: "It 's considerably due to our school system, our free press, and our numerous churches, I tell you, — added to the abundant ozone, — that we are so little bothered with the thing in Kansas. We have four million dollars' worth of school-houses, and nearly two hundred newspapers, and churches till you can't rest. There 's no foot-hold for the ague among such things, — and a sky full of ozone hanging over them. It 's very much a matter of civilization, this ague business. It 's the difference between the sallow squirrel hunter, with his rifle on his shoulder and a gaunt hound at his heels, and the clear-complexioned, grammar-respecting man of the new era, with books and papers on the table and a canary-bird swinging in the window. They had no ague in Athens, you may be sure; they have none in Boston — to speak of."

These notions were so novel, and presented so earnestly, that everybody in the room was obliged to listen. Even the young man waiting for his sweetheart forgot himself a few moments, and gave surprised heed. Only for a few moments, however. Then he took up his dropped conversation again with the little lady in alpaca, who seemed to be humoring his worship of the coming wife as if it had been a religion, — and who shall say it was not?

"This is Clara 's profile," he said, timidly, reaching out a little morocco picture-case. "I don't want to brag about her, but, honestly, I think she 's awful nice."

"It 's a real sweet face," remarked the little lady in alpaca.

"I 'll never quit wondering how it came about," he continued. "I have n't the least idea what makes her like

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me; I know I ain't good enough for her. She does like me, though. Her leaving a good home and coming so far, all alone, to marry me is enough itself to make that certain. I 'd ought to have gone after her, I know; and I offered to, but she said it was n't any use to go to that expense. I do wish I had gone as far as St. Louis to meet her, though. But I reckon she 'll surely be here on the other train. One train 's in from St. Louis, and she did n't come on that. I suppose it 's silly to borrow trouble over it, but I can't help feeling shaky about her, to save my life. If anything *should* have happened to her" —

"Perhaps she 's given you the grand bounce," Markley suggested, with a teasing pretense of alarm.

The young man drew himself up as if his very existence had been challenged. The color came and went in his cheeks, and his lips were set in a rigid scorn.

"Bounce nothin'!" he said, haughtily, and walked away.

"You 'll notice," Markley made haste to urge, "that the average yield of corn per acre in Kansas last year exceeded that of any other State. But we don't want to make Kansas a corn State. We have a higher ambition. Our bright, particular thing is wheat. Last year we raised more of it to the acre than any State between us and the Alleghanies. And we 've only just started. When we get to working to our full capacity, making wheat our main crop and corn a mere side issue, Kansas will be the rainbow of the Union."

Wabash and I both laughed, in spite of ourselves; and Markley himself let his face relax into a broad smile as he proceeded: —

"You don't see the point, do you? Very well," recovering his earnestness of manner; "what constitutes a State? Men, — high - minded, tough - sinewed men. And what makes such men? Wheat bread, gentlemen, — wheat bread. Corn does for 'roughness,' so to speak, — hogs thrive on it, — but it takes wheat to win in the long run. Now, I have no doubt that the North finally triumphed in the rebellion because her soldiers lived on wheat bread. The soldiers of the South were brave enough, but they were loose-jointed, and lacking in that finer, conquering strength of muscle and brain that comes from wheat: they lived on corn bread, sometimes on the raw corn, you see. Granting all other things to have been equal, this difference in diet alone was sufficient to turn the scale. Mind what I tell you: there 's destiny in wheat. And look what an abundance of it we 'll be able to produce a few years from now! There are over forty-seven million acres of land yet unused in Kansas, — first-class wheat land, all of it. A perfect empire! Now, taking the present average, — about fifteen bushels to the acre, — look how many bushels this land will yield in the aggregate every year, when it all comes to be cultivated."

He sharpened his pencil to make the calculation; but, much to his chagrin, he had to defer it, for a locomotive whistle uttered its warning scream down under the river-bluff, and a quivering, widening belt of steam, glittering in the sunlight, shot up like a comet's tail among the branches of the trees. The station waiting-room was vacated with a rush. The St. Louis train was coming.

It was curious to watch the young man waiting for his sweetheart. He stood apart from the rest of us, at the extreme eastern end of the station platform, oblivious of everything but the slowly-approaching locomotive. Very likely the world stood still, in his tense thoughts, while that great puffing, hoarse-throated thing drew itself towards him over the creaking rails; for was not she coming with it, to make life a long, glad song to him? It was not strictly a happy look he had, however. It seemed rather to indicate that sharp sense of joy which has a touch of fear in it, and so becomes in part a pain. And when, at length, the train reached the platform and stopped, we noticed that he did not hasten to the cars, as we had supposed he would, but walked doubtfully along the outer edge of the crowd of alighting passengers, with a strange stare in his countenance. At last, though, she stepped out of the rear coach, and stood there with her head

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slightly inclined, and smiling. We all knew her at a glance. And the next moment he was by her side, and she had put her hand in his, and they were both blushing to their very ears.

"Why, Seth!" she said.

"How d' y' do, Clara!"

That was all there was of it; and it was disappointing, — to the spectators, I mean. No doubt the parties in interest were satisfied with it, however; and how could we know what warmer greetings they would exchange in the shade of their road through yonder forest?

They had a little whispered consultation that we did not hear, but we could surmise that it related to her trunk; for presently they sought it out and claimed it, and she opened it and took from it certain neatly-folded and mysterious articles, which she put together in a little bundle and pinned what looked to be an apron around them. Then the trunk was handed over to the station-agent, apparently to be kept until sent for, and they walked briskly across the zigzag complexity of railway tracks to where the horses were impatiently waiting to carry them to the wedding.

We stood gazing after them from the station, as they mounted their horses and rode up the green and inviting valley, — he on the high-stepping bay with the flowing mane, and she on the brisk, sidling chestnut sorrel, that wore the new saddle, and the bridle gaudy with blue and white ribbons. Behind them and about them was the bland April sunshine; in front of them, just over the river, in the shadow of the bluff, glowed the pink miracle of the peach-blossoms. Somehow the scene recalled to my mind Scott's young Lochinvar "from out of the west," and the fair Ellen of Netherby Hall; and I found myself repeating, under my breath, —

"They 'll have fleet steeds that follow, quoth young Lochinvar."

A vein of similar fancy must have reached the heart of my friend Wabash, too; for as the happy couple crossed the river-bridge, and sped past the pink orchard, and cantered up the bluff and in among the concealing foliage, he observed, with an admirable smile, —

"It looks like the last chapter of some old romance!"

"Heaven bless 'em!" said Markley.

Then the bell sounded, and we hastened aboard the train. A few minutes later we had turned our backs on Kawsmouth, and set our expectant faces towards the land of ozone and wheat, — the verdurous, agueless slopes and the odors that Homer sang, — the land where the sun is in league with fate, and the fruits of the soil are for the healing of the nation.

Henry King.

THE LATEST LITERATURE OF ART.

The discipline of the Academy of Fine Arts in France, by the cultivation of a certain range of traditions more or less restricted, and by the enforcement of certain technical methods through more than two centuries, has created most of the characteristics of French art, and has established a local *atmosphere* especially favorable to the development of the artistic instinct. The recent demonstrations of revolt by French artists and writers against this discipline are significant of the interest which the modern practice of art has awakened in all intelligent minds. To this spirit of discussion we are indebted for the most eager and searching investigations into the theories of art which have yet been made in literature. M. Viollet-le-Duc, the most illustrious of the apostates against the consecrated dogmas of the École des Beaux Arts, was the first to

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give us an idea of the scope and character of this most interesting of peaceful rebellions. In his Dictionnaire Raisonné and in his Entretiens sur l'Architecture, of which the latter alone has received the honor of translation and publication in this country, he has furnished a basis of liberal principles in art, set forth with prëeminent clearness, learning, and closeness of logical deduction. The latest echo of this excellent warfare comes to us in a work on Æsthetics, by M. Eugène Véron,[1] a disciple of Viollet-le-Duc, and, as editor of the journal L'Art, one of the most conspicuous of modern French philosophical writers.

Although much of this work relates to local conditions of practice in art, its interest for the foreign reader is rather enhanced than diminished thereby. The expression of opinions is none the less valuable from having been elicited by a spirit of active controversy; rather more so, indeed, because this spirit compels the writer to sustain his arguments with a thoroughness and animation which would be hardly possible in an atmosphere less highly charged. Moreover, our own manifestations of art in all its branches owe so much to imitation or development of French characteristics that the specifications of the polemic for the most part lead us into regions not entirely unfamiliar. The fundamental idea of this book is a plea for sincerity in art, by the spontaneous manifestation of the personality of the artist as opposed to the artificial stimulus given by academical discipline. It is claimed that the renewal of the spirit of originality is the only thing which can rescue art from the oppression so long exercised by overzealous admirers of Greek sculpture and of the works of the Italian Renaissance. It is charged that the "official art" of the Institute is based upon traditions which, in the very beginning of his career, deprive the artist of his most precious possession, — his individuality, — and leads him into comparatively barren fields, where the only inspirations are from types furnished by the Greeks or the Italians, and formulated in the venerable traditions of the French school.

The form of the argument is scientific, and its development embraces the whole field of æsthetics, beginning with prehistoric conditions, and tracing the gradual development of all the forms of art, from language and poetry to architecture, sculpture, painting, and the dance. The chapter which relates to the source and characteristics of æsthetic pleasure deals largely with physiological conditions, and attempts to prove that the simultaneous or rhythmic vibration of the innumerable sensitive filaments in the organ of hearing, or of those connected with the optic nerve, produces a sensation of pleasure to the ear or eye in proportion to the number of filaments excited by combination of sounds or colors, and that the unequal vibration of these filaments, in respect to duration or intensity, arouses a contrary feeling, such as is produced by mere noise, or by discord of sounds or colors. The analysis of lines and of their effect upon the mind is also very curious, and leads logically to the consideration of the importance and significance of variety, contrast, and harmony, and finally to that of movement and life and the phenomena of expression in art. We have, in successive chapters, definitions of taste, genius, art, and æsthetics, then of the essential contrast between decorative and expressive art, and finally of style. This closes the first part of the book. The discussion of these subjects is remarkable for great vivacity of manner and for fullness of illustration, largely taken from contemporary art and criticism; and although the argument is close and logical, and although the development of the theme is, as we have said, eminently scientific, it is easy to follow it, and the reader finds himself, before he is aware, drawn into the full tide of discussion without any sense of fatigue. Of the fundamental idea of the prëeminent importance of personal as opposed to academical art the author never loses sight.

The latter half of the book is devoted

[1] *Æsthetics.* By Eugène Véron. Translated by W. H. Armstrong, B. A. Oxon. London: Chapman and Hall. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

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to the illustration of æsthetical principles in architecture, sculpture, painting, the dance, music, and poetry. In respect to architecture and its origins, M. Véron very sensibly rejects the fantastic theories, common to literature, which attribute to mystic symbolism and to the desire to imitate nature the characteristic aspects of the earlier forms of temples and cathedrals, and accepts the more philosophical explanations of Viollet-le-Duc, which are based upon a practical familiarity with means and methods of construction, and which prefer to develop the hieratic forms from those of the habitations which were fashioned to satisfy human wants in the most direct and simple manner, or from the most natural and economical use of the materials at hand. We can never cease to be grateful to this illustrious master for having rescued the theory of architecture from the control of doctrinaires and dogmatists, and it is agreeable to see the *littérateur* at last frankly substituting for the poetic dreams of his predecessors the reasonable deductions of experience and practice. The story of the development of the architectural theories of the Greeks and Romans, of the Byzantine, Arabian, Romanesque, and Mediæval styles, is given in a comprehensive summary which is unusually free from error, and which includes the results of the most advanced studies of the subject. The strictures upon modern architecture are based entirely upon those of M. Viollet-le-Duc, and attribute its alleged failures mainly to the prevalence of a spirit of eclecticism, and to the influence of academic traditions.

The æsthetics of sculpture and painting are considered in the same philosophical manner and with great fullness of illustration. The modern artist is referred more to life and to nature, and less to precedent and example, for the expressions in best accord with the requirements of modern art. The theory of color and of chiaroscuro is explained at great length, the principles developed by M. Chevreul forming the basis of the discussion; but the theories of Young, Laugel, Landolt, Charcot, Galezowski, and Bert are duly considered, and the final result of their researches is embodied in the text. Perhaps the most original part of the dissertation on color is that relating to its capacity for expression in a moral sense, and the illustrative analysis of the works of Rubens, Veronese, and Delacroix in this respect is very ingenious and subtle. The use of chiaroscuro by Rembrandt as a means of expression is made the subject of study, and in all cases the testimony of the weightiest writers upon these points is largely quoted, giving to the reader, on the whole, an excellent idea of the character of the best modern criticism in France. The æsthetic significance of drawing is also considered in an animated chapter full of the spirit of dispute; and the rival methods of the draughtsmanship of line and the draughtsmanship of movement, or *multiplex attitude*, as it is called, are set upon the stage, and represented, on the one hand, by the works of the designers of "absolute form," or immobility, like L. David, Ingres, and other masters, taught and teaching according to academical principles, and on the other by those of Rubens, Delacroix, and some of the Italian masters, who have proved themselves in this respect superior to formulas and dogmas of art. The subject is pursued into the details of composition, perspective, methods of execution, handling, as an evidence of artistic personality, and monumental painting; the last division in especial is set forth with a logical exactness and a degree of critical acumen which, fortified by the testimony of the most advanced authorities, leave little to be added to complete the subject as a practical exposition of the arts of higher decoration.

We have not space to give, even in outline, M. Véron's method of treating the other main divisions of the subject, and we would gladly refer more in detail to such questions as the effect of characteristics of touch or handling upon the sentiment of pictures, especially in their capacity to convey to the canvas the individuality and presence of the artist. The examples discussed through-

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out belong to the French, Italian, and Flemish schools, ancient and modern; the English works, to which hitherto our popular æsthetic studies have been almost entirely confined, are not referred to, so that the English reader finds in this book a freshness which comes not only from its combination of scientific method with the enthusiasm of strong convictions, but also from the discussion of names and methods hitherto comparatively unfamiliar.

His practical conclusion is that art, like all the other developments of humanity, is unceasingly and indefinably perfectible, but that it cannot advance so long as we are content to confine ourselves to imitation of old masters and of old forms; that the revolution in general intelligence, which has already effected a healthy change in fiction and the drama, and made reality instead of ideality the governing motive of composition, must presently effect a corresponding transmutation in art. He conceives that in sculpture the audacious Carpeaux, whose famous group of the Dance in front of the New Opera House created so great a clamor a few years since, instead of reproducing attitudes in the old manner, has become dramatic and expressive, and thus opened the way for a new era in his branch of art; that the combination of *truth as to facts with the personality of the artist* is the only way by which the tyranny of imitation and archæology can be overcome.

The Greek statuettes excavated from tombs in Tanagra, some of which have been purchased by Mr. T. G. Appleton for the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, furnish to us a very curious and timely illustration of M. Véron's statement that the still, pure, and passionless ideal of the Greeks belonged only to their religious art; that examples of it have been preserved in the temples for the admiration of mankind, while those of what may be called their secular art, having been less securely enshrined, have until very lately been completely unknown. Thus the scope of Greek art really included not only the idea of immobility and repose, but the idea of life, animation, and facial expression; but as the former was the first and most conspicuous in its representations to modern times, it has become the only type recognized in the academical system. On the other hand, the little terra-cotta figures, eight or ten inches high, rescued from the Bœotian tombs, represent men and women in the every-day Greek dress of the fourth century B. C., and with all that variety of expression and individuality which we are accustomed to attribute only to the *genre* work of to-day. Whether these are or are not contemporaneous with the art of Phidias and Praxiteles, as is claimed for them, they furnish sufficient evidence that our type has been too restricted, and that such work as that of M. Carpeaux in modern times, which hitherto has been supposed by æsthetic writers to be out of the proper range of plastic art, is justified even from the archæological point of view.

A dispassionate Englishman or American, in looking over this warm and generous polemic, cannot but reflect that, notwithstanding the hitherto almost undisputed dominion of academic principles in France, French art has long maintained the first place; and a suspicion arises in his mind that there may be another side to this question, and that there may be virtues in the dogmas and methods of the Institute which, if they have not created, have been sufficient at least to encourage the growth of a race of brilliant artists. Doubtless a living, progressive art has existed side by side with the Academy, and, though of late its greatest expressions have been in the direction of landscape art, examples of high achievement — not retrogressive — are not wanting in monumental art with figures and human action. But however this may be, M. Véron's Æsthetics is full of life, abounding in truth, and, to any one interested in the progress of art in theory or practice, it must prove in the highest degree interesting and suggestive.

M. Véron considers that the manifestation of the personality of the artist in

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his work, the substitution, in fact, of the artist for nature, is the solid basis of all æsthetics. (Part I., chap. vi.) Although Turner is regarded by his greatest admirer as the first of the pre-Raphaelites whose dogmas of course are in exact opposition to those of MM. Véron, Fromentin, Bürger, and all the greatest critics in France in respect to the imitation of nature, yet the proposition of M. Véron as above quoted could not have a more complete justification and a commentary more apt than in the genius of Turner, according to Philip Gilbert Hamerton.[1] The result is that in Hamerton's Turner we seem to have a man indeed. But the English critics, unwilling to surrender a possession so precious as Ruskin's Turner ("the greatest painter of all time, a man with whose supremacy of power no intellect of past ages can be put in comparison for a moment"), when confronted with this new image of the man, not made of gold and ivory, but modeled honestly in human clay, if they do not denounce the new biographer as a wicked iconoclast, at least take pleasure in pointing out that he has done less than justice to the genius which created the chryselephantine marvel. If it is claimed that Hamerton is an artist writing of an artist, and in that capacity submits his subject to a cool, critical analysis, more searching, temperate, and truthful than seems possible at any other hands, the critics cry, But is not Ruskin also an artist? Has he not given sufficient evidence of his capacity as such in his delicate observations of the phenomena of nature, in his study of means and methods of artistic expression, and in his own drawings and works in color? And if he is an artist, is his testimony regarding another artist not to be accepted in the same spirit as that of Hamerton? The answer to these questions is given by Hamerton himself in his fifteenth chapter, after having presented in the previous chapters the narrative of Turner's life, with a running commentary on his work, so arranged as to give a clear and succinct impression of the development and characteristics of his genius. In this chapter, after recalling the fortunate circumstances which attended this remarkable career, the following passages occur:—

"The sneers of a portion of the public and the sarcasms of the newspapers brought a champion into the field who worshiped Turner with a devotion such as no other artist ever excited in his admirers, and who expressed his feelings with an energy and an ability far surpassing the powers of all previous writers upon art."

"No painter since the world began ever had such an advocate before, and there are excellent reasons for believing that no painter will ever have such an advocate in the future."

The basis of Ruskin's panegyric of Turner was a burning enthusiasm such as could exist only in the first freshness of national perception about art. In France such enthusiasm would be impossible, for the field there is preoccupied by discussion; and now even the English mind, having been developed in the direction of art by a copious literature, would no longer be hospitable to such expressions as those of Ruskin on Turner. But when Ruskin first wrote, he was fortunate enough to obtain an immediate and respectful hearing, because at the moment the English public was quite ready to accept instruction in art, and because this plea for Turner was based upon the theory that this painter was the most truthful artist who ever lived. "Previous writers upon art," Mr. Hamerton says, "had dwelt much less on truth than on style, and on those artifices of arrangement which the ordinary Englishman feels strongly inclined to despise as tricks of trade, about which no one but 'the artist and his ape' need trouble himself." This appeal, therefore, to the English love of truth, enforced as it was by definitions of truth in nature such as had never before appeared in elegant literature, and by frequent and impassioned assertions that Turner was always loyal

[1] *The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R. A.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON. With nine Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1879.

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to this truth in nature, met with great acceptance. It is not upon the point of Turner's enormous knowledge of natural phenomena, which is undisputed, but upon that of his absolute veracity in setting forth such phenomena, that the present biographer takes issue with Ruskin. No principle is more frequently asserted in this book and more frequently illustrated by reference to Turner's own works than the fact that truth to nature is not art; that art is indeed strangely independent both of science and veracity, and refuses to submit either to scientific or even to intellectual tests. It is nourished by nature, but inspired by imagination; it is nature humanized. In fact, this principle is set forth in the motto upon the title-page, quoted from Fromentin, and it is in this intelligent spirit that the works of Turner are explained, and so far as possible justified. This manner of treating the genius of a great painter is in accordance with the advanced position now assumed by the Anglo-Saxon civilization in matters of art. Since the publication of the first volume of Modern Painters, in 1843, the great exposition of 1851 in Hyde Park, and the others in Paris, Vienna, and Philadelphia, have served to develop the artistic instincts of the English people in such wise that no Daniel can ever come to judgment for them again unquestioned.

The quality of Mr. Hamerton's work of biography has not been surpassed. The nature of previous biographies seems to have compelled him to give to the present work the character of a psychological study. It is not therefore to a catalogue of successive pictures, but to the development of an extraordinary genius, that the attention of the reader is directed from the beginning. Perhaps the most ingenious and original part of the book is the attempt to reconcile the sordid, homely, and vulgar personal characteristics of the man, for the knowledge of which we are perhaps mainly indebted to the industrious researches of Thornbury, with those divine and creative qualities which he expressed in his works, and which were so superbly magnified by Ruskin, — qualities which, Mr. Hamerton repeatedly remarks, assimilated him with Shelley. The rare combination of sound common sense with high artistic instincts and knowledge of artistic methods which is evident in the authorship of this book serves to throw upon this singular dual existence a flood of cool, colorless light, which, if it deprives the subject of somewhat of its fascination of mystery and dethrones a god, gives to us a man whose standard of perfections is far more accessible, and as such far more useful and truthful as a mark of progress in art. Iconoclasm as a business has been much cultivated in modern literature, and one by one we have seen ancient and modern idols fall in pieces before the spirit of pitiless analysis; but in disclosing to us, in this instance, the feet of clay upon which stood the wonderful fabric of the imagination of the Oxford scholar, the iconoclast whose work we are now contemplating has not been fanatic or brutal. He has left to us not a wreck, but a consistent human figure: —

"I should say, then, to sum up, that Turner was a landscape painter of extraordinary, yet by no means unlimited genius; a subtle and delicate, but unfaithful draughtsman; a learned and refined, but often fallacious chiaroscurist; a splendid and brilliant, but rarely natural colorist; a man gifted with wonderful fertility of imagination and strength of memory (though this last is less easy to determine, because he altered everything); a student of nature whose range was vast indeed, for it included mountains, lakes, lowland, rivers, and the sea, besides all kinds of human works that can affect the appearance of a landscape, yet not universal, for he never adequately illustrated the familiar forest trees, and had not the sentiment of the forest, neither had he the rustic sentiment in its perfection. I should say that Turner was distinguished by his knowledge, but still more distinguished by his exquisite taste, and by the singular charm which it gave to most of his works, though not to all of them; that he was technically a wonderful, but imperfect

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and irregular painter in oil, unsafe and unsound in his processes, though at the same time both strong and delicate in handling; that he stands apart and alone in water-color, which in his hands is like a new art; that he was an excellent line etcher in preparation for mezzotint, and a good engraver in mezzotint, besides; and that with all these gifts and acquirements he was a very great and illustrious artist, but not the greatest of artists. I believe that his fame will last."

In these days of decorative art applied to all the uses of life, high and low, in which it has been discovered that walls and furniture are capable of conveying to the human mind a set of ideas and emotions quite different from those of mere comfort, protection, or convenience, it is an easy and natural transition from the study of the higher æsthetics to those of household art. They are concerned with the same principles of taste and style and individuality of effect, and can traverse regions of thought quite as rarefied in discussing the decorative treatment of a common wall surface, if not of a chair or a cabinet, as in criticising a historical painting. The literature of domestic art is already copious, and the latest accession to it is in many respects worthy of especial note.

Mr. Charles C. Perkins, in his preface to the American edition of Dr. Falke's work on Art in the House,[1] lately published by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, claims for this work that "for clearness of plan and soundness of criticism, and for the lucid setting forth of the excellences and defects of ancient and modern systems of house building and decoration in an interesting and impressive manner, it has perhaps no rival among books of its kind." Doubtless the present editor's learned notes, together with the quality and profuseness of the illustrations with which the American edition has been enriched, have done somewhat to substantiate this claim. The mechanic arts of the printer and paper-maker have responded sumptuously to the demand to do honor to this new manifestation of doctrine, which needs must possess some very solid qualities of excellence to justify an equipment so noble and a prologue so promising.

The serious way in which the modern Englishman has set about the task of erecting a standard of taste commensurate with his civilization, since, at the first great exposition in Hyde Park, he discovered his inferiority in this respect, and the measure of success which has crowned his efforts, form a spectacle doubtless without parallel in the history of art. It is a strange revolution, based upon a sense of duty and inspired by a profuse literature which seems to have given to the whole movement a certain moral and intellectual tone. The whole body of this literature has found its way to this country, and has had a perceptible effect upon the practice of all the arts of decoration.

Now, to this docile and thoughtful condition of national pupilage comes a foreign master, with, it may be presumed, new historical illustrations, new arguments, and new inspirations. Does the character of our English training seem provincial and narrow in the new light thrown upon it from the lamp of this German doctor? Does he open new vistas of thought, new possibilities of art, new theories, new applications of precedent which have not already been attempted by the English masters? The curiosity to see and study his book in its English dress is a proof that at least the American disciples of the new dispensation are open to conviction, and not loath to be turned from error by any new revelation which may come to them.

To the illustrations of the German edition, some of which may be new to English students, as they give us the results of foreign thought and workmanship, the American editor has evidently made considerable additions, so that

[1] *Art in the House.* Historical, Critical, and Æsthetical Studies on the Decoration and Furnishing of the Dwelling. By JACOB VON FALKE, Vice-Director of the Austrian Museum of Art and Industry at Vienna. Anthony's American Edition, translated from the third German Edition. Edited, with notes, by CHARLES C. PERKINS, M. A. Illustrated. Boston: L. Prang & Co. 1879.

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now we have reproductions, by various mechanical processes, from Viollet-le-Duc, Grüner, Mazois, Semper, Kugler, Jacquemart, Le Pautre, Lacroix, and Niccolini; from Shaw, Nash, and Pugin; from contemporary French and German periodicals of art; from Dutch etchings; and even from modern American work. The collection is heterogeneous in style and irregular in quality; and not a few of the prints suffer in the transfer; but it is of undoubted value as presenting in an accessible form an unusually large array of examples from various sources. As the first impression made by such a book as this is obtained from the pictures, and as the great majority of the public will not go farther than these, it is well to acknowledge in the outset that we have here presented to us an interesting, instructive, and compact library of examples of decorative art, which tell their own story with a certain directness and are indicative of the cosmopolitan character of the work.

The historical statement occupies about one half of the volume, and treats in successive pages of the Græco-Roman house, the mediæval house, and the houses of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; to these the editor has prefixed a scholarly preface relating to the domestic establishments of the Egyptians and Assyrians. The historical view is distinctly European, and not English; but if the narrative is wanting in detail of English eras and styles, it gives us, naturally enough, the German developments, which are less familiar to us, and thus sensibly enlarges the scope of our vision in this direction. Dr. Falke presents a fair summary of the evidence of the best authorities as to mediæval domestic art, but is much more sympathetic with that of the Italian and French Renaissance, to which he devotes the largest and best part of his historical essay. He considers that furniture, which in Gothic times was either too heavy, archaic, and rude in the beginning, or too overloaded with imitations of architectural ornament in the end, and always uncomfortable, was rapidly developed in the Renaissance period in the direction of greater ease, elegance, and fitness, and was far better suited to the conditions of a more complicated civilization. The intellectual and imaginative element introduced into arabesque ornament by Raphael and his pupils, as instanced especially in the painting and stucco of the Villa Madama, was prolific in its immediate effect upon Italian and French decorations both in respect to form and color, and gave a distinctive character of elegance to the Italian interiors, until corrupted by the Baroque excesses introduced by Alessandro Vittoria, notably in the ceiling of the library of St. Mark's. These excesses, together with the misuse of the cartouche by reason of the facility of its adaptations, were hardly less prolific. The influence of the characteristics of the French Renaissance kings upon the decorations of their several eras, from Francis I. to Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., especially in the last three reigns, is a very remarkable phase of the history of domestic art. The Italian examples, under these social conditions, were subjected to changes so significant and astonishing that the walls, ceilings, chairs, and tables of these eras are elevated to the dignity of historical documents and inscriptions. Dr. Falke's work does not define these changes with such elegance and directness as Mrs. Spofford in her excellent little work, Art Decoration applied to Furniture, nor with such special and technical information as is to be found, for example, in Pollen's Handbook of Artistic Woodwork in the South Kensington Museum; indeed, he hardly refers to the early French Renaissance, and he passes over the reign of Louis Quinze in absolute silence; but his work perhaps is more complete in other directions, especially as regards color and stucco. The effect of the discovery of Pompeii upon the art of Louis Seize, and the prompt acceptance of a new sentiment of form and color in harmony with the characteristics of the time; the revival of the pseudo-antique in the eras of the Revolution and the empire; the quick return to the vulgarities of the Rococo with the Restoration, and the

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effect of modern culture and æsthetics in refining these forms are all duly set forth.

It must be admitted that Dr. Falke's treatment of the Italian Renaissance of the sixteenth century, the pure source of all the subsequent French, English, and German inspirations in domestic art, is, considering the scope of the work, in the main adequate. He gives to it the preëminence which belongs to it. Other popular writers have failed to recognize in the same degree the enormous importance of this phase of household art, which contained the fruitful germs of the greatest artistic revolution in history. The geographical stand-point of Dr. Falke in Vienna perhaps enables him to see the developments of the Renaissance in the nations of Europe in a truer perspective and with a less prejudiced eye than the Englishman, who naturally gives to the eccentric phenomena of his Elizabethan style and to the provincial characteristics of his Jacobean an undue importance in the historical summary. While the Englishman's foreground is occupied with such local incidents as these, the other essential details of the historical picture seem to lose somewhat of their due relative values. It is worthy of note, however, that the corresponding modifications of Italian types in the German states are by no means so marked in their characteristics as are those of Queen Elizabeth or Queen Anne in England. The history of the German Renaissance in domestic art seems nothing more than a pale reflection of France. Such is the testimony of Dr. Falke, who should be good authority. But as regards the Netherlands, at least, and Denmark, which are not referred to in this volume, the evidence of M. Felix Narjoux, in his Journal of an Architect in the Northwest of Europe, is ample to secure to those regions the credit of a domestic style as marked as that of Queen Anne, and not unlike it in sentiment and form.

Since the advent of Ruskin and Pugin, the whole strength of English æsthetic writing on household art has been concentrated on the advocacy of Gothic principles of design, and for many years, until the recent characteristic revolt of young English designers, which as yet has not enjoyed the advantage of a literary exposition, we have recognized no virtue in any furniture unless it bore the marks of mediæval sincerity and innocence. We are scarcely yet free from the curious fascination exercised by the notched and chamfered edges, the stunted or attenuated shafts, the visible joints and articulations, the semi-puritanic straightness and the semi-barbaric massiveness, and the cusps and billet-moldings, which have been considered the only expressions of which truly moral and honest furniture is capable. On the other hand, with regard to color and wall treatment, we have enjoyed, under the vigorous direction of Burne Jones, Morris, Simpson, and the English designers and manufacturers generally, a much more generous and catholic régime, drawing inspiration from all sources which could contribute anything to effects of decoration, and relieve us from the dominion of the pale, cold tints which we inherited from the *salon* of the Marquise de Rambouillet and from the French era of white and gold in the eighteenth century. The advantages which have come to the spirit of modern design in England and America from the study of the mediæval virtues are ours, let us hope, for all time. It has made a race of conscientious designers, who cannot be corrupted by the pagan wiles of any learned German, unconverted by the gospel of art according to Pugin, Eastlake, and Viollet-le-Duc, but who are no longer willing to be confined in the strait-jacket of mediævalism, and are ready to welcome to our service all beautiful ideas, whether Christian or pagan. It is pleasant, therefore, after having been so long preoccupied with the picturesqueness, *naïveté*, and naturalism of the monkish and lay builders, to be restored to the rest of our inheritance. This book has its uses in opening once more to our view the familiar and spacious domains from which we English-speaking people have been so long excluded.

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In the portion of the book relating to the theory and practice of household art, Mr. Perkins's instructive notes suddenly desert us. Possibly, he modestly considered that his function as a commentator could not properly extend over a department in which the explanation, extenuation, enlargement, or correction of the text required special knowledge and experience. However this may be, this practical and theoretical part of the book is the less successful. It includes chapters upon Style and Harmony, Mural Painting, The Floor and the Wall, Movable Wall Ornaments, The Ceiling, The Decoration of the Table, etc. The author very properly argues against any attempt to carry out uniformity of style throughout the interior fittings of a house, — that is, uniformity in the sense of archæological loyalty to the spirit of any historical epoch, — and does not find it difficult to maintain, in general terms, that it is possible so to arrange the heterogeneous collections of furniture, decorations, and bricabrac which find their way from all climes into every household, as to obtain a result of harmony. He claims that this harmony is obtained rather from color than from form, and proceeds to draw from that inexhaustible fountain of artistic knowledge, the Dictionnaire Raisonné of Viollet-le-Duc, a few general observations upon the value and uses of color as a decorative agent. We regret to say, however, that the source of these observations is not acknowledged; nor does he admit his indebtedness, not as regards ideas alone, but even in respect to words and phrases, to the Frenchman's invaluable article, Peinture, in his remarks on the limitations of mural painting.

The basis of Dr. Falke's specific instructions on household taste is in the main sound and philosophical, but in his application of rules to examples, although he expatiates elegantly, he is wanting in directness. His instructions upon the artistic treatment of walls, floors, and ceilings, with our present light upon this subject, are commonplace and very general in their character throughout. He errs, however, not so much in what he says, as in what he omits to say, and his directions are rather those of an amateur than of a practitioner. Thus, in treating of floors, he says what all other intelligent writers have said upon the subject, and no more: he objects, of course, to light prevailing tones, to naturalistic treatment of forms in the patterns of parquetry, floor-mosaic, or carpeting, to the imitation of figures in relief, to high colors and large patterns; he specifies where carpeting with central feature and borders may be admitted, where the former should not be used, and how the best effect may be got from the latter, and so on. He pursues the same safe course with respect to walls and ceilings, rarely committing himself to the expression of an opinion which is not justified by the obvious proprieties of design, but never incisive, original, or suggestive.

The fundamental point on which we need instruction is the *relative* treatment of the floors, walls, and ceilings of a room, and the *relative* treatment of adjoining rooms in a suite, to the end that an effect of artistic unity may be secured where all the innumerable accidents of form and color in modern furniture and fittings, if left to themselves without a guiding hand, will inevitably result in confusion, if not discord. The fundamental question is, By what device are we to obtain a satisfactory *coup d'œil* in any given case? We seek in vain in these elegant and for the most part unobjectionable pages for any evidence of mastery as to this all-important point. There is an obvious difficulty in laying down general principles which can serve as practical guides applicable to all the exceedingly complex and various conditions of modern interiors, but however complex and various are these factors, the arrangement and adjustment of them according to general principles of unity and fitness are possible, and these principles are capable of intelligent definition. Yet such definitions cannot be evolved from learning and from theory alone; unless developed from practical experience also, they must, from the

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nature of the case, be incomplete and inoperative.

In short, the book, so far as the practical part of it is concerned, is not so much a guide to the decorator and the cabinet-maker as an illustrated *résumé* of general and accepted principles, which it is important to have set forth in deliberate and scholarly language, and which in this shape will perhaps gain access to minds not otherwise hospitable to the æsthetics of common life. If the portion devoted to the exposition of principles had been annotated by a capable and practiced hand, and supplemented by a really practical commentary, as the historical part has been annotated and supplemented by Mr. Perkins, the work would have gained immeasurably in value, not only to the specialist, but to the layman. The opportunity seems too good to be lost, and we trust that the publishers may be encouraged in a subsequent edition to complete their work in this essential direction.

Henry Van Brunt.

PETITE MARIE AND BENEZET.

THREE hundred bells in Avignon
Rang in the day, rang out the night:
The Popes and sovereigns took their way,
No odds if it were wrong or right;
And through the right, and through the wrong,
The merry bells of Avignon,
Three hundred bells, rang on and on.

"Come now with me, Petite Marie,
My sweet Sweetheart," said Benezet,
"And we will journey to Beaucaire.
The yellow madder blooms are set,
To-morrow is the opening fair."
Three hundred bells rang on and on, —
The merry bells of Avignon.

High waved the banners in the air,
The iron hoofs of horses rang;
Past twenty arches on the bridge,
With silver trumpet's peal and clang,
Drowning the bells of Avignon,
The gay procession crowded on.
Petite Marie and Benezet,
One half in pleasure, half in fear,
Climbed to a frescoed shrine that shone
Above the blue waves of the Rhone.
"Saint Martha!" cried Petite Marie,
"They crush me, but 't is fair to see!"
Alas, the child! Her golden tone
Fell on foul ears that should not hear;
Bold eyes met hers in evil stare, —

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Bold eyes too wicked to forget.
Cold at the heart of Benezet
His blood to ice with terror turned;
His cheeks with shame and anger burned.
Three hundred bells in Avignon
Rang in the day, rang out the night,
And kings and Popes their pleasure took,
And knew no odds of wrong or right.

Ah, never in gay Avignon
Petite Marie was seen again.
Alone, returning from Beaucaire,
Went Benezet with reeling brain;
And at the Pope's great palace gate,
In beggar's clothes by night, by day,
With haggard eyes to watch and wait,
Long weeks and months of weeks he lay.
The merry bells of Avignon,
Three hundred bells, rang on and on.

"Bring out your dead! Room for the dead!"
The cry rang loud, the cry rang hoarse;
Piled with the blackened bodies high,
The death-cart went its dreadful course.
Black Death from gate to gate did ride,
And slew and slew; in three short days,
They say, full fourteen hundred died.
The belfry ropes ran slackened ways;
In feeble hands in Avignon
The funeral bells tolled on and on.

The beggar at the palace gate,
Death passed him by, and left him late,
With haggard eyes at last to see,
Tossed careless like the others down,
Though decked in lace and satin gown,
The body of Petite Marie.
Then, filmy, glazed, his eyes were set.
"Here is one more!" they cried, and threw
The faithful, dying Benezet
By side of his Petite Marie.
"He 's well nigh gone! We 'll take him, too!"
Slowly the bells of Avignon
In feeble hands tolled on and on.

Five hundred years ago they died,
Petite Marie and Benezet;
No longer now to gay Beaucaire
Go lovers for the summer fair.
Of twenty arches stand but three,
Where Popes and kings did dazzling ride,
And bold, bad eyes looked back to see

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The beauty of Petite Marie.
But July sees the madder set
Its yellow blooms as thickly yet,
And slowly still the same blue Rhone
Rolls past the walls of Avignon,
Where merry bells ring on and on.

H. H.

IRENE THE MISSIONARY.

XVIII.

Mr. Payson saw Mr. Brassey to the gate of his little court-yard, and then reappeared before the grammatical couple in the hall, his face elate and his hands clasped as if in thanksgiving.

"God has been very gracious to our worthy consul," he said. "He has inspired him with a desire to do good to the souls of his fellow-men. You would hardly guess the object of his visit to me this morning. He came of his own accord to pledge three hundred dollars a year toward the support of a church in Damascus."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the doctor. "Why did n't I know it before? Here was I, afraid he would sit down upon us, and letting him go off without a word. Why did n't you tell us before he went out?"

"Dear me, I forgot it!" sighed Payson. "The truth is that I was thinking of the new mission, and not of the man who has made it possible. What absent-minded, ungrateful noodles we are!"

"I 'll ride down to his office and apologize for my neglect," declared Macklin, springing up, in his impulsive way. "No, I won't either," he added, sitting down again. "He might think I had come for the money."

"We must show him some special mark of thanks," said Payson. "We must invite him to our weekly concert of prayer."

"Perhaps he would rather be invited to tea," suggested Miss Grant, with a smile.

"Well, Irene, there is an exchangeable value in tea," admitted Mr. Payson, who also could not help smiling. "Provender has always been considered an element of hospitality, even in entertaining angels. Mrs. Payson shall give the consul a tea, or, if it pleases her best, a dinner."

So, three days later, Mr. Brassey sat at the festive board with a select circle of missionaries, all sincerely thankful to him for his generous contribution to the good cause, and anxious to accord him the choicest of their grave courtesy. The meal was largely in Syrian style, which was a whim of Mrs. Payson's to gratify the functionary, he having been heard to say that he should like to see a real Arab banquet.

The bill of fare opened with a thick soup of lentils, called *mejeddara*, somewhat resembling pea soup, or rather pea porridge.

"Ah!" said Mr. Kirkwood, smacking his lips over it; "consul, this is said to be the very pottage with which Jacob bought out Esau!"

"I should say," replied Mr. Brassey, after due tasting, "that Esau must have been every bit as hungry as the good book makes him out to be."

But we will give at once the entire *menu* of the dinner. After Esau's pottage came a breast of lamb stuffed with chestnuts and raisins, and supported by a huge *pilau* of rice dotted with the yellow seeds of pine-tree cones. Then fol-

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lowed, in separate courses, sliced cabbage fried in liquid butter, tender green gourds crammed with highly seasoned stuffing, and young grape leaves enfolding the same sort of nourishment. Next came a broad, flat platter of *kibbe*, a kind of pie made of roast lamb pounded up with boiled wheat, and powerfully flavored with onions. The dessert was, first, *bukhlawy*, a mixture of pastry and fruit, reminding one of a recklessly rich mince pie; and, lastly, *rohotlicoom*, known in America as "fig-paste," a very pleasant compound of flour, white sugar, and rose-water. Black coffee closed the repast, and a chibouk for the consul.

"And so this is the correct thing in this country?" queried Mr. Brassey.

"Lacking some twenty dishes," replied Mr. Kirkwood. "A Syrian is generally an abstemious creature. But when he does feast he devours the land before him, and leaves it a waste behind him."

"And that 's what kibbe is!" the guest had said, when they were over the Syrian national dish. "Seems to me it might be a good diet to give jail-birds; if they escaped, you could track 'em by the scent. I do believe that in a Christian country like ours the mere perfume of that delicacy would disperse a bloodthirsty mob."

Mrs. Payson, who was not accustomed to such hyperbolical joking, made a sign as if to order the removal of the dish.

"Oh, don't send it away on my account, ma'am," said the consul, smiling. "To tell the honest truth, I have smelt onions before. My own cook flavors me with 'em quite frequently."

As this subject seemed to have been sufficiently treated, Mr. Payson changed the conversation to the Damascus mission, and remarks were made of course complimentary to Mr. Brassey. Then he had a temptation: he wanted to rise in his place and make a ringing speech concerning the new enterprise; perhaps if there had been wine on the table he would have astonished his hosts with a specimen of platform oratory. But his better genius aided him to keep his seat, and to leave the topic mainly to the missionaries. The result was a long mission talk, firstly concerning the Damascus station, and then concerning the other distant stations, to all which the consul listened civilly, and with a show of interest. It was obvious that he had a high respect for his table companions, and desired to treat their solemnities with deference. Irene had never seen him behave so well before, and began to think him quite an agreeable gentleman.

The meal ended with the rohotlicoom, and the guests had their coffee about the room, seated on chairs and on the mukaad. The consul took his place beside Irene, and for the first time began to talk with full freedom, indulging in a good deal of West Wolverine humor.

"I call this mixing drinks," he said, when the servant handed him a glass of water and a cup of Turkish coffee. "Do you often drink as heavy as this?"

"It 's been a serious dinner," was another of his asides. "I consider that meal equivalent to partaking of the passover."

Irene marveled a little at his critical liberty, but strove to smile at every one of his flashes of wit. As to jokes on biblical subjects, she had been used to them from childhood, as is the case with most children of clergymen. Our jestings, if we jest at all, are apt to spring from familiar earth.

Mr. Brassey of course supposed that he was making himself agreeable to the young lady. He knew that women always titter over a man's joke, and he inferred that they are fond of humor, and can be won by it, which is probably a great mistake. Furthermore, he presumed that his "outfit" of a church in Damascus had filled Irene with gratitude toward him, and with a high opinion of his character. Thus he felt strong with her, and able to venture a great deal, not only in jest but in seriousness.

"I think," he said to himself, — "I think I had better strike while the iron is hot."

Circumstances seemed to favor him: the Kirkwoods and Dr. Macklin went home early; only the Paysons remained.

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Mr. Brassey rose, beckoned his host aside, and murmured, "A word with you in private, parson."

They left the little whitewashed parlor, and walked into the hall, the usual sitting place of the family.

"I want a confidential word or two with Miss Grant," pursued the consul. "Could n't it be brought around in some quiet, genial way?"

"There is no evil news, I trust, for her," said Mr. Payson, looking up anxiously.

"Not very bad," smiled Mr. Brassey. "She 's got my very best good opinion; that 's about the worst of it."

The clergyman continued to gaze in silence into the public functionary's incomprehensible face.

"I admit, of course, that she 's under your care," pursued the consul, "and I 'll put the thing exactly as if you was her father. My proposition is, plainly and squarely and honorably, to obtain her hand in marriage."

Mr. Payson was profoundly astonished, and little less than horror-stricken. But he was not the man to ponder long over his own feelings, or to think it worth while to utter a word concerning them. After a moment of grave meditation he replied, calmly, "She is of age; ask her. I have the right, I believe, neither to help nor hinder. But I see no reason why you should not speak, nor why she should not listen."

"Exactly," nodded Mr. Brassey. "Non-committal, but fair and gentlemanly. Just what I expected of you, sir. And now, if you can beckon Mrs. Payson in here, I can step back to the parlor and interview Miss Grant."

Payson carried out this suggestion with such tranquillity and dignity that even in that anxious moment the consul admired him, and thought that he had in him the making of a first-class manager of men.

Irene, who was sitting on the long, low sofa which formed nearly the entire furniture of the parlor, looked up from a bit of embroidery with some surprise when she found that she was alone with Mr. Porter Brassey, and that he was gazing at her with a peculiar steadfastness.

"I thought you had gone," she said, with one of those vague smiles which are so common in human intercourse.

"Could n't do it yet awhile," replied the consul, trying to be light-hearted and confident, and succeeding fairly well. He was accustomed to asking favors, and to asking them of all sorts of people. A great part of his life had been passed in urging his fellow-creatures to do something for Porter Brassey. Probably he had applied for at least a score of offices, and for thousands of signatures to applications. He had sought out and pleaded with and argued with more political and other miscellaneous notabilities than the ordinary citizen reads of in the newspapers. He had learned, in a long course of place-hunting, to be bold and cool and persevering, and, if advisable, importunate and hectoring. Denial could not discomfit him, nor contempt abash him. On the present delicate occasion, steeled to firmness by so many interviewing experiences, he was more self-possessed and hopeful than any ordinary lover could imagine.

"I have the permission of Mr. Payson," he began, cunningly making the most of that fact, — "I have your guardian's permission, Miss Irene, to say a word to you in private."

Irene started as if about to rise, and then slowly subsided again into position, all in silence.

"I have formed a very high opinion of you," continued Mr. Brassey, taking a chair and seating himself near her. "I suppose you have noticed it. A very high opinion, indeed! My conviction is that, if I should look the whole earth over, I would n't find another lady that I should consider your match."

It was strong, and he had meant to make it strong, believing habitually that lukewarm talk is wasted talk. At this point he paused, and gazed at her fixedly for a moment, anxious to discover what impression he had produced.

Irene had the air of being utterly confounded and extremely distressed. With an expression which was partly implor-

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ing and partly shrinking, she just glanced at him, and no more. Then she dropped her eyes to her embroidery, and remained as still as if she were paralyzed. That introduction as to permission obtained from Mr. Payson had had its intended effect; it had given her a belief that the mission desired her to listen favorably to Mr. Porter Brassey.

"In short — Miss Grant — I love you," continued the consul, beginning to stammer a little. "I want you — for my wife," his voice shaking in a way which was a credit to him. "That 's what I want, Miss Grant — Irene! What do you say? What 's to be my — my fate?"

A throb of annoyance, amounting to painful aversion, ran through the girl and restored her nervous power. She rose slowly to her feet, and slowly turned away from him while she answered, "Oh, Mr. Brassey, what did you say this for? Why did they let you? They ought to have known better."

"But, Miss Irene" — began the consul, who had also risen.

"No, no!" she interrupted, moving gently away from him and toward the door. "Please don't! I don't want to pain you. But I can't, — I can't. Don't talk to me any more about it. I am so sorry! Please don't care."

"But I *must* care," and Mr. Brassey's voice was quite agonized now. "I can't help caring. You are so handsome and so good — and I love you so — with all my heart."

"Oh, I wish you did n't — I wish you would n't!" begged Irene. "I can't care for you in return. I would if I could. But I can't, and I never shall."

Never before, in all his many suits for favor, had the consul been so shaken and troubled. It was humiliating to be beaten, and it was torture to have his love refused. He would have known better what to do with her if she had not shown a purpose to get out of the room. He tried to take her hand, but she evaded him with unconscious adroitness, so much like the impulsive dodging of a child that it was humorous, only there was no one present who could be amused by it, or by anything. In his despair and confusion, Mr. Brassey fell back upon an argument which he would have scorned to use a minute before, although he had hoped that it would have a silent influence for his benefit.

"I thought," he pleaded, slowly following as she slowly moved away, — "you know I 've done something for the mission, — I thought it might be considered in my favor. I did it partly on your account. I did, truly."

"I can't help it," was the doleful answer. "It was very good of you. But I did n't ask you to do it. Oh, Mr. Brassey, do excuse me and let me go."

"Is it because I 'm a Western man?" asked the consul, now quite desperate. "I know Eastern ladies don't like to move West. Well, I 'm rich enough to settle at the East. Payson told you about my legacy, I suppose."

"No. He told me nothing. It 's all a surprise, and a very painful one."

"Did n't tell you!" exclaimed Brassey, indignantly. "I told him a-purpose to have him mention it. Fifteen thousand dollars, — and there 's my salary, too. I can live here like a prince."

"Mr. Brassey, it does n't make any difference," answered Irene, gathering a little spirit. "I can *not* talk with you any further on this subject. Won't you kindly leave me?"

"Yes, — I will," groaned the consul, his voice failing him. "I 'm disappointed, — heart-broken. I wish I 'd never seen you. But if you don't want me, that 's the end of it, and I 'll go."

"I wish you every kindness, Mr. Brassey," said Irene, sorrowfully.

"Except one. And that 's the only kindness I ask of anybody in the whole world. Good-night, Miss Grant. You won't think hard of me?"

"No, never," promised Irene, panting to have him depart, yet all the while most piteous. "Good-night."

XIX.

Mr. Payson divined, from the troubled countenance of Irene when she appeared

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in the comandaloon, that the offer of marriage had resulted disastrously.

With a relieved heart, but without uttering a word concerning this greatest adventure of the evening, he went off to his stated wrestle with the knotty passages of the Hebrew Bible, and in five minutes had forgotten all about the loves of Mr. Brassey.

Mrs. Payson, who had guessed at least as much as her husband, but who had not his composure of nerves and scorn of gossip, could not let a matrimonial proposal pass entirely without remark. After waiting a proper time for the girl to speak, and after studying her face as if she meant to take her portrait, she said, with a sly smile, "I hope you are not going to leave us, Irene."

"No, indeed," replied Irene, coloring violently, and looking just a little offended.

Mrs. Payson giggled, as much as to say that Mr. Brassey was a comical lover; and not another syllable concerning his courtship was uttered for days in this sedate household.

As for the consul, although he sadly needed the solace of a confidant, he could not of course pour his heart sorrows into the bosom of a dragoman; and so he had to pass the evening in dumb melancholy, except when he addressed violent remarks to articles of furniture. He wrote out three letters of resignation, and destroyed them one after the other. I suspect that nowhere does hope alternate with despair more rapidly than in the bosom of a rejected lover.

"I wonder if she ain't sorry by this time!" Mr. Brassey would mutter to himself. "I wonder how she would feel toward me if I should drop in again tomorrow! I *will* drop in. No, by George, I *won't*. I never 'll enter that house again, — never. She meant it, — meant every word. How in thunder could I be such a fool as to try to bring her in by a surprise! I ought to have courted her a long time before I said anything positive. Women don't understand *business*. They ain't politicians."

Then, in his anger and sense of injury, he queried whether he should now pay that three hundred per annum. His first feeling was that it would be the right thing to let the church in Damascus go to Apollyon. But after some business-like reflection he decided that such a "move" would not do. He had said too much about his plan to "go back on it." If he should return home, and should judge it wise to run for Congress, he might sadly need the "pious vote" of his district. Moreover, there was some magnanimity in this poker-playing veteran of politics, and by moments he truly desired to return good for evil and to "do the handsome thing." Finally, he still had wild hopes of winning Irene, and did not want to blast them by earning her scorn.

"I guess I 'll pony up on that church," he decided, "and see if it won't bring her to her senses. If it should turn out a good, lively church, I think it would move her. Oh, dear, I wish I was one of her sort, and she knew it."

After which he bowed his head under a sense of utter humiliation and helplessness, and wept with a hearty, honest grief to which he might properly have "pointed with pride."

As for Irene, although she said but two words concerning the consul's offer, and those only on compulsion, she could not help thinking much of it. She was sorry for him; she hoped that he was not very angry with her; she did not want to be a cause of grief or hate to any one. But take him? Oh, no! never! How could the rough, worldly man, so different every way from the men to whom she had been used, — how could he have imagined that she could love him! As for pleasure or pride in her conquest, she was not coquette enough to entertain those emotions, and would have thought them wicked. There was not a desire in her to hang up the consular scalp and dance around it.

Does any one think that all this is a pity, and that she would have been a finer girl if she could have enjoyed her victory? Well, it may be so; I do not maintain that women should not exult in their successes; I even concede that Irene would have been a more entertaining per-

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sonage had she been something of a flirt. But what coquettish piquancy can one expect of a minister's daughter, who, in the full flush of youth and beauty, longs to enlighten the Gentiles? Would a young lady gifted with the flirtatious faculties and brilliancies be very likely to bury them in mission ground?

As Irene did not love to meditate upon Mr. Brassey's addresses, she was naturally glad of anything which might withdraw her therefrom. It was a great piece of luck for her that just at this time a long letter arrived from DeVries, detailing his explorations and other adventures in the neighborhood of Askelon. It was directed to Mr. Payson, but it contained pleasant references to herself, and she seized upon it with a happy sense of ownership.

"I am digging away after the corpse of the past like a ghoul," the young antiquarian wrote. "And I am digging up some of my hopes by the roots at every stroke of the spade. Nothing comes to light but sand, loam, millstones, a few rude foundations, and scraps of pottery which might have been made in the last century. It was a blunder, I very much fear, to excavate in the suburbs of an inhabited city which has never ceased, I believe, to be inhabited. One generation has devoured another to its very bones, and the sarcophagi which contained them. The Arabs, crusaders, Saracens, Romans, Greeks, Assyrians, and Egyptians have eaten up each other and whatever remained of the Philistines. I should have done better to spy out forgotten Gath, or plow up desolate Ekron.

"But I have begun here: have a horde of loafers shoveling; have cut two long trenches and sunk thirteen deep pits; and I hate to leave without carrying away some results. Moreover, I am constantly entertained with my work, and am hardly aware of the lapse of weeks. It is an everlasting adventure to rouse out fourscore modern Philistines every morning, and keep them grubbing all day after their ancestors with some decent imitation of industry. The laziness and shirking bad faith of the rapscallions would be insupportable, if one did not remember that they are the underfed survivors of countless centuries of devastation and evil government, and also the probable representatives of those dear old heathen who enslaved Israel. Besides, why should they take any interest in my spading, except so far as it furnishes them with a profitable job, which of course should be made to last as long as possible? They don't know that they are sprung from the Cherethites and the Pelethites.

"Curiosity abounds, however, if sympathy does not. It has been published in the streets of Askelon that a mad Frank has come among them to search for the treasures of his ancestors; and the entire sunburnt, sallow, ragged population strolls out daily to stare at my excavations and babble with my workmen. Tell Miss Grant that the daughters of the Philistines are not as beautiful as one hopes they were when they went forth with songs and dances to greet the victors of Mount Gilboa. I have found nobody here one quarter as lovely as Mirta, or Saada, or the lady of the Beit Keneasy.

"But the men, — let me tell you that the men are really worth making a note of; let me say seriously that they remind me of the stories about the Anakims. I don't so much mean here as in the neighborhood of Jaffa and near the probable site of Gath. You know that the Syrians are generally of small stature, and that a grenadier among them is a most rare monster. But in Philistia, if my imagination does not deceive my very foot-rule, there are plenty of tall fellows, who of course look all the more gigantic because of their loose costume. I have met numbers of men over six feet in height; and I defy you to find one such in all Lebanon or Galilee. Were the Anakims really giants? I have been used to consider that statement a Hebrew figure of speech, meaning that they were of old time a redoubtable people, and especially that they builded in massive masonry. But in that case why are there no remains of cyclopean walls in their ancient seats of Gath and Hebron? On the other hand, here are these strapping

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fellows, who, geographically speaking, should be their descendants. Miss Grant will be delighted to hear that I am reconsidering my rationalistic doubts as to the stature of the Anakims, though I am sorry to say that skepticism still troubles me as to their being six-toed and six-fingered. By the way, please ask our consul if I shall slaughter a contemporary giant, and forward him the skeleton for transmittal to the Patent Office Museum.

"You see that I am trying to be funny. Don't be shocked; it is not light-mindedness; it is pure despair, which you like better. [Mr. Payson laughed here, and observed, "The lad makes sport of my gloomy temperament."] I am all the more annoyed at not finding a single Philistine sarcophagus because I want to put the governor of Askelon into one. The old rogue has got it into his stupid head that I have already found a treasure, and he is inventing every kind of obstruction and annoyance to make me divide with him. Yesterday he stopped my water-carriers and ordered my spademen away, and would not stop his yelling until my Arnaout drew a bead on his turban. This morning he sent for me to his rattle-bang palace, and asked me confidentially to show him all my gold. My reply was that I was only digging for lead, and that I threw away the other metals. Thereupon he threatened to write about me to the pasha, and I gave him permission to send three letters a week, but no more.

"My Italian steward, Giovanni, is in such constant ecstasies of terror that I sometimes go to bed amused and happy. The other night a gang of jackals gave tongue in our neighborhood, and he rushed into my tent declaring that the Philistines were upon us. The Arnaout, (who has a lovely disposition, of the tiger-cat sort) took him by one ear and led him back to his quarters, — a circumstance which has brought on a series of misunderstandings over the question of Arnaout rations. My impression is that Giovanni will get his ears pulled again before long, unless he takes to wearing a helmet. It is impossible to help liking those kilted mountaineers for their courage, their combativeness, and their fidelity. I don't wonder that the phalanx of Pyrrhus gave the Romans a lot of trouble, and that the latter eventually avenged themselves by selling the Epirots into slavery. Please inquire of Miss Grant whether, in view of this last circumstance, she does not approve of my letting an Epirot pull a Roman's ear.

"Notwithstanding my failure to make any archæological discoveries connected with my subject, it still interests me incessantly and intensely. All the more because I have lately had a chance to discuss it with an intelligent traveler, an officer of our army on leave of absence, who had the goodness to listen for an hour or so to my guesses about Philistine history, and then made a few professional reflections which seemed to me worth a golden talent apiece. He figured up the superficies of Philistia at seven hundred square miles, and estimated the possible population at two hundred and ten thousand, or three hundred per square mile. Assuming that one person in eight would be fit for field duty in an age of shields, cuirasses, etc., he found that the total arms-bearing strength would be twenty-six thousand two hundred and fifty men. His inference was that the Philistine armies must always have been small, and the largest of them not likely to exceed five or six thousand soldiers.

"And yet they conquered one half of the land of Israel, a territory at least ten times as considerable as their own. It was much the same, observes my tactician, as if Rhode Island should overrun Connecticut and Massachusetts, or as if Wales should subdue the southern half of England. Nothing can account for such a performance except some great superiority of arms and military qualities. Do you see what follows? One is almost forced to admit that my most noble heathen, or at least the ruling and warrior class among them, the 'lords of the Philistines,' were sprung from one of the fighting broods of Europe, most probably brazen-armed Achaians mingled with strong-bowed Cretans. From the race which fought against Troy were drawn the little bands which overran

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Simeon, Judah, Benjamin, and Ephraim, which established garrisons from Bethlehem to Shunem, triumphed on Mount Gilboa, and passed the Jordan.

"You will tell me, of course, that the Bible speaks of vast Philistine armies, thirty thousand chariots, footmen as the sands of the sea, and so on. But surely there must be some error of copyists there, or some merely figurative phraseology. How could a territory of seven hundred square miles raise more war chariots than the whole empire of Persia ever did? The probability is that in these passages the Hebrew historians undertook to represent strength, — the power of good discipline and superior arms, — by loose phrases of number, just as a man who had been chased by five elephants would be apt to say that there were fifty of them.

"Finally (you see I want to make a pervert of you), please to remember that these are the commentaries of a military specialist, of a man who has studied and practiced warfare from his youth up, and who reasons upon it with a disciplined readiness and solidity which reminds one of the advance and combinations of veteran battalions. For my own part, I humbly feel that I cannot set too high a value upon his opinions, as upon the judgment of experts generally. Well, I must stop. I have n't time now to fight the Philistine battles over again; I have n't time to show why their bronze phalanxes would necessarily brush away the darts of Judah and the slings of Benjamin. I must go to jackal-soothed slumbers, and prepare myself for the excavating morrow.

"Favor me by expressing to the missionaries my kindest remembrances of them all, and my wishes for their health and success. Tell Miss Grant that if I ever do dig up a lord of the Philistines I will send her his crown and bracelet by a special Amalekite. I inclose an order on my banker for ten pounds sterling, which I respectfully beg her to expend in presents for her scholars, not forgetting Mirta, Rufka, and Saada.

Very cordially yours,

HUBERTSEN DEVRIES."

XX.

There is reason to believe that Irene quite admired Hubertsen's letter, and was considerably gratified by the repeated references in it to herself.

She discussed the epistle more than once with the Paysons, maintaining that there was nothing in it contrary to a rational understanding of Scripture, and expressing a fervent hope that the writer would yet find treasures of skeletons and epitaphs, in all which no one contradicted her.

"But who knew that he was so witty!" she laughed, — a laugh of reminiscence, — the jokes rising again on her happy memory. "He very seldom said downright funny things when he was here."

"I presume that the prevailing gravity of our occupations and discourse sobered him somewhat," opined the clergyman. "My suspicion is that he is a youth of social and sympathetic nature, and disposed to take the tone of those about him. It may be that I oppressed him a little. I sometimes think that I am a rather dark cloud, and fail to show enough of the silver lining."

"You are not a cloud at all, — to good people," declared Irene. "I don't believe that Mr. DeVries ever found you oppressive."

"That 's as much as to say that he is one of the good people," inferred Mrs. Payson, with her nervous little laugh.

Irene, who was easily upset, hardly knew what to do with this comment for a moment.

"I think it was very good of him to think of presents for the scholars," was her happy thought. "We must take Mirta and Rufka and Saada with us, Mrs. Payson, when we go to the bazaar to pick out the things. Of course you 'll go, won't you?"

"I should like to, immensely," confessed Mrs. Payson, who had not entirely put away the love of shopping. Then she glanced toward her husband, and was glad that he did not smile at her weakness, which was a thing that he had not thought of doing.

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"Tell Mr. DeVries," said Irene, whose mind seemed to revert frequently to the letter, — "tell him that I don't think Epirots should pull Roman ears, unless the Romans request it. I wish he would send on his Amalekite. How well he knows the Bible! It was an Amalekite, don't you remember? who brought Saul's crown and bracelet to David. Tell him to take sketches of all the finest-looking people there, and especially of the women. I want a face for my ideal of a daughter of the Philistines. You 'll be sure to remember all my foolish messages, Mr. Payson?"

"Would n't you like to write the letter yourself?" giggled Mrs. Payson, who, as a partisan of Dr. Macklin, did not fancy this interest in the DeVries correspondence.

The clergyman thought he discovered reproof in his wife's tone, and came in his gentlest way to the young lady's rescue.

"I think that Irene may properly answer our friend's messages," he smiled. "And perhaps she would do well to read the letter to Mirta, Rufka, and Saada, — all but the compliment to their poor transitory graces. They admire the young man greatly, I believe, and I should like to do them a pleasure."

There was no objection and no criticism. Mere goodness and sweetness had made this man entire master in his own house. Among all intimate souls he ruled easily, and in spite of his own wishes to the contrary. Because he desired to be the least among them, they insisted instinctively upon making him their chief. Such loving autocrats are found, I suspect, among men of all civilized races, no matter what their religion. Do they exist among animals? Doubted. I question whether a pacific and affectionate dog, for instance, is respected and adored by his canine brethren. Surely there is something fine in the moral nature of man, even as compared with that of the worthiest of his fellow-creatures.

Irene read the DeVries letter to Mirta, Saada, and Rufka, barring, of course, the compliment to the two former. They were more pleased with it than you would easily imagine of young ladies who wore trousers, girdles, and tarbooshes.

"I think it is more interesting than Irving's Life of Columbus," said Mirta, who had lately waded through that model of English composition. "It is much funnier."

"He seems to laugh a great deal at the Arabs," remarked Saada, a patriotic Syrian. "Are there no queer people in America?"

"There are plenty of them," said Irene. "But Mr. DeVries is not now in America. He laughs at what he sees where he is."

"He laughs at his Frank steward, too, Saada," added Mirta. "Besides, I suppose they are wild people around Ascalaan, and all Mislemein. Don't you like the letter, Saada?"

"I like it very much. I like him, also. I wish he would come back and live in Beirut all his life, and wear our costume. He would look so splendid in Syrian costume!"

"He means to get an Arnaout dress," stated Irene, who had heard the young man say so.

"Why does he praise the Arnaout?" objected Rufka. "All Arnaouts are cruel and wicked. If I see him in Arnaout costume, I shall be afraid of him, and hide."

"We should all come out again when he spoke," laughed Saada. "Like the birds when the sun rises."

"He is just like the sun," added Mirta. "His smile shines. I also wish that he would come here and live. Will you tell Mr. Payson to give him our message, ya Sitty Irene? I should think you too would like him here."

"Indeed I would," confessed the Lady Irene, to the profound and meek gratification of her hearers, so innocent were they of all love-making schemes.

So DeVries had an admiration society in Beirut which did not hesitate to express and transmit its sentiments of distinguished consideration.

"The girls were delighted with the letter," Irene joyfully informed Mr. Payson. "Of course they were pleased to

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be remembered, but I think they quite worship him for himself."

"So far as he preserves the image of his Creator he is worshipful," replied the clergyman. "There is nothing nobler on earth than a worthy man, — unless it be a good woman," he added, remembering his wife, and perhaps Irene.

"Have you put in my messages to him?" asked this good young woman, who had been thinking while Mr. Payson was sermonizing.

"I have n't written the letter yet," he smiled. "How eager youth is to see everything done at once! It occurred to me to let the answer wait until I could tell him what you have bought with his money, and what the girls say to their presents."

The reader may guess that the shopping — or, as one might call it in Syria, the bazaaring — was attended to that very afternoon. Mrs. Payson and Irene, followed by Mirta, Rufka, and Saada in their ghostly veils, and by Habeeb with a huge wicker basket slung over his shoulders, waded down a winding, sandy lane to the dark, dirty cubby-hole of a city, and visited some two dozen of the sombre alcoves which are the magazines of its merchant princes. There was not much to dazzle a buyer; the bareness of the market was really painful to a lot of women who had money to spend; the only pretty articles were silks from Tripoli, slippers from Damascus, and embroideries of silk and gold from Lebanon. The shawls of Beirut were out of the question, as being too expensive, though of course the ladies did not neglect the duty of examining a few of them. From the shawls they passed to the silks.

"But why are you looking at these, ya Sitty?" inquired Mirta. "Is there money enough to give every girl a dress?"

"Of course there is n't, Mirta," said Irene. "How absurd we are! If you should ever tell Mr. DeVries, he would laugh at us."

"You must never tell him, Mirta," urged Saada; and Mirta gravely promised to be discreet.

"We shall have to take up with slippers and tarbooshes," said Mrs. Payson, after some mental ciphering. "I do dreadfully want to buy some of those Treblous purses. But the girls never have anything to put in them."

So a considerable number of yellow slippers and crimson tarbooshes was purchased. Then the party went to a shop kept by an Italian, and laid in a store of thread, scissors, and thimbles. Finally, a remaining hundred of piastres was laid out in rohotlicoom and other simple sweetmeats. It was a day of small things, surely, but it was an unusual entertainment for these ladies, and they enjoyed it amazingly.

"What a pleasant afternoon we have had!" said Saada, as they trudged back over the uneven pavement, stepping from time to time across the dirty rivulet which gurgled down the middle of the street, and which was the sewer of Beirut. "I wish there had been more things to buy and more piastres."

"I think I have known girls very much like you in America," laughed Irene. "But we must tell Mr. DeVries that there was plenty of money, and that everybody was delighted."

"I shall tell him there was too much money, and we were encumbered with his goodness," said the oriental damsel. "And I shall knit him a purse of Treblous silk."

Irene glanced at Saada's dark and wonderfully brilliant eyes, and for a moment became somewhat pensive.

"Can I not knit him a purse, ya Sitty?" asked the girl. "Is it contrary to Frangistan custom?"

"Of course you may," said Irene. "Make it as pretty as you can. We ought all of us to be very grateful to him."

"When is he to return?" inquired Saada. "I wish he might return tomorrow, though the purse would not be ready. Did you understand what Mirta just said of him in Arabic? She said he was too handsome for a man."

"There! why did you tell of that?" protested Mirta, drawing her veil more closely over her face, as if to hide a blush. "If I said it, who thought it?"

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"Perhaps the Sitty thought it," giggled Saada roguishly. "I was thinking something else. I was merely thinking, Will the purse be done when he comes?"

"What a deal of talk about one young man!" put in Mrs. Payson, but not with severe disapprobation.

"*If he is good, why not?*" argued Saada. "Who should talk of him but the people who are obliged to him? Let the others keep silence. I wish all my friends to speak of me, and not my enemies. Speech is more becoming to love than to hate."

"Saada, you are saying Arab sayings, and it sounds like teaching," observed Mirta. "Our language is full of proverbs, ya Sitty Irene. When an Arab talks it into English it seems as if he were Solomon the Wise."

"How hot it is, all of a sudden!" gasped Mrs. Payson, a stoutly-built little lady, not fitted for high temperatures. "Or is it because we are wading through this sand?"

"A sirocco has arisen," said Rufka, "and we are going to be very hot, and to have our mouths full of dust. Do you see that the air is red with sand? I wish I was on the mountain."

"It comes from the south," observed Irene. "I suppose it is worse where Mr. DeVries is."

"May it have an end, and return no more!" said Saada fervently. "I wish him to think well of our Syrian climate."

At last they were at home, and grinning Habeeb poured out the huge basket of purchases before Mr. Payson, who smiled in his kindly, absent-minded way, and said repeatedly, "It is well, — it is all well."

"To-morrow we will have a grand distribution at the school-room," promised Irene.

"I shall rejoice to be there," said the clergyman. "I want to hear what the young people say to their treasures. Then I will write to the youth that we are all greatly his debtors."

"Tell him exactly what the girls say," urged Irene. "Translate their speeches literally. It will amuse him."

"He shall be amused," promised Payson, "and thanked. Let us not forget to thank also the Being who made him and sent him to us."

"I think," remarked Saada, "that we could be more thankful if more such were sent."

Mrs. Payson, Irene, and Mirta, after one anxious glance at the head of the house, burst into a spasm of laughter.

"Ah, Saada!" said Payson, shaking his head and trying to be grave; but he could not help smiling, and so he went hastily out of the room.

In the midst of this discreet merriment Dr. Macklin entered, and of course must be informed of Saada's audacious speech.

"I shall have to give that child some senna," he said, "to take the taste of such words out of her mouth."

Mrs. Payson became serious, for she saw that he had on his petulant expression, and guessed that he was not pleased with so much commendatory talk of DeVries.

"He has given all the girls a present," she explained, "and they are in good humor about it."

"Oh, of course; women like pretty things," grumbled the jealous man. "Has he given Miss Grant a present? She looks as gay as the rest."

The usually good-tempered Irene was for once indignant, and allowed herself to retaliate by a mystification.

"I have nothing yet," she said. "My present is to come."

The sulky doctor would make no inquiries, but Mirta and Saada eagerly demanded, "What is it, ya Sitty?"

"I won't tell," declared Irene. "You two ought to know as well as I do. As for the doctor, he never could guess."

The pair of pretty Syrians sat staring at her, a smile of curiosity on their small mouths, and their superb dark eyes sparkling with interest. Macklin would not look at them, nor at Irene; he went on poking over the pile of slippers and tarbooshes with his cane; he was obviously very anxious and unhappy. Our heroine repented that she had annoyed him, and brought forth her terrific secret.

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"I am to have the crown and bracelet of a lord of the Philistines," she laughed. "They are to be sent me by an Amalekite."

"Ya Sit — ty!" exclaimed Mirta. "I thought you were in earnest. I thought there was something in the letter which you had not read to us. Surely, you skipped one place."

"What nonsense!" growled the doctor, not a little relieved, and yet angry at having been mystified. "Mr. DeVries is *mejnoon*" [mad].

"Doctor, you will have to take senna, also," said Saada. "The taste of those words is not good."

Macklin gave the pretty, laughing thing a glance of indignation, and walked out of the room, followed by his fast friend, Mrs. Payson.

XXI.

"That girl Saada needs a lecture," said the doctor to Mrs. Payson. "Somebody has been flattering her, I suppose, about her pretty face, or her wit. I should n't wonder if DeVries used to talk nonsense to her. She has got very pert of late, and says whatever she pleases, and I don't approve of it."

"I will speak to Saada," promised the good lady. "I really don't think she means to be pert," she added, for her girls were dear to her, and she hated to scold them. "But she is rather uncommonly bright, you know, and can't help coming out with a joke now and then. Perhaps we have indulged her too much. I will caution her."

"Oh, not on my account," returned Macklin, who already began to feel ashamed of his pettishness. "I don't want a fuss on my account. I can bear it. But — but don't you think there is a little too much talk among these young women concerning DeVries? They fill one another's heads full of him."

"He has just sent them presents, you know. Girls like presents." (The doctor stared here; he had never heard so before.) "We could n't very well refuse the money."

"I wish you could have refused it. This is n't a fashionable boarding-school for the education of Flora McFlimseys; it is a place for the rearing of Christian teachers and Christian wives for Syria. However, I am making too much of the matter. I won't grumble. You could n't help yourself."

"Mr. Payson saw no objection to taking the money," said Mrs. Payson; and so that point was definitely settled, even for Macklin.

"I wish I could give presents, — if female hearts are to be won that way," he muttered. "I *have* a little money to spare just now. Do you think Miss Grant would accept something from me? And what shall it be? I wish you would buy it for me. I am as ignorant as a camel in such matters."

"I don't know. She is very sensitive. Why not ask her yourself? It might lead to offering something more than a shawl," concluded the lady, with an anxious smile, meant to be encouraging.

"Oh, if I could!" gasped the doctor, coloring to his forehead. "I have been on the point of speaking to her a dozen times."

"I left you alone with her once," said Mrs. Payson, almost reproachfully.

"I know, — I remember. And yet I don't feel sure that I could have spoken, even if that consul had n't blundered in. Then I thought of writing her from Hasbeya, — and could n't. And since I returned I have grown more and more nervous about it. If I should speak to her, and she should refuse, I could n't stay here, — no, I could n't. It would be the end of my usefulness and career in Syria. So I have been waiting and watching, — watching for some sign of liking on her part, some indication which could lead me to hope, to feel tolerably sure of success."

"Waiting for her to speak first?" giggled Mrs. Payson. She could not look upon it as a hazardous or terrible thing to make an offer of marriage. Her simple belief was that most women were glad to get them, and exceedingly likely to accept them. She herself had had

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but one, and had received it with a throb of great gladness, and had not hesitated a moment to say yes.

"Of course I am not such a goose as to expect that," returned the doctor, reddening. "I believe I have a man's ideas on the subject. No manly man looks for a woman to make the advances."

"Well? If it is a man's business to make the advances?" queried Mrs. Payson.

"Do you think *she* has ever thought of such matters, at all?" the doctor wanted to know.

Mrs. Payson tittered outright. Was not Irene a woman? But the excellent lady respected the secret of her sex.

"She has had one offer," was her answer.

"Whose?" stared the surprised and alarmed Macklin.

"Did n't you know? Oh, you must never tell. Did n't you know that the consul" —

"What! that low brute?" howled the doctor.

"Hush! for pity's sake, hush! Yes. But she refused him. You must n't speak of it. What would he think of the mission? Mr. Payson says" —

"Oh, of course," interrupted Macklin. "I can see the propriety of silence as well as Mr. Payson. So she refused him? I am so *glad!* What an impertinent boor! How dared he come to her with his coarse courtship, — how *could* he dare! And I worship the very floors where she has walked!"

"Oh, don't worship so much," urged Mrs. Payson. "I hate to see a man make a perfect Diana of the Ephesians out of a fellow-creature because she wears muslin instead of broadcloth. Of course, I want you to love and respect Irene. But you have a right to speak to her as an equal."

"And you wish me to make this offer?"

"I want to see you happy, — and her, also," returned Mrs. Payson, trembling and almost ready to whimper, for her affections were really involved, and moreover it was such a crisis! "And I want to keep her in the mission. She is the brightest of all us women. I think Mr. Payson and Mr. Kirkwood would be exceedingly grieved to lose her."

"How lose her? — DeVries?" whispered the doctor.

"I don't know. She talks a good deal about him. But there are other chances. You know how many travelers pass through here."

"Is she alone now?" asked the lover, in a sepulchral voice.

"I think so. The girls went upstairs a minute ago. I think you will find her with her grammars. She is always at them."

Rising slowly, the doctor slowly sought the study room, meanwhile meditating the fateful scene to come. He had totally forgotten that not ten minutes before he had slurred at Irene, and given her cause of offense. It was a surprise to him, therefore, when she looked up with a grave and worried air, like one who expects a disagreeable interview.

"Irene, I am sorry that you are not glad to see me," he began. "I am very deeply grieved."

"Are you still vexed?" she asked, wearily. There were some signs of physical *malaise* in her face; there were heavy circles about her eyes, and a general air of languor; at any other time the doctor would have taken note, but not now.

"It was such a trifle," she continued. "We were all laughing together."

"Vexed, — vexed with you?" he inquired. "Oh, I remember. If I was vexed, I was a fool. I wish you would forget that."

"Of course I will. It was nothing. But I did n't mean to give you any annoyance."

"I know you did n't. You are as good and patient as a human being can be. I know your good qualities, Irene. And you don't even guess how much I admire them."

"Oh, doctor, why do you flatter? I don't want any compliments," she replied, as if already fearful of what was coming.

"Ah, I am too serious to flatter," he

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sighed. "I am as serious as man can be."

She had been trying to laugh, but the show of merriment passed away now, and she gazed at him anxiously.

"I have loved you ever since I saw you, Irene," were the next words.

Miss Grant turned as pale as though she were really and very seriously ill.

"I shall love you all my life," Macklin went on. "I wish — oh, I wish" —

"Oh, doctor, *stop!*" Irene suddenly burst out in a sort of scream, while one foot came down upon the floor with a spasmodic stamp. "Oh, do stop — till I can think — till I can speak. I thought you were my friend. I wanted you for my best friend."

"It can't be," declared Macklin, staring at her wildly. "I can't be only your friend. What do you mean? Nothing but your friend? Never anything dearer than a friend?"

"Oh, yes, — that 's it. My truest and dearest friend."

Irene was in such trouble, so confused in mind and shaken in body, that she could not think very rationally, and hardly talked intelligibly. Nevertheless, what she had been able to say sounded wofully decisive to the man who heard it, though all the while he had seemed to hear it in a dream.

"Is it all over?" he asked, like a patient who wakes out of a chloroformed sleep, and cannot believe that his limb is really off. "Have you refused me?"

"You did n't offer," was the girl's feeble evasion. "Oh, doctor, don't do it!"

The doctor sat for a moment in silence, gazing at her with a countenance of despair.

"Irene, I can't take this for an answer," he at last said, still hoping a little. "You must tell me" —

Of a sudden, and probably without a conscious purpose, her face assumed a Delilah-like expression of coaxing, and she leaned toward him with a pleading, caressing movement, all strangely unlike herself.

"Don't — don't — please don't," she smiled. "Do try to please me. Let it all go. I am going to forget every word that you have said. Won't you forget it, too, my dear, good friend?"

It seemed so unnatural, the request and the manner of it, that Macklin revolted. "Never!" he declared, almost in anger. "What an idea! How can I forget it?"

"Oh, it is too bad!" moaned Irene, throwing herself back in her chair, and clasping her hands across her eyes. "It is *too* bad! Here I have come to mission ground to meet more of this than I ever saw at home."

It was a singular speech for this young lady to make; she was torturing another, and yet thinking solely of herself. As the doctor stared at her with his pitifully cowed and anxious eyes, he felt, and very naturally, that she was either inhuman or silly. But at last an inspiration of his art came to enlighten him, and he said to himself, "This is a case of hysteria."

The thought made him calmer; it forced him to rule himself. As an invalid he knew how to treat her, how to concede to her exceeding patience. He said nothing for a minute or more, and he was entirely wise in so doing. Eventually Irene withdrew her hands from her face, and looked up at him with a smile. It seemed that, like a child in a fit of illness, she was conscious only of her own feelings. The smile simply meant, "*I* am better."

"I am very fond of you," she said, slowly, and in a low, wearied voice. "I looked upon you as my best friend in the world except Mr. Payson. I don't want to vex you. I want you to be happy. But — but" — and here she shook her head repeatedly — "I don't want to be married. No, I don't. I am not going to be married. Please believe me, doctor, and let this be forgotten."

He drew a long, shuddering sigh over this crushing of his hopes. As yet there was a strong desire in him to protest against the decision, and to plead for his own happiness. But he noted the tired voice and the languor of reaction in her face. She was his patient at this moment, and he must be unwearingly

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gentle with her, as became a good physician.

"Irene, we will say no more about it — now," he promised, in a tone of suffering pity. "I will bear and forget, if I can. Now go and rest yourself."

"Thank you," she sobbed, gently, for the condolence moved her deeply. "How good you are! I hope you will be very happy all your life."

The doctor went out, joined Mrs. Payson in the parlor, and suddenly lay down upon the sofa, shaking from head to foot with a chill.

"What is it?" asked the excited lady. "Has *she* made you sick? Oh, the ungrateful creature!"

"Don't," said Macklin. "Not a word to *her*. You see what a husband I would make. Probably she is right. But I shall leave Syria, now. I never shall be a man again — never shall be of any more use to mortal — while I stay here."

"Oh, doctor!" groaned Mrs. Payson, gazing at his shaking hands and the sudden blanching of his face, — all Irene's work, of course. "I am so *mad* with her!"

"Not a word to her, if you care for my wishes," said the poor fellow, staggering to his feet. "I will go home now, and shiver it out. It is a small matter, — the ague is."

"Wait for some red-pepper tea," begged Mrs. Payson.

"No. My man can make it. If she is ill, send for me."

"*She!*" exclaimed the indignant lady, actually wishing that Irene might be sick, at least a little.

"She is not strong. I never noticed it before. Has she been out in the sun to-day?"

"Why, she went to the bazaars to buy those things. We all went."

"How *could* you let her? And a sirocco blowing!" exclaimed the doctor, with the unreasonableness of a lover.

Mrs. Payson made no reply; this last unjust buffet was too much; she was so hurt that she could not speak.

"It may be the first touch of malaria," continued Macklin. "If she complains, or looks in the least ailing, send for me at once."

Mrs. Payson of course promised, and then the doctor tottered away.

XXII.

Dr. Macklin could not believe that his love was quite hopeless, and therefore did not decide to remove to some other missionary field.

But two days after his refusal, finding that Irene showed no return of hysteria, and also finding the scenery of Beirut utterly insupportable to a man in his state of mind, he went off to his summer home in the lofty village of Abeih, where he could seek consolation in the green terraces of Lebanon, sweeping three thousand feet downward to the sea, and at evening could distinguish the serrated highlands of Cyprus, one hundred and thirty miles distant, painted dark on the flaming canvas of the sunset.

A few days later came the usual spring flight of the mission families from the hot coast region to the breezy altitudes of the mountain. Most of them went to Abeih, which had long been a regular station, boasting three comfortable mission residences, one of which contained a room large enough for a chapel. The Paysons alone migrated to Bhamdun, a village some twelve miles farther to the north, and a thousand feet nearer the heavens.

"We go to and fro like storks," said Saada to Irene. "Only we don't go north and south. In the spring we fly up, and in the autumn we fly down."

"And we make as much clamor over our pilgrimages as the jackals," smiled Mr. Payson, looking out upon the noisy muleteers and servants who were packing the family valuables.

"The Arab language is made to be spoken, and the English language is made to be muttered," returned the patriotic young Syrian.

"And both of them are made for prayer, Saada. One has to regret that they are so seldom used in that duty."

After a time the huge packs were all strapped and roped on to the cringing

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mules, and the members of the family mounted their various steeds and hybrids and donkeys. Mr. and Mrs. Payson and Irene each had a horse of the cheap and common breed called *kadeesh*. Saada and Rufka and old Yusef, the cook, were stacked on mounds of luggage. The muleteers walked, or took turns at the donkeys.

"I am so sorry that we are to lose Mirta," said Irene.

"She does better," replied Saada. "Abeih is prettier than Bhamdun. To Abeih I wish we could all go. Why should Howaja Payson be sent alone to Bhamdun? Even the hakeem has left it this summer, though he needs the coolest air."

Concerning this last-mentioned fact Irene could make no comment. She was thinking what an unlucky girl she was thus to turn the mission upside down, and deprive her good friend Macklin of the climate which he specially required. She would be sent home, she said to herself, if people did n't stop proposing to her. What would the Commissioners of the Board think of her if they knew that she had had two offers inside of a month?

Meantime, they were moving on, at a quiet foot-pace, over the sandy ways. The prickly-pear hedges, abundant greenery and flowers, and square stone houses of the gardens were left behind in fifteen or twenty minutes. Then came wide flats of young pines, and then a sweep of rolling open country, very sandy on the right hand, but bordered on the left by a forest of venerable olives, whose grayish verdure stretched five or six miles along a shallow valley at the base of the foothills.

There were no villages on the road, no isolated houses, no inhabitants. The two or three horsemen whom they met were heavily armed, and probably belonged to the mounted police, called *howaleeyeh*. Occasionally a duo or trio of muleteers, their animals loaded with wool, or perhaps only with fagots, passed them toward the city. A few light-built, swift-stepping fellows on foot were recognizable by their alert, bold air as mountaineers. Every one saluted, touching the hand to the breast and then to the forehead, usually with a pleasant smile. The Moslems uttered a brief "Sellim," and the Christians a cheery "Sub hac bel khiar." The deep-toned, dignified "Naharkum saieed" of the Druzes was very striking.

The first slopes — the yellowish, rocky, and nearly barren slopes — of the foothills were reached in about an hour. Here ended all semblance of a road, except a mere sinuous cattle path, stony, steep, and difficult. After a panting, tottering, and seemingly perilous climb of thirty minutes, they reached a bald, breezy crest, only to descend into a mountain wady, or ravine, and then repeat the ascent. Erelong they began to discover the fruits of that comparative freedom from Turkish misrule which Lebanon accords to her two hundred thousand children. The country became populous and plenteous. Villages stood forth on giant spurs, or peered through the foliage of valleys. The enormous sides of the crests were terraced from top to bottom, in stairways of a thousand feet descent, all green with grain, vines, fig-trees, and mulberries. Deep ravines were paved with the dark, cool verdure of orange and lemon groves. The spectacles which opened to right and left were not merely picturesque and noble; they were also so gentle and lovely as to deserve the most gracious of epithets. If one desired to add sublimity to the view, he had but to turn and gaze down upon the plain, the far and faint gardens, the dwindling city, and the illimitable gleaming of the sea.

"It is a most beautiful earth," said Payson. "But in all the earth there is nothing to my eyes so beautiful as Lebanon and its prospects."

"I can't talk about it," answered Irene, all her soul in her eyes.

"And you do well," he declared. "I feel as if my praises were like the idle whisperings of children in the back seats of the sanctuary. This is one of the temples of the Lord, and there is solemn service going on. I think I had better stop my noise."

They halted to lunch on an open,

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windy ridge, along which ran a rude little aqueduct, brimming with dark, clear water. Then they mounted again and resumed the wild journey; now down terraced hill-sides into deep wadys, and then up still loftier acclivities; the sea now hidden for many minutes, and then anew revealing its broad glory. There had been four hours of this, when they looked across a ravine of unusual depth and beheld Bhamdun perched on the opposite spur, at the summit of a wide and lofty stairway of vines and mulberries. It was a clump of some two hundred houses, all roughly but stoutly built of the yellow limestone of Lebanon, and topped with the flat roofs of the Orient. It seemed but a little way distant; they could hear the shouting of children. Yet half an hour elapsed ere the travelers, barely clinging to their saddles, surmounted the final ascent and entered the narrow, crooked alleys of the village.

A pack of dirty, bare-legged, red-capped urchins saluted them with Oriental gravity and courtesy. Men and women touched their breasts and foreheads, and uttered the customary resonant salutation. A white-bearded senior in a red jacket and blue trousers exchanged copious congratulations with Payson, kissing hands to him at every salaam, and smiling as if he were welcoming a long-lost brother. Then they were at the door of a one-storied, solid dwelling of rudely hewn stone, their home for the coming summer.

There was a gay unpacking of huge bundles and of roomy leathern hampers. Heavy mattings were unrolled, camp-bedsteads set up, a few cushions disposed here and there, and the housekeeping arrangements were completed. Irene had never before seen so rustic a home, and yet it was abundantly spacious and comfortable. A long hall, open toward the west, and faced there with horseshoe arches, formed the nucleus of the building. On two sides and a part of the fourth it was inclosed by rooms, four in number and of respectable dimensions. At the southern end of the hall, the leewan looked out through its comandaloon upon the narrow court-yard of a humbler dwelling, and upon sheets of flat roofs further down the slope.

Exteriorly the edifice was very rude, and yet not entirely bare of graces. The stones were roughly chipped and set in a cement of mud, but they were of goodly size and laid in regular courses. The flat severity of the rectangular front was lightened by the three broad Saracenic arches which opened the hall toward the sunset. The comandaloon had a double window, also arched and pointed. It was a massively constructed hovel, which had somewhat the air of a barbaric palace.

Within there was no finish whatever, except a little clumsy wood-carving and a few figures traced on the doors with a red-hot iron. The rolling prairies of flooring were made of mud, tamped hard, rubbed smooth with a polished pebble, and varnished with a wash of red clay. The irregularities of the stones in the walls could be seen through the coating of whitewashed clay which served for plaster. The ceilings were naked, unhewn beams of pine, supporting short transverse slats of the same wood, on which rested eighteen inches of cemented rubble, the flat roof of the dwelling.

Several swallows had built their nests amid the rafters, and fluttered in and out with noisy confidence. A clamor of stamping horses, too, came up from the stable under the northern room. Circular holes near the bottom of two of the doors seemed to indicate that the former proprietor had been thoughtful of cats, or had had theories concerning ventilation. At the top of the rude stairway which led into the stony court-yard stood three earthen jars, almost as big as barrels, full of sweet water from the village spring, their porous surfaces beaded with a cool perspiration. Below, in a little one-storied wing, could be heard the clatter of old Yusef's brazen saucepans and burnished iron kettles.

"The north room will be the study and parlor," said Mrs. Payson, who was in a flurry of housekeeping glee. "Mr. Payson does n't mind the stamping and neighing. The west room will be our bedroom. It looks selfish to take the only rooms with glass windows; but we

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are the old people, you know. Irene will have the great room on the street side. She can get light enough, perhaps, from the open hall; I wish it was lighter. The girls must put up with the dark room."

"We can see to sleep all the better in the dark," observed Saada. "Can't we, O Rufka?"

"I think we shall all be middling comfortable," continued Mrs. Payson. "Only as for cosiness, that 's clean out of the question. Visitors will have to sleep in the parlor. I 'm so sorry about the horses; but it can't be helped. It does n't smell so very much like a stable, do you think it does, Irene? What a barbarous notion to have animals kicking and squealing right under one's company!"

"Oh, dear!" said Irene, thinking, perhaps, that Mr. DeVries might be a guest. "Well, it can't be helped, and that ends it."

"The divine Man was born in a stable," observed Mr. Payson, looking up from the unpacking of his books. "I think I shall like to work in that room."

In the evening came visitors, — various elders and doctors of Bhamdun; also an invalid or two seeking medicines. The notables seated themselves composedly on the cushioned mukaad, while the younger or humbler persons squatted on their heels against the wall. Every man brought his chibouk, two or three feet long usually, and smoked in small, rare whiffs. Chief among the great ones was Aboo Daood, the white-bearded senior of the red jacket, remarkable for the pure Semitic type of his high features and for the hoarse wheeze of his utterance.

"I lost my voice calling to my sheep across the wadys," he explained. "But all the same I praise God with it. We should return thanks for whatever befalls us."

He had a false smile and an uneasy, cunning gray eye, both indicative of an over-canny gift at bargaining, the source of his rustic riches. No hermit could be more indefatigably devout in conversation than this wily, huckstering old egotist. What with his sanctimonious talk and his fraudful practices, he was the despair of Mr. Payson. It must be understood that he was not one of the converts to Protestantism, and merely called out of general civility and love of much conversation.

Another visitor of mark was the village school-master, Aboo Mekhiel, a little, wilted, ruddy-faced man of forty, whose blue eyes showed honesty and intelligence. He was not a capitalist, like Aboo Daood, but he could write Arabic grammatically and compose in verse, which made him a wonder of scholarship in Lebanon. The poverty of the literary class appeared in the pathetic fact that Aboo Mekhiel did not smoke unless some one lent him a pipe. In religion he was a neutral, not holding positively with either the missionaries or the Greek church, but taking a middle way toward the celestial city.

Then there was one of the Brodestans (Protestants), the respectable and gentle-mannered Khaled, famed for uprightness and generosity of dealing, and with a fine expression of sweetness on his thin features. There were others, too, — a very few thus far, we must confess, — of the same belief. The majority of Bhamdunees still held fast to their Greek credences.

Aboo Daood had brought with him his grandson, a lovely youth of sixteen, with a delicate aquiline face, rosy cheeks, and poetical, hazel eyes. His granddaughter, a blue-eyed, auburn-haired girl of twelve, very handsome, also, in mere color and modeling of face, lurked shyly near the door-way, with her baby brother astride behind, and stared with parted lips at the ladies. Other children, most of them ragged, and very, very few of them pretty, looked in humbly from the street.

Meantime the talk of the elders proceeded. I think that it was a somewhat thin and vapid conversation, made up very largely of salutations and compliments. Mr. Payson sought to give the interview a tone of grace, but the villagers could be as fluent in devout phrases as himself, and meant no more by them than by smoking. There was some little speech about the vines, the yield of mul-

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berry leaves, and the chances of the season for silk-worms. There were inquiries as to the likelihood of England's seizing the country and driving the Druzes out of Lebanon. But this last topic was treated in a whisper, for Bhamdun was subject to the great house of Abdelmelek, and murmuring against them was a kind of treason not devoid of peril.

One after one the visitors rose, saluted with the ready Syrian smile, walked barefoot to the door, shuffled into their heavy slippers, and departed.

With all this reception the women of the household had naught to do, but, as women should in the East, confined themselves to their own business and quarters.

TWO YEARS OF PRESIDENT HAYES.

The record for two years of President Hayes's administration is made up. What judgment the historian, regarding these years as part of a distant period, and perceiving, as it is impossible for us to perceive, the just relation of their events to things before and after, may pass upon this administration cannot be anticipated with certainty. But we who live now are compelled for our own guidance to form such opinions as we can on current affairs.

The cardinal and controlling incident of recent politics is the war of the rebellion. For fourteen years our task has been to adapt ourselves to the changed conditions of national life, and it is yet unaccomplished, because two reactionary powers constantly baffle progress: one the political traditions in which a generation still surviving and participating in public affairs was educated; the other the unquenched passion engendered by the war itself.

President Andrew Johnson, always a democrat, although elected to office by the republican party, sought his own party as soon as it was reunited after the war, and insisted that the Southern States should be restored to their former place and power in the Union without probation, without reconstruction, and without guarantees. In the effort to carry out his policy, Congress dissenting, he used the executive patronage scandalously to strengthen the political influence of the administration. When Mr. Pendleton, aspiring to the democratic nomination for president, proclaimed that the public debt should be paid in greenbacks, and enough greenbacks should be printed to pay it, Johnson, seeking the same prize, proclaimed that whenever the sum of the interest payments should equal the principal the debt would have been paid in full. Thus the three leading issues of our politics since the war — the Southern question, the prostitution of the civil service to personal and party ends, and the heresies of inflation and repudiation — were all before the country at the end of Johnson's term.

Then came the administration of General Grant, lasting eight years. An obligation of gratitude made him president. The Union party, which Johnson had disappointed, turned with confidence to Grant, believing he would be true to the new national idea and rather careless of what he might be besides. The glory of the conqueror of Lee will be safe with posterity; but the generation which suffers on account of what he did, what he tolerated, and what he neglected while chief magistrate cannot overlook his errors. The military protectorates he maintained in the Southern States after their rehabilitation were repugnant to the spirit and the forms of constitutional liberty in America. Moreover, their failure condemned them. Beginning with right general notions of the nation's

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financial duties, his unintelligent wavering gave inflation a foothold in the republican party. The conduct of the treasury department, until near the end of his term, wanted firmness, consistency, and largeness of purpose. In the effort to impose his San Domingo policy on the country, he resorted to means as reprehensible and essentially of the same nature as those by which his predecessor attempted to impose a personal policy. He was reëlected, not because it was judged that he had done well, but because the alternative presented was even more unsatisfactory. The demoralization of the party which had to bear the responsibility and the odium of his course was accelerated, and in the middle of his second term the republicans could elect but few more than one third of the house of representatives. The measures, the methods, the tone, the associations, of the administration were so offensive that even the democratic party could raise the cry of reform in 1876 without seeming altogether shameless to sober and reflecting men.

This was the situation when the republican party nominated for president Governor Hayes. Compared with other candidates for the nomination, he had no record in national politics. Ohio had honored him in many ways, and the year before had chosen him governor for the third time, after a campaign in which the chief issue was resumption or inflation. What he thought about other urgent issues nobody could say. The party platform contained some well-worded resolutions, but party platforms mean no more than the men elected by the party interpret them to mean. The country waited for his letter of acceptance, but did not wait long. It is sufficient to say that it bettered the best professions of the platform. It shirked no question about which his opinion was desired. It did not palter in a double sense. It revealed a man clear in his purposes and courageous in his avowal of them. That letter of acceptance, and not Blaine's rhetoric, confusing the issues, nor Mr. Secretary Chandler's levies upon office-holders, nor Conkling's eulogium of the republican party, secured the support of a majority of those republicans who were bent on making an end of "Grantism," and without whose support there was no question of democratic success.

But there were some who, while approving the principles he had proclaimed, and admitting that an administration faithful to them would be honorable and beneficent, had little confidence in his sincerity, and none at all in his grit. The public letters of Parke Godwin and Professor Sumner, and the essay of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in the North American Review, are not forgotten. Undoubtedly they expressed the sentiment of many and the fears of more. Was Hayes, men argued, a person of stronger will than Grant? or had he a greater personal popularity to make him less dependent on the favor of the party leaders? But Grant talked reform once as fairly, and probably as sincerely, as Hayes does now, and how long did he hold out against the machine politicians? How long did he retain Judge Hoar and Governor Cox in his cabinet? Did not Don Cameron give Hayes his nomination by the timely transfer of Pennsylvania's vote? Is not Chandler managing the campaign for him, raising the funds from the office-holders? Was not Blaine the favorite of nearly half the delegates to Cincinnati? In conformity to a usage which no president could safely ignore, the counsels of these men must be deferred to. They know it, and they make no profession of respect for his reform notions. Schurz may have all the confidence in Hayes he pretends to have, but he will find that he has been duped, and so will Evarts, and all the reformers who expect that Hayes will dare consort with their kind, even if he wishes to, after he becomes president. The other set have every advantage, and it is practically impossible that any president in the circumstances that will environ Hayes, if he is elected, can go counter to their determination. How artfully and cogently that line of argument was pressed, and how difficult it was for anybody to make a conclusive reply to it, or one that would quiet his own misgivings!

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The election was held; the long-doubtful issue of it was at last authoritatively declared, and the whole nation waited for the president's inaugural address with deep and eager interest. Next to the curiosity to discover how he was affected by the unprecedented circumstances attending the counting of the electoral vote was the curiosity to learn whether he had yielded any of the principles he proclaimed when a candidate. The representatives of the old *régime* had been conspicuous in the strenuous conflict intervening. On their theory of politics they had accumulated new claims to his personal favor, and put him under fresh obligation to recognize and defer to their political importance. The number of those who now believed he would refuse to order his administration by the counsels of the machine politicians was fewer than before the election. But the inaugural address reaffirmed in all their breadth and positiveness the principles of the letter of acceptance — calmly, as if they were self-evident propositions of politics; confidently, as if he anticipated no serious antagonism. Those who hated reform notions smiled ironically at his simplicity, not yet doubting that he would be manageable. Those who wanted reform would hardly trust themselves yet to believe that a president had been elected who had no disposition to repudiate or explain away the significance of pledges made when a candidate. When the nominations for the cabinet were communicated to the senate, there was no more ironical smiling, but downright and unconcealed exasperation in the senatorial group. The liberal republicans would have been very well contented with one representative in the cabinet, and one was more than the other kind were willing to have there, if his name was Schurz. But Evarts for secretary of state instead of Blaine or any friend of Blaine, and Schurz for secretary of the interior instead of Chandler, and a democrat, an ex-Confederate at that, for postmaster-general, and Cameron supplanted in the war department, and Conkling without a representative, and not a relic of the old Grant ring anywhere! The politicians discovered, with chagrin, that when they consented to nominate Hayes to get rid of Bristow they blundered. But the announcement of that cabinet seemed to the country at large a rescue of the republican party from the moral quagmire in which it had been helplessly floundering for eight years, and so it was. Between the old administration and the new there was the difference between disease and health. The body politic began to thrill with convalescence.

With such good faith and earnestness the president began his administration. The occasion for a fresh test of his mettle did not delay. The Southern question in its most difficult and perplexing shape pressed for immediate decision. For months two hostile executives and legislatures had been maintaining rival governments in South Carolina and Louisiana. General Grant had declined to decide between them, but detachments of the army were stationed in Columbia and New Orleans, with instructions to keep the peace and not suffer the republicans to be dispossessed by violence. Four years before he had summarily determined a similar situation in Louisiana by military intervention in behalf of the republicans. He had grown wiser since, and when Governor Ames, of Mississippi, who had a much better claim than Kellogg, who had in fact been in undisputed possession of his office for a good part of his term, got into difficulty and called on the president for military support, General Grant refused it, for the specified reason that it was not wise for the general government to maintain in office state administrations which could not command the support of the people of the State. What he did in these new cases was to maintain the *status quo* without prejudice to either claimant, and leave the responsibility of action to his successor. This duty devolved upon President Hayes under peculiarly embarrassing circumstances. The courage and firmness of the republicans of the South had prevented the triumph of the "bulldozing" and "shot-gun" electioneering methods of the democracy. But for their

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resolution and fortitude the party would not have secured the national administration, and therefore, it was reasoned, the president could not do less than recognize their claims and defend them. The beleaguered governors and legislatures had the sympathy of the republican party of the country, but they wanted more: they wanted the administration to espouse their cause as its own, and order its battalions to disperse their adversaries. A large majority of the influential leaders of the party — and perhaps a majority of the whole party — thought the president ought to do just that. The president thought the time had come to make an end of a policy which had not borne good fruit in the past, and which had to be completely relinquished before another policy could be undertaken. He withdrew the army which was keeping the peace in South Carolina and Louisiana, on assurances that the peace would not be broken; and it was not broken. The republicans in these States abandoned a contest they could not maintain alone, and the democratic state governments established themselves and became solely responsible for the conduct of affairs.

It does not follow, because the president removed the troops and left the rival governments to stand or fall, as might be, without military intervention, that he did not himself believe the republicans had a clear title *de jure*. It is probable, indeed, that his convictions and his sympathies were entirely on their side. But whatever his personal opinion may have been, he did not consider it to be his duty, as president of the United States, to compel States at the point of the bayonet to accept it. His action would not seem less patriotic or honorable to right-minded men if it were known that he was painfully conscious the immediate consequence would be a victory of injustice. Certain "smart" politicians have fancied that they convicted the president of dishonor in this proceeding by constructing a dilemma like the following: "If Hayes was elected Packard was elected, and if Packard was not elected Hayes was not elected." Now this may be true in the very terms stated, but what bearing has it in determining the president's official duty in the premises? He may be as firmly persuaded as Senator Blaine or General Butler that Packard is entitled to be governor of Louisiana; but neither by the constitution of Louisiana nor the constitution of the United States is he made the official judge of that matter, any more than he is made the judge of his own election. Certainly, the constitution of the United States does say, "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government;" but it does not say, the president shall guarantee to every State a just decision of contested elections. If it is difficult to hold that a State where the rightful officers are not permitted to perform their duties has a republican form of government, it is also difficult to suppose that would be a republican form of government, within the meaning of the constitution, which was not sustained by the people of the State, but to which submission was enforced by an army not of their raising nor responsible to them.

If the hopeful expectations that were entertained concerning the results of leaving these States without military guardianship have not been fully realized; if the Southern leaders have not made good their assurances of preserving order, doing justice, and respecting the rights of all classes; if oppression and outrages of the blacks by the whites are not wholly prevented or justly punished; if the democratic party still resorts to intimidation and fraud to carry elections, it is but saying that the things which eight years of military occupation did not suppress, two years of "home rule" have not cured. There is no reason in past experience to suppose that the same evils would not exist in at least an equal degree if the republican state governments had been in authority, with the army at their beck. On the contrary, the condition of the garrisoned States would probably have been worse than it is. There might have been more negroes in politics, but neither negroes

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nor white republicans, as a class, would have been more secure. Will any one attempt to gainsay the statement that during the past two years the Southern States have been more peaceful, more prosperous, and on the whole more tolerant in spirit than for any other two years since the war? During these two years the South has gone its own way, unawed and unvexed by the national administration. If the condition is not actually worse than before, it is essentially better. It may appear to some that the occurrences in Congress this spring do not support the view taken; but, in fact, they confirm it. The democratic party, having a majority in Congress, demanded the repeal of certain statutes authorizing the use of the army to keep the peace, and providing for a supervision of elections of members of Congress by special officers appointed by the courts, to guard against fraudulent registration, voting, and counting; and its leaders threatened that unless the president assented to this demand they would leave the government without means of supporting either the army or the executive, legislative, and judicial departments, which was a threat of bringing the government to an end. Is it not apparent that the democratic party, having this bullying temper, would have had a far greater advantage if able to allege, as a pretext for extreme measures, so plausible a grievance as the subjection of States to governments which could not stand an hour but for the military protectorate maintained by the president? If it was not a sagacious stroke of statesmanship, it was certainly a fortunate one, that put the republican party in a commanding and impregnable position to meet the assault that came and was to have been expected. With surprising promptness, time and events are vindicating the president from the aspersions of the short-sighted and too zealous partisans, whose lead, if it had been followed, would have lost for the republicans and given to the democracy the sympathy of the conservative, thoughtful, and independent class, whose favor is the augury of success. The late vetoes, able and reasonable as they are, derive the largest measure of their effectiveness from the action of the president in 1877.

The record of this administration in financial and currency matters is so conspicuously honorable that it needs only the briefest comment. The supporters of Governor Tilden, those of them who were not inflationists, never tired of vaunting his superior wisdom in political economy and public finance. They did not conceal their contempt for the republican candidate, and for all who thought the national pledge to resume specie payments on the 1st day of January, 1879, could be kept. The repeal of the resumption act because it was an obstacle to resumption was the demand of the democratic platform, and Governor Tilden took the same view. When that had been done, wise measures of preparation for resumption at some far-off day, which it would not be safe to fix in advance, might be undertaken cautiously. President Hayes believed that the nation's pledge could be kept, and that it should be kept. Without additional legislation, with less than the anticipated hardship to business interests, and with no shock, specie payments were resumed at the date previously fixed by law. It is demonstrated that the indefinite postponement recommended by Governor Tilden was unnecessary, and would have been a blunder. The refunding at four per cent. interest of the whole interest-bearing debt which the government can now call in has been accomplished in a manner worthy of high praise, and is a signal testimony to the ability and energy of the conduct of the treasury department. The veto of the Bland silver bill, carried through Congress by overwhelming majorities, was a protest which no president who held his principles as conveniences rather than convictions, or was infirm in courage, would have made. But besides exercising a zealous care for the national honor and the national interests in his official capacity, the president has exerted a consistent, enlightening, and powerful influence upon public sentiment in behalf of a right understanding of the conditions of financial soundness. To his stalwart faith in

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absolute national integrity it is largely due that the republican party all over the land is becoming more and more solid in its hostility to every heresy of finance, while the democratic party is becoming more and more identified with the clamorers for inflation, depreciation, and repudiation.

It remains to be considered what the president has accomplished in the first half of his term for civil-service reform. Unfortunately, the most obtrusive trait of many earnest reformers is their impatience. Because we have not yet traveled all the way from Grant's administration to the millennium, they are discouraged. In petulant moods they assert that nothing has been done, that nothing will be done. Some of them who gave their votes to Tilden complacently add, "As I expected." Listening to their fretful criticism, an unsophisticated person might suppose that if one of their kind had been president of the United States, in place of Hayes, all the hoary abuses which have grown strong in the civil service during fifty years of toleration would have been reformed before sundown of inauguration day, and from the next morning the nation would have moved on in an ecstasy of perfect and satisfying performance.

It must be confessed that the president has effected no such prompt and radical revolution. But he has done a good work, which will be mentioned to his honor when his captious critics have ceased from their labors and are at rest. He has wrought a great improvement in the quality of the service, and confined it, to an extent not known before for two generations, to its proper business. True, no laws have been enacted to make the reforms permanent. But how can he be blamed for that? He is not responsible for the neglect. Neither the republican senate nor the democratic house would heed his recommendations, and he could not discharge them and appoint a new Congress. Sometimes complaint is made that the president has not conciliated congressmen and won them to support his reform policy. By what means could he have done it without yielding the object itself? General Grant secured a strong support for administrative measures in Congress; but what became of civil-service reform? It is not less, but more praiseworthy that in default of law, with nineteen twentieths of Congress hostile and the rest not earnest, with so many who ought to have been allies and helpers preferring the safer rôle of critics, he has persisted in the ways open to him to redeem his pledges. The case with regard to any actual measures of reform is much as it was with regard to actual measures for the resumption of specie payments. Those who agree that the end is desirable cannot agree upon the means to compass it. As soon as any one suggests a scheme the rest set about showing that it will prove inadequate. Each has a plan of his own, which he is bound to maintain is the only sovereign panacea. But the man in authority who makes an attempt to correct abuses is a more meritorious reformer in his failures than all those who waste the time discussing schemes which cannot be tried. Probably there are many ways of attaining the object, or of making advances toward it, and it is something to be glad of when anybody makes a beginning of doing. General Grant waited for Congress, and supposed that there was great virtue in commissions to formulate rules. President Hayes has begun the work without waiting for others. He will not complete it; he will not establish what he does beyond peril of overthrow by the next president; but he has done some arduous fighting for the cause, and achieved some handsome results, notwithstanding scoffing foes, exacting friends, and his own mistakes.

Already reference has been made to his selection of the cabinet, and to the shock his action gave to the "bummer" element of the party; but the cabinet officers, one and all, have recommended themselves to the approval of the country by their fidelity and success in managing the public business, and by their refusal to use the civil service as a party machine in the interest of the administration. They have their vanities, their idiosyncrasies, their ambitions; but they

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have not presumed to obstruct freedom of action in the party, or to suppress freedom of criticism. If any of them are not in full sympathy with the president's purposes affecting the civil service, they have given no encouragement to the bitter and violent course of senators, nor attempted in their own departments to thwart his reforms.

Early in his administration the president issued an order with the purpose of putting an end to the practice of compelling subordinates in the civil service to serve the political aims of their superiors as might be required. The storm of protest was furious and defiant. Those who believed the people would certainly go wrong, unless every man under government pay understood that the condition of keeping his place was unquestioning obedience to the will of his patron in all political contests, were outraged by this edict of emancipation, and bluntly condemned the administration as a failure and an offense. Ingenuity was exhausted to make it appear that the order said what it did not say, or did not mean what it said, to get it rescinded, or amended, or explained away, but in vain. Sundry officials of high degree, who imagined that their senator was stronger than the president, and that under his protection they could safely disobey the regulation, have had cause to revise their judgment. The promulgation and enforcement of that order would give this administration an honorable distinction, if it had done nothing else to improve the civil service. It is not the whole gospel of reform, but it is one of the commandments, and it accomplishes for the time being one of the chief objects of an organic amendment of the method of appointments.

The New York custom-house has long afforded a heinous example of all that is vicious and scandalous in a partisan civil service. Having a controlling influence in the machine politics of New York, and, it was believed, a controlling influence in Congress, gained and held by appointment favors to senators and members, it defied the president. Collector Arthur and naval officer Cornell cared for nobody's approval but Senator Conkling's, and they were confident that so long as in their management they served his political interests successfully, it made little difference how they served the government or the people. The enemies of reform boasted that whatever outworks the administration might force to succumb, this central bulwark of the old system was impregnable, and would continue to flaunt the banner inscribed with the motto, "To the victors the spoils." Nothing accomplished elsewhere counted for success while the New York stronghold held out. The demand of many zealous reformers that this headquarters of rebellion against the authority of the government should be assailed and reduced at the outset was like the "On-to-Richmond" enthusiasm in 1861. Some of the same men who called for the immediate capture of Richmond were afterwards ready, as may be remembered, to make a peace without capturing it at all. So the zeal of not a few once gushing reformers ran dry before this Richmond fell. They gave up the cause as lost, and made terms with the mighty senator. But in the fullness of time (a Bull Run intervening) the hour of its downfall struck, and the ensign of the spoilsmen went down. For months the interest of no senator, or congressman, or other politician, has availed to secure removals or appointments as before. Reforms in the efficiency and economy of transacting the public business, long demanded in vain, have been made. Employment in the government service there, which for ten years had been practically conditioned upon fidelity to Senator Conkling, and upon no other qualification, has been opened to competition with reference solely to the best conduct of the proper business of a custom-house.

These examples from the record furnish clear and ample testimony to the earnestness of the president's purpose, and the firmness of his execution of it. The purging of the Boston custom-house is another case in point, and the country is full of similar ones. There is no room to doubt that as a whole the civil

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service is in better condition than under any administration for a long time before this one. There is great gain in devotion to the nation's work, and conspicuous and welcome forebearance to do the party's work. The tone of the public service through all grades, from chief magistrate to tide-waiter, has been elevated. The rings, the corruptions, the scandals, the official interferences with the political action of the people, are no longer the grievances they but lately were. A change has been wrought in the right direction, so manifest that those who would deny it impeach their own candor.

It is certain that appointments have been made in every department of the service which are not ideal appointments, and some which the general judgment pronounces unworthy. There have been removals which seem to offend against the true principles of a reform policy, but they are exceptional; and perhaps if all the circumstances were as well known to the whole people as they are to those having the responsibility, many of them would no longer appear to be exceptions. It should not be hastily inferred, because no cause for removal is publicly stated, that the removal is not for cause, and for good cause. As to appointments, a president must always labor under some disadvantages, and is liable to be imposed upon by interested parties whose motives are not quite unselfish. It is very clear, however, that in this particular things are not worse, but better, than when appointments were made by advice of the person most interested, — the congressman from the district.

There is, however, one charge against the president's integrity in this particular which challenges attention. He has appointed to office several of the politicians who were officially or voluntarily active in the determination of the electoral votes of Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana, and the substance of the charge, stated plainly, is that these appointments were made in compensation for corrupt political services by which he profited, and in pursuance of a bargain. The charge assails the president's honor as a man, as well as his course as a magistrate. It comes in this bold shape from the disappointed partisans of Governor Tilden, who acknowledge no irregularities in the election, except in the proceedings by which the fraud and intimidation controlling the suffrage were balked. These proceedings they have denounced as fraud. They have been desperately anxious to fix responsibility for them upon the president, because his just and patriotic course toward the Southern States left the democracy without a substantial grievance. Their efforts to establish by convincing proof the fact of fraud, and to involve in the guilt the president and his advisers, have been singularly unsuccessful. It is still a malicious presumption and nothing more, and a presumption without force except among those who have an interest in asserting it. One of their arguments is of this sort: —

A president who had obtained his office by fraud would reward the perpetrators of the fraud.

Hayes obtained his office by fraud.

Therefore it is as a reward for perpetrating the fraud that he has appointed members of the returning boards to office.

Sometimes the argument takes another shape, as follows: —

A president who had obtained his office by fraud would reward the perpetrators of the fraud.

President Hayes has appointed to office members of the returning boards whose official action resulted in his becoming president.

Therefore he has appointed them as a reward for perpetrating fraud, and the appointment is an admission that they did commit fraud, and a confession that his title to the presidency is fraudulent.

Refutation of such reasoning is but a waste of time. Merely stripping it of the rhetoric with which it is commonly confused reveals how rickety it is. Only one thing would be more satisfactory to the democracy, and they blame the president for not giving them that advantage. If he had refused to appoint any of these persons to office on

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the ground that they were scoundrels who had done a great wrong, he would have given himself bound hand and foot into their power, and it would not be necessary for them to denounce him on a presumption that they cannot establish. So that, whether he appointed them or did not appoint them, he could not have avoided judgment from that quarter, it being a party necessity to represent him as dishonest.

But if it be granted that the president may believe himself to have been legally and rightfully entitled to the electoral votes of the disputed States, and that no wrong was done by the decision of the returning boards, then the question concerning these appointments is not different from that concerning others. If he thinks, as he well may, that the republicans of the disputed States are victims of gross political injustice, it is not unnatural that he should desire to make their misfortune as tolerable as may be. The principles of a reformed civil service have suffered a strain in some of these appointments; but it ought to be taken into consideration that it is not easy to find in the Southern States altogether satisfactory men to take office under a republican administration. The party there does not abound in first-class material. The experiments made in appointing democrats have not been encouraging in the way of securing unpartisan and faithful devotion to the interests of the national government. The president's duty in this particular has been difficult and embarrassing, and it is not at all likely that he would himself defend his course in every detail on any other ground than that he had done what at the time, and with the information then available, appeared to be the best thing practicable.

What, then (to sum up), has been accomplished in the first half of President Hayes's administration? The practice of determining the issue of state elections by the authority of the national administration, and enforcing that determination by the army of the United States, has been definitely abandoned. It was high time. The practice was essentially unrepublican, was destructive of the rightful independence and dignity of States, was subversive of liberty, and was potentially, if not in experience, a wrong worse than that it was invoked to correct. The honor of the nation in respect of financial obligations has been vindicated in every point dependent on the action of the executive, a great burden of taxation has been lifted, the credit of the United States is as good as that of any nation in the world, and an era of sound prosperity has dawned. The civil service has been purified and invigorated. The executive has resumed the prerogative and responsibility which had been relinquished to enable party leaders to strengthen their personal influence. More than at any other time for two generations past, character, intelligence, and fitness for doing well the government's work are the qualifications regarded in appointments, rather than zeal in party service. The people are delivered from the domination of office-holding agents of the administration in the conduct of their political affairs. The business of the government, whether affecting our foreign relations or our domestic peace and prosperity, is efficiently managed, with supreme regard to the commonwealth, and not with supreme regard for the political fortunes of those in power. But already the president's aphorism, "He serves his party best who serves his country best," is verified. In the congressional elections of 1878 the party in power held its own as the party in power is seldom able to do in an "off year," and was more successful than there is any ground in reason or experience to suppose it could have been if the old grievances had not been removed. Had the president failed to do the things for doing which he is so rancorously blamed in some quarters, the republican party in this Congress might not be stronger than it was in the forty-fourth Congress. The party is in a better position either for attack or defense than it was in two years ago. The change in the republican position has compelled the democracy to unmask its purposes, and to take ground where it is terribly exposed. For this incalculable

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advantage on the lines of party conflict, as well as for the obvious improvement of all national concerns, the administration of President Hayes more than Congress, and the president more than any other republican, is entitled to praise and gratitude.

This administration wants something of the contemporary *éclat* which is more apt to pursue self-assertion, daring ambition, or carefully devised clap-trap than sincere and modest performance of duty. The party *claque* has been engaged by those who more need the stimulation of immediate applause. The president wants a personal quality, sometimes defined as magnetism, which interests and captures men's sympathies even in spite of their judgment, enabling a wise and patriotic man to prosecute his work with approbation and glory, and often enabling a charlatan to do infinite mischief with the substantial support of men who ought to know better. But the president has qualities which in a chief magistrate are more useful and safer, — patriotism, integrity, and firmness. Some politicians, who would like to have it thought they are the truly and exclusively "stalwart," have insinuated that the president wants firmness and courage. They talk about doing this and that to stiffen his backbone. The action of the president for which these men affect to think him weak showed a more stalwart courage and a stiffer uprightness than the record of most of his critics can match. His firmness is of a kind few politicians understand, and still fewer exhibit. It is nobler than that which nerves a man to stand up in the senate to arraign the other party and gibe its representatives. It is loftier than that which depends, as General Grant's famous obstinacy so plainly did, on the support of a vindictive impulse. It is not the sort of firmness which would compromise a fundamental principle of our national life to court the favor of men who have a prejudice. It is that superior and admirable trait which enables a man to obey his conviction of duty when he knows that those with whom he has acted hitherto, and whose confidence he desires, will impugn his motive, forsake him, and thwart him if they can, and knows also, what is quite as disagreeable to an honest man, that those with whom he can have little sympathy and with whom he cannot ally himself will scandalize him by their praises.

When General Garfield, in the house of representatives, described the president as an optimist, he was probably right. The president takes the hopeful view, and trusts largely to the operation of the better motives of men's hearts. He thinks what ought to be will be, if not immediately, then after a while, when the right will more clearly appear to be also the expedient. He pursues the course he has marked out for himself openly, steadfastly, and confidently, but not as if he regarded himself as the only or the chief apostle of political righteousness in America. He seems to be a man striving to do well an onerous duty, not courting the immediate applause so much as the ultimate justice of his countrymen. When the nation has outgrown and is ashamed of the fierce sectional temper which now deforms patriotism, hinders perfect union, and vexes liberty; when industry and commerce, nourished by an honest currency, again spread contentment through all our borders; when the public service has ceased, as some time it must cease, to be the spoil of parties, a delivered people will refer with honor and gratitude to the administration of President Hayes as the beginning of the republic's better day.

Walter Allen.

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A BIT OF SHORE LIFE.

I OFTEN think of a boy with whom I made friends last summer, during some idle, pleasant days that I spent by the sea. I was almost always out-of-doors, and I used to watch the boats go out and come in; and I had a hearty liking for the good-natured fishermen, who were lazy and busy by turns, who waited for the wind to change and waited for the tide to turn and waited for the fish to bite, and were always ready to gossip about the weather and the fish and the wonderful events that had befallen them and their friends.

Georgie was the only boy of whom I ever saw much at the shore. The few young people there were all went to school through the hot summer days at a little weather-beaten school-house a mile or two inland. There were few houses to be seen, at any rate, and Georgie's house was the only one so close to the water. He looked already nothing but a fisherman; his clothes were covered with an oil-skin suit, which had evidently been awkwardly cut down for him from one of his father's, of whom he was a curious little likeness. I could hardly believe that he was twelve years old, he was so stunted and small; yet he was a strong little fellow; his hands were horny and hard from handling the clumsy oars, and his face was so brown and dry from the hot sun and chilly spray that he looked even older when one came close to him. The first time I saw him was one evening just at night-fall. I was sitting on the pebbles, and he came down from the fish-house with some lobster-nets, and a bucket with some pieces of fish in it for bait, and put them into the stern of one of the boats which lay just at the edge of the rising tide. He looked at the clouds over the sea and at the open sky overhead in an old, wise way, and then, as if satisfied with the weather, began to push off his boat. It dragged on the pebbles; it was a heavy thing, and he could not get it far enough out to be floated by the low waves, so I went down to help him. He looked amazed that a girl should have thought of it, and as if he wished to ask me what good I supposed I could do, though I was twice his size. But the boat grated and slid down toward the sand, and I gave her a last push as the boy perched with one knee on her gunwale and let the other foot drag in the water for a minute. He was afloat after all, and he took the oars and pulled manfully out toward the moorings, where the whale-boats and a sail-boat or two were swaying about in the wind, which was rising a little since the sun had set. He did not say a word to me, or I to him. I watched him go out into the twilight, — such a little fellow, between those two great oars! But the boat could not sway nor loiter with his steady stroke, and out he went, until I could only see the boat at last, lifting and sinking on the waves beyond the reef outside the moorings. I asked one of the fishermen whom I knew very well, "Who is that little fellow? Ought he to be out by himself? It is growing dark so fast."

"Why, that's *Georgie!*" said my friend, with his grim smile. "Bless ye! he 's like a duck; ye can't drown him. He won't be in until ten o'clock, like 's not. He 'll go way out to the far ledges when the tide covers them too deep where he is now. Lobsters he 's after."

"Whose boy is he?" said I.

"Why, Andrer's, up here to the fish-house. *She* 's dead, and him and the boy get along together somehow or 'nother. They 've both got something saved up, and Andrer 's a clever fellow; took it very hard losing of his wife. I was telling of him the other day: 'Andrer,' says I, 'ye ought to look up somebody or 'nother, and not live this way. There 's plenty o' smart, stirring women that would mend ye up and cook for ye, and do well by ye.' 'No,' says he, 'I 've hed my wife, and I 've lost her.' 'Well,

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now,' says I, 'ye've shown respect, and there's the boy a-growin' up, and if either of you was took sick, why here ye be.' 'Yes,' says he, 'here I be, sure enough,' and he drawed a long breath, 's if he felt bad; so that 's all I said. But it 's no way for a man to get along, and he ought to think of the boy. He owned a good house about half a mile up the road, but he moved right down here after she died, and his cousin took it, and it burnt up in the winter. Four year ago that was; I was down to the Georges Banks."

Some other men came down toward the water, and took a boat that was waiting, already fitted out with a trawl coiled in two tubs, and some hand-lines and bait for rock-cod and haddock, and my friend joined them; they were going out for a night's fishing. I watched them hoist the little sprit-sail and drift a little until they caught the wind, and then I looked again for Georgie, whose boat was like a black spot on the water.

I knew him better soon after that. I used to go out with him for lobsters or to catch cunners, and it was strange that he never had any cronies, and would hardly speak to the other children. He was very shy, but he had put all his heart into his work, — a man's hard work, which he had taken from choice. His father was kind to him, but he had a sorry home and no mother, — the brave, fearless, steady little soul.

He looked forward to going one day (I hope that day has already dawned) to see the shipyards at a large sea-port some twenty miles away. His face lit up when he told me of it, as some other child's would who had been promised a day in fairy-land. And he confided to me that he thought he should go to the Banks that coming winter. "But it 's so cold!" said I; "should you really like it?" "Cold!" said Georgie. "Ho! rest of the men never froze." That was it, — the "rest of the men;" and he would work until he dropped, or tend a line until his fingers froze, for the sake of that likeness, — the grave, slow little man, who has so much business with the sea, and who trusts himself with touching confidence to its treacherous keeping and favor.

Andrew West, Georgie's father, was almost as silent as his son at first, but it was not long before we were very good friends, and I went out with him at four o'clock, one morning, to see him set his trawl. I remember there was a thin mist over the sea and the air was almost chilly, but as the sun came up it changed the color of everything to the most exquisite pink, — the smooth, slow waves, and the mist that blew over them as if it were a cloud that had fallen down out of the sky. The world just then was like the hollow of a great pink sea-shell, and we could only hear the dull sound of the waves among the outer ledges.

We had to drift about for an hour or two when the trawl was set, and after a while the fog shut down again gray and close, so we could not see either the sun or the shore. We were a little more than four miles out, and we had put out more than half a mile of lines. It is very interesting to see the different fish that come up on the hooks: worthless sculpin and dog-fish, and good rock-cod and haddock, and curious stray creatures which often even the fishermen do not know. We had capital good luck that morning, and Georgie and Andrew and I were all pleased. I had a hand-line, and was fishing part of the time, and Georgie thought very well of me when he found I was not afraid of a big fish; and besides that, I had taken the oars while he tended the sail, though there was hardly wind enough to make it worth his while. It was about eight o'clock when we came in, and there was a horse and wagon standing near the landing, and we saw a woman come out of Andrew's little house. "There 's your aunt Hannah a'ready," said he to Georgie, and presently she came down the pebbles to meet the boat, looking at me with much wonder as I jumped ashore.

"I sh'd think you might 'a' cleaned up your boat, Andrer, if you was going to take ladies out," said she graciously. And the fisherman rejoined that perhaps she would have thought it looked better when it went out than it did then; he

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never had got a better fare o' fish unless the trawls had been set over night.

There certainly had been a good haul; and when Andrew carefully put those I had caught with the hand-line by themselves, I asked his sister to take them, if she liked. "Bless you!" said she, much pleased, "we could n't eat one o' them big rock-cod in a week. I'll take a little ha'dick, if Andrer 'll pick me one out."

She was a tall, large woman, who had a direct, business-like manner, — what the country people would call a master smart woman, or a regular driver, — and I liked her. She said something to her brother about some clothes she had been making for him or for Georgie, and I went off to the house where I was boarding for my breakfast. I was hungry enough, since I had had only a hurried lunch a good while before sunrise. I came back late in the morning, and found that Georgie's aunt was just going away. I think my friends must have spoken well of me, for she came out to meet me as I nodded in going by, and said, "I suppose ye drive about some? We should be pleased to have ye come up to see us. We live right 'mongst the woods; it ain't much of a place to ask anybody to." And she added that she might have done a good deal better for herself to have stayed off. But there! they had the place, and she supposed she and Cynthy had done as well there as anywhere. Cynthy — well, she was n't one of your pushing kind, but I should have some flowers, and perhaps it would be a change for me. I thanked her, and said I should be delighted to go. Georgie and I would make her a call together some afternoon when he was n't busy; and Georgie actually smiled when I looked at him, and said "All right," and then hurried off down the shore. "Ain't he an odd boy?" said Miss Hannah West, with a shadow of disapproval in her face. "But he 's just like his father and grandfather before him; you would n't think they had no gratitude nor feelin', but I s'pose they have. They used to say my father never 'd forgit a friend or forgive an enemy. Well, I 'm much obliged to you, I 'm sure, for taking an interest in the boy." I said I liked him; I only wished I could do something for him. And then she said good-day, and drove off. I felt as if we were already good friends. "I 'm much obliged for the fish," she turned round to say to me again, as she went away.

One morning, not very long afterward, I asked Georgie if he could possibly leave his business that afternoon, and he gravely answered me that he could get away just as well as not, for the tide would not be right for lobsters until after supper.

"I should like to go up and see your aunt," said I. "You know she asked me to come the other day when she was here."

"I 'd like to go," said Georgie, sedately. "Father was going up this week, but the mackerel struck in, and we could n't leave. But it 's better 'n six miles up there."

"That 's not far," said I. "I 'm going to have Cap'n Donnell's horse and wagon;" and Georgie looked much interested.

I wondered if he would wear his oil-skin suit; but I was much amazed, and my heart was touched, at seeing how hard he had tried to put himself in trim for the visit. He had on his best jacket and trousers, which might have been most boys' worst, and a clean calico shirt; and he had scrubbed his freckled, honest little face and his hard little hands until they were as clean as possible, and either he or his father had cut his hair. I should think it had been done with a knife, and it looked as if a rat had gnawed it. He had such a holiday air, — he really looked very well; but still if I were to have a picture of Georgie it should be in the oil-skin fishing suit. He had gone out to his box, which was anchored a little way out in the cove, and had chosen two fine lobsters which he had tied together with a bit of fish-line. They were lazily moving their claws and feelers, and his father, who had come in with his boat not long before, added from his fare of fish three plump mackerel.

"They 're always glad to get new

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fish," said he. "The girls can't abide a fish that 's corned, and I have n't had a chance to send 'em up any mackerel before. Ye see, they live on a cross-road, and the fish-carts don't go by." And I told him I was very glad to carry them, or anything else he would like to send. "Mind your manners, now, Georgie," said he, "and don't be forrard. You might split up some kindlin's for y'r aunts, and do whatever they want of ye. Boys ain't made just to look at, so ye be handy, will ye?" And Georgie nodded solemnly. They seemed very fond of each other, and I looked back some time afterward to see the fisherman still standing there to watch his boy. He was used to his being out at sea alone for hours, but this might be a great risk to let him go off inland to stay all the afternoon.

The road crossed the salt marshes for the first mile, and when we had struck the higher land we soon entered the pine woods, which cover a great part of that country. It had been raining in the morning for a little while, and the trunks of the trees were still damp, and the underbrush was shining wet, and sent out a sweet, fresh smell. I spoke of it, and Georgie told me that sometimes this fragrance blew far out to sea, and then you knew the wind was northwest.

"There 's the big pine you sight Minister's Ledge by," said he, "when that comes in range over the white schoolhouse, about two miles out."

The lobsters were clashing their pegged claws together in the back of the wagon, and Georgie sometimes looked over at them to be sure they were all right. Of course I had given him the reins when we first started, and he was delighted because we saw some squirrels, and even a rabbit, which scurried across the road as if I had been a fiery dragon, and Georgie something worse.

We presently came in sight of a house close by the road, — an old-looking place, with a ledgy, forlorn field stretching out behind it toward some low woods. There were high white birch poles holding up thick tangles of hop-vines, and at the side there were sunflowers straggling about as if they had come up from seed scattered by the wind. Some of them were close together, as if they were whispering to each other, and their big yellow faces were all turned toward the front of the house, where people were already collected together as if there were a funeral.

"It 's the auction," said Georgie, with great satisfaction. "I heard 'em talking about it down at the shore this morning. There 's 'Lisha Downs, now; he started off just before we did. That 's his fish-cart over by the well."

"What is going to be sold?" said I.

"All the stuff," said Georgie, as if he were much pleased. "She 's going off up to Boston with her son."

"I think we had better stop," said I, for I saw Mrs. 'Lisha Downs, who was one of my acquaintances at the shore, and I wished to see what was going on, besides giving Georgie a chance at the festivities. So we tied the horse and went toward the house, and I found several people whom I knew a little. Mrs. Downs shook hands with me as formally as if we had not talked for some time as I went by her house to the shore, just after breakfast. She presented me to several of her friends with whom she had been talking as I came up. "Let me make you acquainted," she said, and every time I bowed she bowed too, unconsciously, and seemed a little ill at ease and embarrassed, but luckily the ceremony was soon over. "I thought I would stop for a few minutes," said I, by way of apology. "I did n't know why the people were here until Georgie told me."

"She 's going to move up to Boston 'long of her son," said one of the women, who looked very pleasant and very tired. "I think myself it 's a bad plan to pull old folks up by the roots. There 's a niece o' hers that would have been glad to stop with her, and do for the old lady; but John, he 's very high-handed, and wants it his way, and he says his mother shan't live in no such a place as this. He makes a sight o' money. He 's got out a patent, and they say he 's just bought a new house

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that cost him eleven thousand dollars. But old Mis' Wallis, she 's wonted here, and she was telling of me yesterday she was only going to please John. He says he wants her up there where she 'll be more comfortable and see something."

"He means well," said another woman, whom I did not know; "but folks about here never thought no great of his judgment. He 's put up some splendid stones in the burying-lot to his father and his sister Miranda that died. I used to go to school 'long of Miranda. *She 'd* have been pleased to go to Boston; she was that kind. But there! mother was saying last night what if his business took a turn, and he lost everything! Mother 's took it dreadfully to heart; she and Mis' Wallis was always mates as long ago as they can recollect."

It was evident that the old widow was both pitied and envied by her friends on account of her bettered fortunes, and they came up to speak to her with more or less seriousness, as befitted the occasion. She looked at me with great curiosity, but Mrs. Downs told her who I was, and I had a sudden instinct to say how sorry I was for her, but I was afraid it might appear intrusive on so short an acquaintance. She was a thin old soul, who looked as if she had had a good deal of trouble in her day, and as if she had been very poor and very anxious. "Yes," said she to some one who had come from a distance, "it does come hard to go off. Home is home, and I seem to hate to sell off my things, but I suppose they *would* look queer up to Boston. John says I won't have no idea of the house until I see it," and she looked proud and important for a minute; but as some one brought an old chair out at the door her face fell again: "Oh, dear," said she, "I should like to keep that! It belonged to my mother. It 's most wore out, any way. I guess I 'll let somebody keep it for me!" and she hurried off despairingly to find her son, while we went into the house.

There is so little to interest the people who live on those quiet, secluded farms that an event of this kind gives great pleasure. I know they have not done talking yet about the sale, of the bargains that were made, or the goods that brought more than they were worth. And then the women had the chance of going all about the house, and committing every detail of its furnishings to their tenacious memories. It is a curiosity one grows more and more willing to pardon, for there is so little to amuse them in every-day life. I wonder if any one has not often been struck, as I have, by the sadness and hopelessness which seems to overshadow most of the people who live on the lonely farms in the outskirts of small New England villages. It is most noticeable among the elderly women: their talk is very cheerless, and they have a morbid interest in sicknesses and deaths; they tell each other long stories about such things; they are very forlorn; they dwell persistently upon any troubles which they have, and their petty disputes with each other have a tragic hold upon their thoughts, sometimes being handed down from one generation to the next. Is it because their world is so small and life affords so little amusement and pleasure, and is at best such a dreary round of the dullest housekeeping? There is a lack of real merriment, and the fun is an odd, rough way of joking; it is a stupid, heavy sort of fun, though there is much of a certain quaint humor, and once in a while a flash of wit.

I came upon a short, stout old sister, in one room, making all the effort she possibly could to see what was on the upper shelves of a closet. We were the only persons there, and she looked longingly at a convenient chair, and I know she wished I would go away; but my heart suddenly went out toward an old dark green Delft bowl which I saw, and I asked her if she would be kind enough to let me see it, as if I thought she were there for the purpose. "I 'll bring you a chair," said I; and she said, "Certain, dear." And I helped her up, and I 'm sure she had the good look she had coveted, while I took the bowl to the window. It was badly cracked and had been mended with putty, but the rich, dull color of it was exquisite. One often

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comes across a beautiful old stray bit of china in such a place as this, and I imagined it filled with apple-blossoms or wild roses. Mrs. Wallis wished to give it to me; she said it was n't good for anything, and, finding she did not care for it, I bought it, and now it is perched on my book-case, with the cracks discreetly turned to the wall. "Seems to me she never had thrown away nothing," said my friend, whom I found still standing on the chair when I came back. "Here 's some pieces of a pitcher; I wonder when she broke it! I 've heard her say it was one her grandmother give her, though. The old lady bought it to a vandoo down at old Mis' Walton Peters's after she died, so Mis' Wallis said. I guess I 'll speak to her and see if she wants everything sold that 's here."

There was a very great pathos to me about this old home. It must have been a hard place to get a living in, both for men and women, with its wretched farming land, and the house itself so cold and thin and worn out. I could understand that the son was in a hurry to get his mother away from it. I was sure that the boyhood he had spent there must have been uncomfortable, and that he did not look back to it with much pleasure. There is an immense contrast between even a moderately comfortable city house and such a place as this. No wonder that he remembered the bitter cold mornings, the frost and chill, and the dark, and the hard work, and wished his mother to leave them all behind, as he had done! He did not care for the few plain bits of furniture; why should he? and he had been away so long that he had lost his interest in the neighbors. Perhaps this might come back to him again as he grew older, but now he moved about among them, in his handsome but somewhat flashy clothes, with a look that told me he felt conscious of his superior station in life. I did not altogether like his looks, though somebody said admiringly, as he went by, "They say he 's worth as much as thirty thousand dollars a'ready. He 's smart as a whip!"

But while I did not wonder at the son's wishing his mother to go away, I also did not wonder at her being unwilling to leave the dull little house where she had spent so much of her life. I was afraid no other house in the world would ever seem like home to her: she was a part of the old place; she had worn the doors smooth by the touch of her hands, and she had scrubbed the floors and walked over them until the knots stood up high in the pine boards. The old clock had been unscrewed from the wall and stood on a table, and when I heard its loud and anxious tick my first thought was one of pity for the poor thing, for fear it might be homesick, like its mistress. When I went out again I was very sorry for old Mrs. Wallis: she looked so worried and excited, and as if this new turn of affairs in her life was too strange and unnatural; it bewildered her, and she could not understand it; she only knew everything was going to be different.

George was by himself, as usual, looking grave and intent. He had gone aloft on the wheel of a clumsy great ox-cart, in which some of the men had come to the auction, and he was looking over people's heads and seeing everything that was sold. I saw he was not ready to come away, so I was not in a hurry. I heard Mrs. Wallis say to one of her friends, "You just go in and take that rug with the flowers on 't, and go and put it in your wagon. It 's right beside my chist that 's packed ready to go. John told me to give away anything I had a mind to. He don't care nothing about the money. I hooked that rug four year ago; it 's most new; the red of the roses was made out of a dress of Miranda's. I kept it a good while after she died, but it was no use to let it lay. I 've given a good deal to my sister Stiles; she was over here helping me yesterday. There! it 's all come upon me so sudden! I s'pose I shall wish after I get away that I had done things different; but after I knew the farm was goin' to be sold I did n't seem to realize I was goin' to break up, until John came, day before yesterday."

She was very friendly with me, when

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I said I should think she would be sorry to go away; but she seemed glad to find I had been in Boston a great deal, and that I was not at all unhappy there. "But I suppose you have folks there," said she, "though I never supposed they was so sociable as they be here, and I ain't one that 's easy to make acquaintance. It 's different with young folks; and then in case o' sickness I should hate to have strange folks round me. It seems as if I never set so much by the old place as I do now I 'm goin' away. I used to wish 'he' would sell and move over to the Port, it was such hard work getting along when the child'n was small. And there 's one of my boys that run away to sea and never was heard from. I 've always thought he might come back, though everybody give him up years ago. I can't help thinking what if he should come back and find I wa'n't here! There! I 'm glad to please John; he sets everything by me, and I s'pose he thinks he 's going to make a spry young woman of me. Well, it 's natural. Everything looks fair to him, and he thinks he can have the world just as he wants it; but *I* know it 's a world o' change,—a world o' change and loss. And then, you see, I shall have to go to a strange meetin' up there. Why, Mis' Sands! I am pleased to see you. How did you get word?" and then Mrs. Wallis made another careful apology for moving away. She seemed to be so afraid some one would think she had not been satisfied with the neighborhood.

The auctioneer was a disagreeable-looking man, with a most unpleasant voice, which gave me a sense of discomfort; the little old house and its surroundings seemed so grave and silent and lonely. It was like having all the noise and confusion on a Sunday, and the house was so shut in by the trees that the only outlook to the world beyond was a narrow gap in the pines, through which one could see the sea, bright blue and warm with sunshine, that summer day.

There was something wistful about the place, as there must have been about the people who had lived there; yet hungry and unsatisfied as her life might have been in many ways, the poor old woman dreaded the change.

It seemed very doleful that everybody should look on the dark side of the Widow Wallis's flitting, and I tried to suggest to her some of the pleasures and advantages of it, once when I had a chance. And indeed she was proud enough to be going away with her rich son; it was not like selling her goods because she was too poor to keep the old home any longer. I hoped the son would always be prosperous, and that the son's wife would always be kind, and not be ashamed of her, or think she was in the way. But I am afraid it may be a somewhat uneasy idleness, and that there will not be much beside her knitting-work to remind her of the old routine. She will even miss going back and forward from the old well in storm and sunshine; she will miss looking after the chickens, and her slow walks about the little place, or out to a neighbor's for a bit of gossip, with the old brown checked handkerchief over her head; and when the few homely, faithful old flowers come up next year by the door-step, there will be nobody to care anything about them.

I said good-by and got into the wagon, and Georgie clambered in after me with a look of great importance, and we drove away. He was very talkative; the unusual excitement of the day was not without its effect. He had a good deal to tell me about the people I had seen, though I had to ask a good many questions.

"Who was the thin old fellow, with the black coat faded yellow-green on the shoulders, who was talking to Skipper Downs about the dogfish?"

"That 's old Cap'n Abiah Lane," said Georgie; "lives over toward Little Beach,—him that was cast away in the fog in a dory down to the Banks, once; like to have starved to death before he got picked up. I 've heard him tell all about it. Don't look as if he 'd ever had enough to eat since!" said the boy, grimly. "He used to come over a good deal last winter, and go out after cod 'long o' father and me. His boats all went adrift in the big storm in November,

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and he never heard nothing about 'em; guess they got stove against the rocks."

We had still more than three miles to drive over a lonely part of the road, where there was hardly a house, and where the woods had been cut off more or less, so there was nothing to be seen but the uneven ground, which was not fit for even a pasture yet. But it was not without a beauty of its own; for the little hills and hollows were covered thick with brakes and ferns and bushes, and in the swamps the cat-tails and all the rushes were growing in stiff and stately ranks, so green and tall, while the birds flew up or skimmed across them as we went by. It was like a town of birds, there were so many. It is strange how one is always coming upon families and neighborhoods of wild creatures in the unsettled country places; it is so much like one's going on longer journeys about the world, and finding town after town with its own interests, each so sufficient for itself.

We struck the edge of the farming land again, after a while, and I saw three great pines that had been born to good luck in this world, since they had sprouted in good soil, and had been left to grow as fast as they pleased. They lifted their heads proudly against the blue sky, these rich pines, and I admired them as much as they could have expected. They must have been a landmark for many miles to the westward, for they grew on high land, and they could pity from a distance any number of their poor relations who were just able to keep body and soul together, and had grown up thin and hungry in crowded woods. But though their lower branches might snap and crackle at a touch, their tops were brave and green, and they kept up appearances, at any rate.

Georgie pointed out his aunt's house to me, after a while. It was not half so forlorn looking as the others, for there were so many flowers in bloom about it of the gayest kind, and a little yellow and white dog came down the road to bark at us; but his manner was such that it seemed like an unusually cordial welcome rather than an indignant repulse. I noticed four jolly old apple-trees near by, which looked as if they might be the last of a once-flourishing orchard. They were standing in a row, in exactly the same position, with their heads thrown gayly back, as if they were all dancing in an old-fashioned reel; and after the forward and back one might expect them to turn partners gallantly. I laughed aloud when I caught sight of them; there was something very funny in their look, so jovial and whole-hearted, with a sober, cheerful pleasure, as if they gave their whole minds to it. It was like some old gentlemen and ladies who catch the spirit of the thing, and dance with the rest at a Christmas party.

Miss Hannah West first looked out of the window, and then came to meet us, looking as if she were glad to see us. Georgie had nothing whatever to say, but after I had followed his aunt into the house he began to work like a beaver at once, as if it were anything but a friendly visit that could be given up to such trifles as conversation, or as if he were anything but a boy. He brought the fish and lobsters into the outer kitchen, though I was afraid our loitering at the auction must have cost them their first freshness; and then he carried the axe to the wood-pile, and began to chop up the small white pine sticks and brush which form the summer fire-wood at the farm-houses, — crow-sticks and underbrush, a good deal of it; but it makes a hot little blaze while it lasts.

I had not seen Miss Cynthia West, the younger sister, before, and I found the two women very unlike. Miss Hannah was evidently the capable business member of the household, and she had a loud voice and went about as if she were in a hurry. Poor Cynthia! I saw at first that she was one of the faded-looking country women who have a hard time, and who, if they had grown up in the midst of a more luxurious way of living, would have been frail and delicate and refined, and entirely lady-like. But as it was she was somewhat in the shadow of her sister, and felt as if she were not of very much use or consequence in the world, I have no doubt. She showed

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me some pretty picture-frames she had made out of pine cones and hemlock cones and alder burs; but her chief glory and pride was a silly little model of a house in perforated card-board, which she had cut and worked after a pattern that came in a magazine. It must have cost her a great deal of work, but it partly satisfied her great longing for pretty things, and for the daintiness and art that she had an instinct toward and never had known. It stood on the best-room table, with a few books, which I suppose she had read over and over again; and in the room, beside, were green paper curtains with a landscape on the outside, and some chairs ranged stiffly against the walls, some shells and a whale's tooth with a ship on it on the mantel-shelf, and ever so many rugs on the floor, of most ambitious designs, which they had made in winter. I know the making of them had been a great pleasure to Miss Cynthia, and I was sure it was she who had taken care of the garden and was always at much pains to get seeds and slips in the spring.

She told me how much they had wished that Georgie had come to live with them, after his mother died. It would have been very handy for them to have him in winter, too; but it was no use trying to get him away from his father, and neither of them were contented if they were out of sight of the sea. "He 's a dreadful odd boy, and so old for his years. Hannah, she says he 's older now than I be," and she blushed a little as she looked up at me; while for a moment the tears came into my eyes, as I thought of this poor, plain woman who had such a capacity for enjoyment, and whose life had been so dull and far apart from the pleasures and satisfactions which had made so much of my own life. It seemed to me as if I had had a great deal more than I deserved, while this poor soul was almost beggared. I seemed to know all about her life in a flash, and pitied her from the bottom of my heart. Yet I suppose she would not have changed places with me for anything, or with anybody else, for that matter.

Miss Cynthia had a good deal to say about her mother, who had been a schoolmate of Mrs. Wallis's, — I had been telling them what I could about the auction. She told me that she had died the spring before, and said how much they missed her; and Hannah broke in upon her regrets in her brusque, downright way: "I should have liked to kep' her if she 'd lived to be a hundred, but I don't wish her back. She 'd had considerable many strokes, and she could n't help herself much of any; she 'd got to be rising eighty; and her mind was a good deal broke," she added conclusively, after a short silence, while Cynthia looked sorrowfully out of the window, and we heard the sound of Georgie's axe at the other side of the house, and the wild, sweet whistle of a bird that flew overhead. I suppose one of the sisters was just as sorry as the other, in reality.

"Now I want you and Georgie to stop and have some tea. I 'll get it good and early," said Hannah, starting suddenly from her chair, and beginning to bustle about again after she had asked me about some people at home whom she knew. "Cynthy! Perhaps she 'd like to walk round out-doors a spell. It 's breezing up, and it 'll be cooler than it is in the house. No, you need n't think I shall be put out by your stopping, but you 'll have to take us just as we be. Georgie always calculates to stop when he comes up. I guess he 's made off for the woods. I see him go across the lot a few minutes ago."

So Cynthia put on a discouraged-looking gingham sun-bonnet, which drooped over her face and gave her a more appealing look than ever, and we went over to the pine woods, which were beautiful that day. She showed me a little waterfall made by a brook that came over a high ledge of rock covered with moss, and here and there tufts of fresh green ferns. It grew late in the afternoon, and it was pleasant there in the shade, with the noise of the brook and the wind in the pines that sounded like the sea. The wood-thrushes began to sing, — and who could have better music?

Miss Cynthia told me that it always

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made her think of once when she was a little girl to hear the thrushes. She had run away and fallen into the ma'sh, and her mother had sent her to bed quick as she got home, though it was only four o'clock. And she was so ashamed, because there was company there, some of her father's folks from over to Eliot; and then she heard the thrushes begin to call after a while, and she thought they were talking about her and they knew she had been whipped and sent to bed. "I 'd been gone all day since morning. I had a great way of straying off in the woods," said she. "I suppose mother was put to it when she see me coming in, all bog mud, right before the company."

We came by my friends, the apple-trees, on our return, and I saw a row of old-fashioned square bee-hives near them, which I had not noticed before. Miss Cynthia told me that the bee money was always hers, but she lost a good many swarms on account of the woods being so near, and they had a trick of swarming Sundays, after she 'd gone to meeting; and besides, the miller bugs spoilt 'em, and some years they did n't make enough honey to live on, so she did n't get any at all. I saw some bits of black cloth fluttering over the little doors where the bees went in and out, and the sight touched me strangely. I did not know that the old custom still lingered of putting the hives in mourning, and telling the bees when there had been a death in the family, so they would not fly away. I said, half to myself, a line or two from Whittier's poem, which I always thought one of the loveliest in the world, and this seemed almost the realization of it. Miss Cynthia asked me, wistfully, "Is that in a book?" I told her yes, and that she should have it next time I came up or had a chance of sending it. "I 've seen a good many pieces of poetry that Mr. Whittier wrote," said she. "I 've got some that I cut out of the paper a good while ago. I think everything of 'em."

"I put the black on the hives myself," said she. "It was for mother, you know. She did it when father died, but when my brother was lost, we did n't, because we never knew just when it was; the schooner was missing, and it was a good while before they give her up."

"I wish we had some neighbors in sight," said she once. "I 'd like to see a light when I look out, after dark. Now at my aunt's, over to Eliot, the house stands high, and when it 's coming dark you can see all the folks lighting up. It seems real sociable."

We lingered a little while under the apple-trees, and watched the wise little bees go and come, and Miss Cynthia told me how much Georgie was like his grandfather, who was so steady and quiet and always right after his business. "He never was ugly to us as I know of," said she, "but I was always sort of 'fraid of father. Hannah, she used to talk to him free 's she would to me, and he thought 's long 's Hannah did anything it was all right. I always held by my mother the most, and when father was took sick — that was in the winter — I sent right off for Hannah to come home. I used to be scared to death when he 'd want anything done, for fear I should n't do it right. Mother, she 'd had a fall, and could n't get about very well. Hannah had good advantages: she went off keeping school when she was n't but seventeen, and she saved up some money, and boarded over to the Port after a while and learned the tailoress trade. She was always called very smart, — you see she 's got ways different from me, and she was over to the Port several winters. She never said a word about it, but there was a young man over there that wanted to keep company with her; he was going out first mate of a new ship that was building. But when she got word from me about father she come right home, and that was the end of it. It seemed to be a pity. I used to think perhaps he 'd come and see her some time, between voyages, and that he 'd get to be cap'n, and they 'd go off and take me with 'em. I always wanted to see something of the world. I never have been but dreadful little ways from home. I used to wish I could keep school, and once my uncle was agent for his district, and he said I could have a chance; but the folks laughed to think o' me keeping school, and I

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never said anything more about it. But you see it might 'a' led to something. I always wished I could go to Boston. I suppose you 've been there? There ! I could n't live out o' sight o' the woods, I don't believe."

"I can understand that," said I, and half with a wish to show her I had some troubles, though I had so many pleasures that she did not, I told her that the woods I loved best had all been cut down the winter before. I had played under the great pines when I was a child, and I had spent many a long afternoon under them since. There never will be such trees for me any more in the world. I knew where the flowers grew under them, and where the ferns were greenest, and it was as much home to me as my own house. They grew on the side of a hill, and the sun always shone through the tops of the trees as it went down, while below it was all in shadow, — and I had been there with so many dear friends who have died, or who are very far away. I told Miss Cynthia what I never had told anybody else: that I loved those trees so much that I went over the hill on the frozen snow to see them, one sunny winter afternoon, to say good-by, as if I were sure they could hear me; and looked back again and again, as I came away, to be sure I should remember how they looked. And it seemed as if they knew as well as I that it was the last time and they were going to be cut down. It was a Sunday afternoon, and I was all alone, and the farewell was a reality and a sad thing to me; it was saying good-by to a great deal besides the pines themselves.

We stopped a while in the little garden, where Miss Cynthia gave me some magnificent big marigolds to put away for seed, and was much pleased because I was so delighted with her flowers. It was a gorgeous little garden to look at, with its red poppies and blue larkspur and yellow marigolds and old-fashioned sweet, straying things, — all growing together in a tangle of which my friend seemed ashamed. She told me that it looked as ordered as could be, until the things begun to grow so fast she could n't do anything with 'em. She was very proud of one little pink and white verbena which somebody had given her. It was not growing very well, but it had not disappointed her about blooming.

Georgie had come back from his ramble some time before. He had cracked the lobster which Miss Hannah had promptly put on to boil, and I saw the old gray cat having a capital lunch off the shells; while the horse looked meeker than ever, with his headstall thrown back on his shoulders, eating his supper of hay by the fence; for Miss Hannah was a hospitable soul. She was tramping about in the house, getting supper, and we went in to find the table already pulled out into the floor; so Miss Cynthia hastened to set it. I could see she was very much ashamed of having been gone so long; neither of us knew it was so late; but Miss Hannah said it did n't make a mite o' difference, there was next to nothing to do, and looked at me with a little smile which said, "You see how it is; I 'm the one who has faculty, and I favor her."

I was very hungry, and though it was not yet six it seemed a whole day since dinner-time. Miss Hannah made many apologies, and said if I had only set a day she would have had things as they ought to be; but it was a very good supper, and she knew it! She did n't know but I was tired o' lobsters; and when I had eaten two of the big round biscuit and begun an attack on the hot gingerbread, she said humbly that she did n't know when she had had such bad luck, though Georgie and I were both satisfied. He did not speak more than once or twice during the meal. I do not think he was afraid of me, for we had had many a lunch together when he had taken me out fishing; but this was an occasion, and there was at first the least possible restraint over all the company, though I 'm glad to say it soon vanished. We had two kinds of preserves and some honey beside, and there was a pie with a pale, smooth crust and three cuts in the top. It looked like a very good pie, of its kind, but one can't eat everything, though one does one's best! And we had big cups of tea, and though

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Miss Hannah supposed I had never eaten with anything but silver forks before, it happened luckily that I had, and we were very merry indeed. Miss Hannah told us several stories of the time she kept school, and gave us some reminiscences of her life at the Port; and Miss Cynthia looked at me as if she had heard them before, and wished to say, "I know she 's having a good time." I think Miss Cynthia felt, after we were out in the woods, as if I were her company and she was responsible for me.

I thanked them heartily when I came away, for I had had such a pleasant time. Miss Cynthia picked me a huge nosegay of her flowers, and whispered that she hoped I would n't forget about lending her the book. Poor woman! she was so young, only a girl yet, in spite of her having lived more than fifty years in that plain, dull home of hers, — in spite of her faded face and her grayish hair. We came away in the rattling wagon; Georgie sat up in his place with a steady hand on the reins, and keeping a careful lookout ahead, as if he were steering a boat through a rough sea.

We passed the house where the auction had been, and it was all shut up. The cat sat on the door-step waiting patiently, and I felt very sorry for her; but Georgie said there were neighbors not far off, and she was a master hand for squirrels. I was glad to get sight of the sea again, and to smell the first stray whiff of salt air that blew in to meet us as we crossed the marshes. I think the life in me must be next of kin to the life of the sea, for it is drawn toward it strangely, as a little drop of quicksilver grows uneasy just out of reach of a greater one.

"Good-night, Georgie!" said I; and he nodded his head a little as he drove away to take the horse home. "Much obliged to you for my ride," said he, and I knew in a minute that his father or one of the aunts had cautioned him not to forget to make his acknowledgments. He had told me on the way down that he had baited his nets all ready to set that evening. I knew he was in a hurry to go out, and it was not long before I saw his boat pushing off. It was after eight o'clock, and the moon was coming up pale and white out of the sea, while the west was still bright after the clear sunset.

I have a little model of a fishing dory that Georgie made for me, with its sprit-sail and killick and painter and oars and gaff all cleverly cut with the clumsiest of jackknives. I care a great deal for the little boat, and I gave him a better knife before I came away, to remember me by; but I am afraid its shininess and trig shape may have seemed a trifle unmanly to him. His father's had been sharpened on the beach stones to clean many a fish, and it was notched and dingy, but this would cut; there was no doubt about that. I hope Georgie was sorry when we said good-by. I 'm sure I was!

Sarah O. Jewett.

THE DESERTED CABIN.

THICK across the threshold lies the vine;
High above the casement nods the rose,
Wild and sweet. I know the ancient sign:
Nature claims what human hands resign;
So above our dead her ivy grows.

Trodden by no foot that walks with life,
Only by the stealthy tread of Time,

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Is the little porch where once they sate
Who dwelt here (as now we sit), elate
With the freshness of this mountain clime.

Now the spider spinning in the weed,
And the torrent chiding as it flows,
And the mountain cattle as they feed,
Treading down the sweet grass and the reed, —
These are all of life the valley knows.

Could they love and leave a place so fair?
Look above, and see a thing divine:
Miles of mellow, yellow, sunset air,
Bleaching cliffs that hang all seamed and bare,
Black against the blue the mountain pine.

Southward, melting purple into gray,
Pale the ranges rise and rise afar;
Glorious in the saffron sunset ray,
See the valleys widen far away,
Lovely as a landscape in a star.

Yes, they left it. Did their footsteps stray
To the alien land that knew their birth?
Stung by want, or lured by hope, were they?
In some happier country far away
Did they light anew this household hearth?

Yes, perchance they turned their willing feet
To the lowlands long beloved by men,
Valleys slanting southward into heat,
Thick with vine and rose and gray with wheat,
And forgot their little mountain glen.

Oh, not quite forgot! Sometimes must rise
To their dreaming eyes this mountain wall,
Bronze and gold against the evening skies,
When the dews drop and the cricket cries,
And the whippoorwill begins to call.

And the ear will miss at dead of night
This sweet fretting of the mountain stream,
Falling, calling, from its forest height;
Nevermore will come this lost delight, —
Only moans this music in a dream.

Come away! Forget this silence sweet,
Black-green forest slope and sunny rocks;
Leave the wild rose smiling in the heat,
By the broken threshold at our feet, —
Leave all to the brown hawk and the fox.

Mrs. E. R. Lee.

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"UN HOMME CAPABLE."

WHILE all Europe was reading in the ghastly rubric of the flames of Moscow the story of Russia's brave and desperate resistance to the invading armies of Napoleon Bonaparte, a little light which was destined to spread in brightness over the future fate of Russia was burning hidden in the breast of a quiet, modest young student of the Zarskoe-Selo Lyceum (an institution founded by the Empress Catherine for the fashionable education of young Russian noblemen). The extreme views inculcated by its professors — of the French encyclopædist school — did not carry him away, and together with his genial friend, the afterward unfortunate but beloved national poet, Pushkine, the young Gortschakoff kept his moral reputation untarnished. On leaving Zarskoe-Selo, he at once entered the diplomatic service, and in 1822 attended, as *attaché* of Count Nesselrode (Russia's foreign minister during the reigns of Alexander I. and Nicholas I.) the Holy Alliance Conferences at Laybach and Verona.

In 1824 he acted as secretary to Prince Lieven, the Russian ambassador in London, who pronounced the young Gortschakoff "*un homme capable.*" He became *chargé d'affaires* at Florence in 1826, and in 1832 councilor of the Vienna legation, where the sickness and death of Count Stackelberg, the Russian ambassador, gave him an opportunity, though brief, to exercise his diplomatic gifts. Still he received no official distinction earlier than 1842, when he was appointed minister and extraordinary envoy to Stuttgart.

Successful match-making between royal houses has generally been the surest and shortest road for the aspirant to a ministerial portfolio; while, on the other hand, failure in this field has often proved an equally effective barrier to diplomatic promotion. Prince Gortschakoff's chief mission to Stuttgart was to obtain King Wilhelm's consent to the marriage of Prince Karl, heir apparent to the throne of Würtemberg, and the Grand Duchess Olga, his august master's youngest, brightest, and most beloved daughter. The choice of Prince Gortschakoff for a task of such delicacy and exceeding difficulty indicated the Czar's unbounded faith in his capacity.

The aged king of Würtemberg, bearing the reputation of being the most obstinate of all the stiff-necked members of the notoriously self-willed house of Suabia, had set his heart against a Russian marriage, and was supported in this by the general opinion in Würtemberg. To complicate matters, his "harsh treatment of the amiable Catherine Paulowna" had alienated the feelings of the Czar and of St. Petersburg society. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, this was the only alliance worthy of consideration, and Prince Gortschakoff's successful negotiation of it earned for him the lasting gratitude of the Czar, the imperial house, and all Russia.

Although Prince Gortschakoff might then have naturally looked for promotion to the ambassadorship of Vienna or London, — the goals of Russian diplomatic ambition at that time, — he stifled his passionate longing for a larger field of action, and promised the anxious empress mother that he would remain at Stuttgart until the grand duchess should become accustomed to the difficulties of her new position.

For nine years he stayed at Stuttgart, the confidant of all the annoyances to which the opinionated King Wilhelm and the pretentious narrow court etiquette subjected the proud Olga, so used "to the grandeur and easy tone of the Winter Palace."[1] During the eventful years of 1847–50, Prince Gortschakoff closely watched the advance of the turbulent democratic wave which rolled over Europe, and his thoughtful and temperate utterances won the recognition of

[1] See La Société Russe, par un Russe.

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every European cabinet; and especially were his words powerful at Frankfurt, the seat of the United Diet. After the restoration of the old German Diet in 1850, Prince Gortschakoff was appointed ambassador to Frankfurt, whither, a few months later, came Herr Otto von Bismarck, then a young *Landwehr* lieutenant, as first secretary of the Prussian legation. Herr Bismarck's scathing criticism of the German constitution of 1847, his impassioned and fearless defense of the legal rights of the Prussian crown against the very despair of hope, as it were, had at the time deeply impressed Prince Gortschakoff, and the intimate association into which these two staunch defenders of all crown prerogatives were now thrown ripened their mutual respect and admiration into personal friendship, and, as far as the interests of Russia and Germany would permit, into a political friendship, which a conjunction of events contributed to strengthen.

In 1854 Prince Gortschakoff obtained the so long and well deserved position of ambassador at Vienna, but at that period Schwetzer-Hof, with its magnificence and festivities, was anything but a paradise to a Russian ambassador. At this difficult post Prince Gortschakoff fulfilled his duties with signal success, more than once thwarting the Austrian foreign minister's machinations for uniting the Austrian arms with those of the Crimean allies. During the conferences at Vienna, pending the siege of Sebastopol, Prince Gortschakoff's patient moderation half won over France to Russia, and the work thus begun at Vienna was carried forward by Alexeï Orloff at Paris, where a basis was laid for a fuller understanding between the two countries, and also for the resumption of diplomatic relations between Russia and Piedmont. When, in the spring of 1856, Prince Gortschakoff — then nearly sixty years old — succeeded Count Nesselrode as Russia's minister of foreign affairs, he had a task of appalling magnitude before him. The country was financially exhausted; a new and fundamental departure had already been made by the Czar in the internal organization of Russia's administration, and an equally important change of front was required in her foreign affairs. The Holy Alliance had been broken, through Austria's apathy and duplicity before and during the Crimean war, and by her almost hostility to Russia in the conferences of Vienna and Paris.[1]

The Treaty of Paris had stopped the effusion of blood in the Crimea, but the germs of discontent and dissension remained active, and Europe was diplomatically divided into two camps. Austria and England insisted upon the most rigorous and literal interpretation of the Paris treaty, but Prince Gortschakoff had foreseen this, and had prepared for it when so carefully promoting such an understanding between France and Piedmont as inclined them to allow Russia to put the most favorable construction on its stipulations. By means of this triple alliance was the "question of Belgrade" compromised and the creation of Roumania recognized, in spite of Count Buol's ominous declaration that "Austria had quite enough with one Sardinia at the foot of the Alps, without having another at the foot of the Carpathians."

It is true that as far as physical force is concerned the "conspirator of Forli" broke Austrian aggression, but Count Cavour himself declares that while Louis Napoleon vacillated Prince Gortschakoff's firmness held back Austria, and gave him courage to brave Lord Palmerston.

Prince Gortschakoff, the representative of "*despotic Russia*," a year after the day at Tchernaya, was supporting the liberal Piedmont; while free England, owing so much to the bravery of La Marmora's little corps, and whose constitution Piedmont had taken as her guide, had no other comfort to offer than a censure for Piedmont's rupture with Austria and an advice to submission! Not until war between Austria and Piedmont appeared imminent did England awake to the danger, but then

[1] It was in one of these conferences that Count Buol Schauenstein made demands so preposterous that Count Cavour exclaimed, "Austria speaks as if she had taken Sebastopol!"

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only to find her mediation everywhere unwelcome. At Vienna she was advised to counsel the court at Turin; at Turin she was informed that Austria, and not Piedmont, was threatening to disturb the peace. Germany expressed sorrow over the turn of affairs, and Prince Gortschakoff plainly stated that Russia desired peace, was "upon terms of close cordiality with France," but opposed to Austria, who had "behaved disgracefully in return for Russia's services;" that Russia "refrained from counseling anybody;" "but," said he, frankly, "if the peace of Europe be disturbed, I do not tell you on which side you will find the Russian arms." Prince Gortschakoff's answer throws a subtle light on his famous expression, "La Russie ne boude pas; elle se recueille," with which he opened his administration."

When England concentrated her efforts on detaching France from Piedmont, Prince Gortschakoff, through his celebrated circular dispatch of May, 1859, proposing a European congress, blasted Lord Derby's sanguine expectations.

At this period Herr Bismarck was appointed ambassador to St. Petersburg. The manly friendship and political sympathy between the "Junker" and Prince Gortschakoff were now cemented, and in the most critical moment, as their combined efforts were barely sufficient to withhold the *Bund* from joining Austria against Piedmont and France. Napoleon was quick to profit by the hesitation of Germany, and before reflection could change the German policy the Austrians were beaten at Montebello, Magenta, and Solferino, and that strange let-live Villa-Franca peace had been put on record in the red, green, and yellow archives. Lombardy was restored to Italy, but Venetia remained under the heel of Austria. When Piedmont attacked the independent kingdom of Naples, Prince Gortschakoff opposed it, and broke off diplomatic relations with Turin, which were not renewed for many months. But after peace was restored, and Italy had justified her claims to recognition as a nation, Russia was the first power to acknowledge the Italian kingdom (July, 1862).

In 1860, the diplomatic negotiations for a positive improvement of the situation of the Christians in Turkey were regularly opened by the May dispatch of Prince Gortschakoff to the signataries of the Paris treaty. It desired that a common understanding with the Porte might be reached, "in order to engage it to adopt the necessary organic measures for bringing about, in its relations with the Christian populations of the empire, a real, serious, and durable amelioration." "The understanding," said Prince Gortschakoff, "which we wish to see established between the great powers and the Turkish government must be to the Christians a proof that their fate is taken into consideration, and that we are seriously occupied in ameliorating it. At the same time it will be to the Porte a sure pledge of the *friendly intentions of the powers which have placed the conservation of the Ottoman empire among the essential conditions of the European equilibrium.* . . . We trust these views are shared by all cabinets; but we are also convinced that the time for illusion is past, and that any hesitation, any adjournment, will have grave consequences. In uniting all our efforts to place the Ottoman government in a course which may meet these eventualities, we believe that we are giving proof of our solicitude, while at the same time we fulfill a duty of humanity."

England temporized, and the Syrian massacres took place. England and France now saw no alternative but to interfere, and Lord Russell coolly ignored the Porte's plea — based on the ninth clause in the Treaty of Paris — of independence in the internal administration of Turkey. Syria was occupied by English and French troops, and the Porte informed that until the Lebanon constitution (the work of Lord Dufferin, lately governor-general in Canada) was accepted, Syria would remain occupied. Prince Gortschakoff not only approved of this intervention, — which had not, as Russia's proposition, been deemed feasible, and her right to a voice in which

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was now ignored, — but supplemented it with commands to the Russian squadron in Syrian waters to take orders from the British admiral!

Between 1862 and 1864, Prince Gortschakoff won the fairest laurels for his wise and humane policy towards the rebellious Polish nobility, and by his refusal to join France and England in an intervention in the civil war raging in the United States. Though the Polish insurrection pushed itself forward by every foul and treacherous means of which it was able to avail itself, and after the rout and flight of Langewicz's corps, — the only organized Polish army with which the Russians had to deal, — and when it was apparent to the thoughtful that the strength of the insurrection was hopelessly broken, the Czar issued an amnesty (in 1863) evincing motives and sentiments of the utmost magnanimity. This noble amnesty was scornfully rejected by the Red Tribunal at Warsaw, whose machinations had by this time so stirred up Europe that in England, France, Austria, Prussia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, and Denmark the press rang with indignation, and demanded war on the "inhuman Muscovite."

But the Poles sought more than even European sympathy would have secured to them; they would hear nothing of the provisions of 1815; they demanded nothing less than independence, the restoration of the Poland of 1772.

Prince Gortschakoff's position, before so difficult, became critical. He had been chiefly the means of the emancipation decree of the 19th of February, 1861, and with rare skill had neutralized the revolutionary designs of the nobles in St. Petersburg and Moscow; defeating their revenge-scheme for a constitution and for the convocation of a general *Duma*.[1] He had displeased the fanatical orthodox nationals by his lenient course towards Poland, and by staunchly supporting the great reforms introduced by his friend Waluieff, minister of the interior.[2]

When, therefore, France and England began officially to interfere in favor of the Poles, — the sons of the battle comrades of Bonaparte, — Prince Gortschakoff was pushed to the foreground. He had either to submit to an interference in Russia's internal affairs, certainly detrimental, if not ultimately fatal, to her greatness and prestige; or, by allowing the national party a certain influence in the case of Poland, be enabled to present a united front to foreign aggression; or, lastly, to risk a forced resignation, with dubitable results for Russia. Prince Gortschakoff (then vice-chancellor) decided to unite, provisionally, Russia's policy with the claims of the national party which then ruled public opinion. This decision was the deliberate acceptance of the most self-sacrificing ordeal by Prince Gortschakoff. It forced him, a genuine aristocrat, cultivated, refined, and naturally averse to violent and summary measures, not only to disappoint his tried friends, the well-known "Konstantinowzin" triumvirate (Waluieff, Golowin, and Reutern), but to meet the heavy censure of the Philo-Franks and liberal parties; while his own strongest sympathies were being wrenched in political association with such men as Tscherkassky and Katkoff, the terrible Muravieff and the ruthless brothers Milutine, one minister of war, the other secretary of state. He sought also, at this time, to conciliate England by seconding Lord Palmerston's unexpected choice of the Danish Prince George for the disputed throne of Greece, notwithstanding the Czar's personal preference of his nephew, the Prince of Leuchtenberg.

To thwart Austrian machinations, discourage Polish hopes of either French or Austrian intervention, and allay Germany's apprehension of a possible future Franco-Polish alliance, Prince Gortschakoff entered into a military convention with Prussia, limited to the mutual ren-

[1] The Duma (from *dumati*, *to think*, or *to deliberate*) was an ancient form of council convened around and presided over by the grand dukes, its members being chosen exclusively from the higher nobility.

[2] "The most capable, best-informed, and most prudent minister of the interior whom modern Russia has possessed." (La Société Russe, par un Russe.)

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dition of political refugees and deserters, although "absolutely forbidding either open or clandestine pursuit of fugitives" into each other's territory. He secured the pardon of the "Old Believers" of the Byelocrinitz[1] hierocracy (a religio-political conspiracy, plotting in great numbers for over thirty years against the Russian government), and reopened educational institutions to them.

This masterly combination of measures rallied the nation, and enabled Prince Gortschakoff firmly to pursue a steadfast line of action, and pointedly to decline all foreign meddling.

His long and elaborate dispatches are diplomatic *chefs-d'œuvre*, and for their historical erudition, insight, precision, clearness, perspicuity, and cogency, and for their spirit of justice, candor, moderation, and moral honor and dignity, resolutely merging personal feeling in the broadest human considerations, foreshadow the ideal which good men hold of the high mission of diplomacy. His dispatches to France, England, and Austria breathe throughout a fixed determination to maintain the honor and integrity of Russia. Never does he shirk or circumvent an issue, never belittle or evade a point, but with pitiless severity does he expose trickery and falsehood, and anatomize the faithless character of past diplomacy.

The last show of life vanished from the revolution, leaving Poland, as a conquered enemy, in the position of a Russian province whose separate nationality must eventually disappear, and leaving England and France wiser regarding Russia's power and the character and scope of her chancellor's intellect. It was during the previous year that Prince Gortschakoff did the United States of North America that service which should forever be held in remembrance. The Union blockade of the Southern ports and the destructive advance of the Northern armies into the heart of the cotton districts of the South had drawn many a threatening dispatch from France and England, yet neither of these powers were ready to risk the consequences of an intervention without Russia's support. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the French foreign minister, invited Russia to an *entente* with France and England, to propose to the United States a *six months' armistice and reopening of the Southern ports*. The year 1862 was one of the most agitated in Prince Gortschakoff's illustrious career; when the nobles were in a state of excitement bordering on revolution over the emancipation of the serfs, the press was fierce and refractory, and St. Petersburg in danger of a state of siege, especially when the mysterious May conflagrations commenced; Poland and Lithuania were already in revolt, and the judicial and provincial administration decrees of reform added greatly to the confusion. By even a merely passive reply he might have secured the good-will of France and England in the settlement of the difficult Polish affairs; to have joined in the proposed intervention could scarcely have involved any serious results for Russia; but Prince Gortschakoff sent this dispatch to M. d'Oubril, then Russia's chargé d'affaires at Paris: "In reply to the overture of M. Drouyn de Lhuys I reminded the French ambassador of the solicitude which our august master has never ceased to feel in the American conflict from its very outset, — a solicitude caused by the amicable relations existing between the two countries, of which the imperial cabinet has given proofs. I have assured him that nothing could better respond to our wishes than to see approach the termination of a struggle which we deplore, and that to this effect our minister at Washington has instructions to seize every favorable opportunity to recommend moderation and conciliation, so as to appease conflicting passions and lead to a wise settlement of the interests at stake. I admitted that such counsels would certainly

[1] The Starovertzi ("Old Believers") by the government styled Raskolniki, or "heretics," because of their belief that Peter the Great was Antichrist and his reforms unrighteous, for which doctrine they have been persecuted by the government as rebels, are in character national and communistic, and lead a well-ordered active life, though holding in many of their sects absurd tenets. The formidable Pugatscheff belonged to them.

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have greater weight if presented simultaneously and in a friendly manner by the great powers who take an interest in the issue of this conflict. But I added that in our opinion *what ought to be specially avoided was the appearance of any pressure whatsoever of a nature to wound public feeling in the United States and to excite susceptibilities very easily aroused at the bare idea of foreign intervention.* Now, according to the information we have hitherto received, we are inclined to believe that a combined step between France, England, and Russia, no matter how conciliatory and how cautiously made, if it were taken with an official character, would run the risk of *causing precisely the very opposite of the object of pacification*, which is the aim of the three courts."

In 1864, Prince Gortschakoff sought to prevent the Prusso-Austrian war on Denmark, but Lord Russell's absurd four constitutions and the death of King Frederick VII., above all Denmark's violations of the treaty of London (1852), had made it impossible for Prince Gortschakoff to do more for Denmark than remonstrate against the occupation of the duchies. Some writers have made Prince Gortschakoff's early statement that the "Deutsche Bund was a confederation purely and exclusively defensive" a basis for charging him with inconsistency, duplicity, and incapacity, by asserting that notwithstanding this profession he sold both Austria and France, as well as the future of Russia, to the "man of blood and iron." As a fact, whatever Prince Gortschakoff may have felt personally on receiving the news of the battle of Sadowa, it is certain that he was officially far from willing to permit Prussia to settle single-handed with her adversary. He at once proposed that the reorganization of Germany should be made the subject of common deliberation at a European congress. Count Bismarck peremptorily refused to renounce the conqueror's right to reap the legitimate fruits of his victory, and his declaration, in an address delivered shortly after the conclusion of peace, that there was not one power in Europe "which had not witnessed the growth of the Prussian monarchy with envy and ill-will" hardly indicates the existence of such a bargain.

There is indeed little doubt that Prince Gortschakoff would at that time have employed more effective means than remonstrances but for the strong personal ties between the Czar and his revered uncle the German emperor. Prince Gortschakoff energetically protested against the annexation of the North German states.

The attitude of the Polish Catholic clergy during the rebellion, and the consequent religious agitation, led Gortschakoff to forbid, under heavy penalties, all connection between Rome and Poland *without the government's sanction.* The Turkish bombardment of Belgrade in the midst of peace, and the strength developed by the Cretan insurgents, once more drew attention to the East. Austria, excluded from German aspirations, saw in the East a possibility of compensation, and Count Von Beust, the Austrian premier, declared that she wished to promote among the Christians of Turkey "the establishment of a system of autonomy." Prince Gortschakoff was in sympathy with Austria's desire, but declined to act except in concurrence with the signatary powers of the Treaty of Paris.

The antagonism between Prussia and France made both of these powers anxious for Russia's good-will; Italy presented no objections, but England, as usual, evaded and temporized. In a dispatch of September 12, 1866, to Baron Brunnow, Prince Gortschakoff says: "The task of those governments desirous of forestalling sudden change by real, genuine, albeit gradual improvement, is getting incomparably more difficult than it was. But in our opinion this should not cause them to relinquish their task altogether. The English ministers are acquainted with Russian traditions; we have never concealed them, nor shall we disavow them now. We do not want — I repeat it — any new acquisitions, nor have we any desire to add to our authority or importance at any other's cost.

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But we never have been, nor are we now, indifferent to the sufferings of our co-religionists. The sympathy we experience for our co-religionists has been frequently misrepresented, and made a pretext for charging us with secret designs. We maintain that the falsehood of these accusations has been proved by events, and that as the chronicles of history are enriched by experience, the nations of mankind, the views of the cabinets, and the character of their mutual relations must be gradually altered."

Notwithstanding England's apathy in regard to active measures for obtaining actual reforms for the Turkish Christians, Prince Gortschakoff induced Austria, France, and Prussia to recommend the Sultan to cede Crete. The increasing antagonism between France and Prussia, thereafter the publication of the offensive and defensive alliance between North and South Germany, then the Luxembourg question, and finally the Spanish throne succession made united action in the East impossible. In 1867, Prince Gortschakoff felt the burden of state too heavy, and resigned, but at the Czar's request soon resumed the direction of Russia's foreign affairs. Throughout the long, complicated negotiations he actively sought to prevent the Franco-Prussian war, by discountenancing exorbitant demands on either side, and by cautioning Austria against an alliance with France. Austria's fear of a Russo-Prussian or Russo-French alliance led Count von Beust spontaneously to offer Russia a revision of the treaty of 1856 as early as January, 1857, which Prince Gortschakoff had left unanswered.

In June, 1867, Prince Gortschakoff and Counts Shouvaloff and Dolgoroukoff accompanied the Czar to Berlin and Paris, to which latter city King Wilhelm, with Counts Von Bismarck and Von Moltke also proceeded. Napoleon made Prince Gortschakoff the most tempting offers for absolute neutrality in case of a war between France and Prussia, but Prince Gortschakoff demanded as a *sine qua non* that Prussia should not be hurt. Napoleon then withdrew both his and Austria's support of Russia in the East, and advocated Poland's cause. Prince Gortschakoff desired autonomy for the Turkish Christians; France asked for reforms of a nature to lead to a fusion between Mohammedans and Christians. England had confidence in the Sultan, and actively assisted him in the construction of railroads and military highways, with engineers, tacticians, and iron-clads, and in November, 1867, Sir Henry Elliot, the fanatic philo-Turk, succeeded Lord Lyons as ambassador at Constantinople. England, France, and Austria were agreed that "Constantinople would be best defended at Warsaw." The Eastern question was thus simmered down to an inquiry commission of the six powers, and it ended with the acceptance of a Turkish constitution for Crete.

Prince Gortschakoff made an effort to secure Prussia's support in the East, but ineffectually. Again Napoleon made overtures to Russia, but, Prince Gortschakoff insisting upon his original conditions, without result. In 1868, the haughty attitude of Turkey, which relied on the internal dissensions of Europe for having, as usual, her own way, and the murders and outrages upon Bulgarians and Servians had fired with indignation the great orthodox national party. The Russian minister of war, M. Milutine, and General Ignatieff cried, "Now, or never!" Austria, they said, was threatened by Italy, and too weak to offer any resistance; France and Germany were mutually checking each other; England was neither ready nor willing to enter on a single-handed contest with Russia.

Prince Gortschakoff refused to make such use of the situation, and demonstrated that it was unfavorable for any undertaking in that direction. In September, 1868, it became known that French and Austrian emissaries were stirring up the Bulgarians and forming bands, while Austrian troops were massing in Gallicia; at the same time the Roumanian government and press were inflamed against Russia.[1] The papal question

[1] So far did Austria go in demonstrations against Russia that Count Goluchowski, Austrian governor of Gallicia, was allowed to say unchallenged in the

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and the spread of the Spanish insurrection tied Napoleon's hands, and compelled Austria to adopt a more wary policy, and the Polish agitation became paralyzed. Napoleon, relying upon Austria, vented his spleen against Prussia, while Austria sought, though in vain, by assuming a bold front, to intimidate Russia. At the close of 1869 the relations between Russia and Prussia had become exceedingly intimate, and Napoleon saw that a diplomatic *rapprochement* between France and Russia was then further off than ever. The strong philo-Frank party in St. Petersburg discountenanced the affection manifested for Prussia, and the Golos, the national party organ, commenced a severe campaign against a Russo-Prussian alliance, and even went so far as to charge men in high stations in Prussia with secret designs upon the Russian Baltic provinces; and, with very few exceptions, the entire Russian press declared the conviction that Prussia must be thrown over, and France admitted to fellowship. But Prince Gortschakoff remained firm, probably convinced that no reliance could be placed on the Louis Napoleon government, which would one day go to war for an idea, and on another would, without compunction, break the most solemn promise. Finally, Austria's hostile attitude left Russia no alternative but to befriend Prussia, and Austria received a warning not to interfere in a Franco-Prussian war.

Immediately upon the Prussian victory at Metz, Prince Gortschakoff opened the famous diplomatic contest for the abrogation of the Black Sea clause of the Paris treaty. It had taken the combined action of the six powers to force this clause upon the Czar, and he now considered that he was strong enough to force the six powers to take it back. The initiative was wholly due to the Czar's personal instigation, and the announcement was no surprise to Europe; Austria had offered her support for a revision of the Paris treaty in 1867, on condition of an alliance against Prussia, and France had made similar offers in 1869 and 1870. The manner in which and the means whereby Prince Gortschakoff obtained the sanction of the abolishment of the Black Sea clause present his statesmanship in distinct and grand proportions.[1]

The English press expressed warlike sentiments, and Lord Granville severely denounced Russia's proceedings. Prince Gortschakoff's frankness and firmness, his irresistible logic, and yet his entire willingness to lay Russia's grievances before a congress of the signataries of 1856, soon disarmed opposition, and at the instigation of Count Bismarck a conference was convoked at London, where the objectionable clause was abolished, and Russia regained the right to keep naval establishments on the Black Sea coast and a fleet in its waters. He declined English overtures for imposing an armistice on Prussia, and from 1872 to 1875 devoted his energies chiefly to Russia's Asiatic and internal affairs, and to restraining the arrogance of the German nobility in the Baltic provinces. The conquests made in Bokhara and Khiva Khokand were forced on Russia just as those of the Punjaub and Scinde were forced on the British in India. In 1873, an insurrection broke out in Bosnia, which was allayed by Austrian intercession at the Porte. In 1874, Herzegovina rebelled, and the infection spread so rapidly and irresistibly that the great powers took alarm. The troubled state of Croatia and Dalmatia forced Austria to advocate the insurgents' cause.

The convocation of the Brussels conference, for fixing the bases of new laws of nations in time of war, gave the chancellor a merited opportunity, through his profound erudition and statesmanship, to impress the younger generation of ambitious diplomatists with his own and

Gallician parliament, "We Poles have displayed too little perseverance in our previous risings; let us be more consistent this time to secure the continuance of Austria's favor."

[1] Von Beust's organ at first said that Prince Gortschakoff's note "has created a most threatening position, and it will induce the signatary powers of the Treaty of Paris to uphold with firmness and energy the public right thus menaced. The signataries of the treaty of 1856 have every reason to agree to a common course of action in order to resist the designs of Russia."

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the Czar's humanitarian views. Prince Gortschakoff's independence was again signally shown when he refused to acknowledge, as Germany had done, Marshal Serrano's government in Spain. Marshal Serrano soon became merely a Bourbon intriguer.

A detailed and adequate account of Prince Gortschakoff's attitude for the last three years in the Eastern question would transcend the limits of the present paper; but from careful and impartial study of the best informed and least prejudiced writers, I am led to conclusions which I have endeavored to set in concise formula, as follows: First, that Turkish barbarities and misgovernment, together with the Omladina[1] fomentation, and not Russian emissaries, brought about the continued insurrection which ended in Russia's armed intervention in 1877. Second, that, as Professor Goldwin Smith says, in an article on The Slave Owner and the Turk, "it seems that the war was made by the nation; that the autocrat yielded to the national impulse; . . . that Russia had, by European law, as clear a right to succor the Christians in Turkey as the Union had to succor the negro." Third, that Prince Gortschakoff had exhausted all means for arriving at a common understanding with the European powers before going to war. Fourth, that the acceptance by the powers of the Andrassy note admitted substantially that the refusal of one or more of the powers to give it practical application ought not to paralyze the action of the others, as long as their action remained defined by those limits of interest to the principle of which Europe had given collective sanction. Fifth, that the Treaty of Paris, in order to be sanely interpreted, ought to be considered as a complete instrument, whose every clause conditions and complements the rest and the whole. Sixth, that Prince Gortschakoff kept the spirit and letter of every pledge he made, and sought with earnestness and candor to put an end to hostilities at the earliest moment consistent with his promises and with Russia's honor. Seventh, that by the failure of the powers to agree and Russia's declaring war on her own responsibility there were, according to international law, only belligerents and neutrals; that therefore no mediation could be offered, unless asked for by both belligerents and upon similar terms; that peace should be established by and between only those powers who broke it; and that the neutrality conditions could no more justly be violated in the peace treaty than during the war. Eighth, that the San Stefano treaty was calculated to promote the general interests of peace, humanity, and civilization, the collective and material interests of Europe, the interests of belligerents and non-belligerents, far more fully than is the Treaty of Berlin, which is in point of fact another Villa-Franca treaty. Ninth, that the conclusion of the Treaty of Berlin is crowning evidence of the sincerity of Prince Gortschakoff's so often and ardently expressed desire for peace.

The house of Gortschakoff, which until 1871 had been merely "honorable" (*sijatelstwenne*), and then became "most serene" (*swetleischi*), claims to be able to trace its descent from Rurik,[2] and during the last two centuries the name of Gortschakoff is conspicuous in the proudest pages of Russian annals. Several of Russia's greatest generals sprang from the house of Gortschakoff, and it was a Gortschakoff who conducted the peace negotiations of 1829. Another Gortschakoff won the brilliant laurels of Eski-Stamboul, carried Ostrolenka, and later, as generalissimo of the Crimean forces, immortalized his name by his heroic and skillful defense of Sebastopol, especially through saving the Russian army from capture after the fall of the Malakoff; for which high service the Emperor Alexander hailed him the "saviour of his country."

[1] A secret and powerful organization, with the object of establishing a republican Panslavic confederation on the ruins of the Austrian and Ottoman empires.

[2] Rurik was the Swede who, with his brothers, in answer to the fervent invitation of the Slavs, who were worn with ceaseless dissensions, came to Russia in 862, and founded the Russian nation. In 1862 Russia celebrated her millennial anniversary but strictly as a Slavonic event.

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Prince Alexander Michaelowitch Gortschakoff was born in Moscow in 1798. He is a Protestant, and was married to a Princess Ourousoff, who bore him two sons. The eldest, Michel, who assisted his father in the late Berlin congress, was born in 1840, and is at present minister of Russia in Dresden, was secretary of legation at London in 1872; the younger, Constantine, born in 1842, and who was attached to the ministry of foreign affairs at St. Petersburg at the same time, is equerry of the Czar.

The features of Prince Gortschakoff seem to be a delicate and strong combination of those of M. Thiers and Count Cavour; his mouth, especially, is exquisitely chiseled, expressive of his agreeable voice and the gentleness of his usual mood and manner.

Prince Gortschakoff thoroughly knows Russia, her history, needs, prejudices, and weakness as well as strength. He has been utterly loyal to the throne, but without servility, all his acts "bearing the stamp of Prince Gortschakoff, not of the Czar." Without a parliament, he has ruled Russia with Russia's express wish and consent. He has been a staunch defender of the sanctity of treaties, and no treaty to which Russia has been a party has failed of the fullest and most honorable interpretation and support, both active and passive, by Prince Gortschakoff. Frankness, dignity, morality, and the most exhaustive knowledge pervade all his official transactions, and he has throughout proved himself a sincere patriot, the unselfish friend of Russia's welfare and fame. In the beginning of his foreign ministry Prince Gortschakoff seemed inclined for a French alliance, but Napoleon's vacillations, and especially his hostile attitude during the Polish revolution, rendered it impracticable, and with masterly skill Prince Gortschakoff has maintained Russia's complete freedom from all formal engagements and alliances, though he has used temporary unions for intermediate ends. A man of unfathomable resources, impersonal as a public functionary, he has evinced inexhaustible patience and a concessive spirit on all secondary points, but an immovable firmness where real issues were at stake. Prince Gortschakoff has never allowed foreign politics to cripple internal interests, as did nearly every one of his predecessors.

Like Cavour, he believes in liberty, — in the liberty of "a regular system of public guarantees impartially applied and patiently worked out, as free from subterfuge as from violence."

Though Prince Gortschakoff has not had an opportunity to display his skill for parliamentary leadership, his numerous dispatches possess such a grasp of knowledge, such a quick and keen perception of the pith of any question, at once elevating and simplifying its answers, without breaking the order of ideas; such subtle reasoning, and occasionally such incisive sarcasms, that it is clear that had the routine of parliamentary practice been his he would have stood in parliamentary leadership as he now stands among statesmen, as the diplomatic mentor of the nineteenth century, whose career splendidly illuminates Prince Lieven's simple text, *Un Homme Capable!*

Axel C. J. Gustafson.

THE NEGRO EXODUS.

A RECENT sojourn in the South for a few weeks, chiefly in Louisiana and Mississippi, gave the writer an opportunity to inquire into what has been so aptly called "the negro exodus." The emigration of blacks to Kansas began early in the spring of this year. For a time there was a stampede from two or three of the river parishes in Louisiana and as many counties opposite in Mis-

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sissippi. Several thousand negroes (certainly not fewer than five thousand, and variously estimated as high as ten thousand) had left their cabins before the rush could be stayed or the excitement lulled. Early in May most of the negroes who had quit work for the purpose of emigrating, but had not succeeded in getting off, were persuaded to return to the plantations, and from that time on there have been only straggling families and groups that have watched for and seized the first opportunity for transportation to the North. There is no doubt, however, that there is still a consuming desire among the negroes of the cotton districts in these two States to seek new homes, and there are the best reasons for believing that the exodus will take a new start next spring, after the gathering and conversion of the growing crop. Hundreds of negroes who returned from the river-banks for lack of transportation, and thousands of others infected with the ruling discontent, are working harder in the fields this summer, and practicing more economy and self-denial than ever before, in order to have the means next winter and spring to pay their way to the "promised land."

"We 've been working for fourteen long years," said an intelligent negro, in reply to a question as to the cause of the prevailing discontent, "and we ain't no better off than we was when we commenced." That is the negro version of the trouble, which is elaborated on occasion into a harrowing story of oppression and plunder.

"I tell you it 's all owing to the radical politicians at the North," explained a representative of the type known as the Bourbons; "they 've had their emissaries down here, and deluded the 'niggers' into a very fever of emigration, with the purpose of reducing our basis of representation in Congress and increasing that of the Northern States."

These are the two extremes of opinion at the South. The first is certainly the more reasonable and truthful, though it implies that all the blame rests upon the whites, which is not the case; the second, preposterous as it will appear to Northern readers, is religiously believed by large numbers of the "unreconciled." Between these two extremes there is an infinite variety of theories, all more or less governed by the political faction to which the various theorizers belong; there are at least a dozen of these factions, such as the Bourbons, the conservatives, the native white republicans, the carpet-bag republicans, the negro republicans, etc. There is a political tinge in almost everything in the extreme Southern States. The fact seems to be that the emigration movement among the blacks was spontaneous to the extent that they were ready and anxious to go. The immediate notion of going may have been inculcated by such circulars, issued by railroads and land companies, as are common enough at emigrant centres in the North and West, and the exaggeration characteristic of such literature may have stimulated the imagination of the negroes far beyond anything they are likely to realize in their new homes. Kansas was naturally the favorite goal of the negro *émigré*, for it was associated in his mind with the names of Jim Lane and John Brown, which are hallowed to him. The timid learned that they could escape what they have come to regard as a second bondage, and they flocked together to gain the moral support which comes from numbers.

Diligent inquiry among representative men, of all classes and from all parts of Louisiana, who were in attendance at the constitutional convention in New Orleans, and careful observation along the river among the land owners and field hands in both Louisiana and Mississippi, left a vivid impression of some material and political conditions which fully account for the negro exodus. I have dropped the social conditions out of the consideration, because I became convinced that the race troubles at the South can be solved to the satisfaction of both whites and blacks without cultivating any closer social relations than those which now prevail. The material conditions I have in mind are less familiar than the political conditions; they are mainly the land-tenure and credit sys-

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tems, and mere modifications (scarcely for the better) of the peculiar plantation system of slavery days.

The cotton lands at the South are owned now, as they were before the war, in large tracts. The land was about all that most of the Southern whites had left to them after the war, and they kept it when they could, at the first, in the hope that it would yield them a living through the labor of the blacks; of late years they have not been able to sell their plantations at any fair price, if they desired to do so. The white men with capital who went to the South from the North after the war seemed to acquire the true Southern ambition to be large land owners and planters; and when the ante-bellum owners lost their plantations the land usually went in bulk to the city factors who had made them advances from year to year, and had taken mortgages on their crops and broad acres. As a consequence, the land has never been distributed among the people who inhabit and cultivate it, and agricultural labor in the Southern States approaches the condition of the factory labor in England and the Eastern States more nearly than it does the farm labor of the North and West. Nearly every agricultural laborer north of Mason and Dixon's line, if not the actual possessor of the land he plows, looks forward to owning a farm some time; at the South such an ambition is rare, and small ownership still more an exception. The practice of paying day wages was first tried after the war; this practice is still in vogue in the sugar and rice districts, where laborers are paid from fifty to seventy cents per day, with quarters furnished and living guaranteed them at nine or ten cents a day. In sections where the wages system prevails, and where there have been no political disturbances, the negroes seem to be perfectly contented; at all events, the emigration fever has not spread among them. But it was found impracticable to maintain the wages system in the cotton districts. The negroes themselves fought against it, because it reminded them too much of the slave-gang, driven out at daybreak and home at sundown. In many cases the planters were forced to abandon it, because they had not the means to carry on such huge farming, and they could not secure the same liberal advances from capitalists as when they were able to mortgage a growing "crop of niggers." Then the system of working on shares was tried. This was reasonably fair, and the negro laborers were satisfied as long as it lasted. The owners of the land, under this system, would furnish the indispensable mule and the farming implements, and take one half the product. The planters themselves relinquished this system. Some of them contend that the laziness and indifference of the negro made the partnership undesirable; many others admit that they were not able to advance the negro tenant his supplies pending the growth of the year's crop, as it was necessary they should do under the sharing system. Now the renting system is almost universal. It yields the land owner a certainty, endangered only by the death, sickness, or desertion of the negro tenant; but it throws the latter upon his own responsibility, and frequently makes him the victim of his own ignorance and the rapacity of the white man. The rent of land, on a money basis, varies from six to ten dollars an acre per year, while the same land can be bought in large quantities all the way from fifteen to thirty dollars per acre, according to location, clearing, improvement, richness, etc. When paid in product, the rent varies from eighty to one hundred pounds of lint cotton per acre for land that produces from two hundred to four hundred pounds of cotton per acre; the tenant undertakes to pay from one quarter to one half — perhaps an average of one third — of his crop for the use of the land, without stock, tools, or assistance of any kind. The land owners usually claim that they make no money even at these exorbitant figures. If they do not, it is because only a portion of their vast possessions is under cultivation, because they do no work themselves, and in some cases because the negroes do not cultivate and gather as large a crop as they could and ought

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to harvest. It is very certain that the negro tenants, as a class, make no money; if they are out of debt at the end of a season, they have reason to rejoice.

The credit system, which is as universal as the renting system, is even more illogical and oppressive. The utter viciousness of both systems in their mutual dependence is sufficiently illustrated by the single fact that, after fourteen years of freedom and labor on their own account, the great mass of the negroes depend for their living on an advance of supplies (as they need food, clothing, or tools during the year) upon the pledge of their growing crop. This is a generic imitation of the white man's improvidence during the slavery times; then the planters mortgaged their crops and negroes, and where one used the advances to extend his plantation, ten squandered the money. The negro's necessities have developed an offensive race, called merchants by courtesy, who keep supply stores at the cross-roads and steamboat landings, and live upon extortion. These people would be called sharks, harpies, and vampires in any Northwestern agricultural community, and they would not survive more than one season. The country merchant advances the negro tenant such supplies as the negro wants up to a certain amount, previously fixed by contract, and charges the negro at least double the value of every article sold to him. There is no concealment about the extortion; every store-keeper has his cash price and his credit price, and in nearly all cases the latter is one hundred per cent. higher than the former. The extortion is justified by those who practice it on the ground that their losses by bad debts, though their advances are always secured by mortgage on the growing crop, overbalance the profits; this assertion is scarcely borne out by the comparative opulence of the "merchant" and the pitiful poverty of the laborer. Some of the largest and wealthiest planters have sought to protect their tenants from the merciless clutches of the country merchant, who is more frequently than not an Israelite, by advancing supplies of necessary articles at reasonable prices. But the necessities of the planter, if not his greed, often betray him into plundering the negro. The planter himself is generally a victim to usury. He still draws on the city factor to the extent of ten dollars a bale upon his estimated crop. He pays this factor two and one half per cent. commission for the advance, eight per cent. interest for the money, two and one half per cent. more for disposing of the crop when consigned to him, and sometimes still another commission for the purchase of the supplies. The planter who furnishes his tenants with supplies on credit is usually paying an interest of fifteen to eighteen per cent. himself, and necessarily takes some risk in advancing upon an uncertain crop and to a laborer whom he believes to be neither scrupulous nor industrious; these conditions necessitate more than the ordinary profit, and in many cases suggest exorbitant and unreasonable charges. But whether the negro deals with the merchant or the land owner, his extravagance almost invariably exhausts his credit, even if it be large. The negro is a sensuous creature, and luxurious in his way. The male is an enormous consumer of tobacco and whisky; the female has an inordinate love for flummery; both are fond of sardines, potted meats, and canned goods generally, and they indulge themselves without any other restraint than the refusal of their merchant to sell to them. The man who advances supplies watches his negro customers constantly; if they are working well and their crop promises to be large, he will permit and even encourage them to draw upon him liberally; it is only a partial failure of the crop, or some intimation of the negro's intention to shirk his obligations, that induces his country factor to preach the virtue of self-restraint, or moralize upon the advantages of economy.

The land owner's rent and the merchant's advances are both secured by a chattel mortgage on the tenant's personal property, and by a pledge of the growing crop. The hired laborer (for it is common for negroes to work for

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wages for other negroes who rent lands) has also a lien upon the growing crops second only to the land owner's; but as the law requires that the liens shall be recorded, which the ignorant laborer usually neglects and the shrewd merchant never fails to do, the former is generally cheated of his security. Among those who usually work for hire are the women, who are expert cotton pickers, and the loss of wages which so many of them have suffered by reason of the prior lien gained by landlord and merchant has helped to make them earnest and effective advocates of emigration. The Western farmer considers it hard enough to struggle under one mortgage at a reasonable interest; the negro tenant begins his season with three mortgages, covering all he owns, his labor for the coming year, and all he expects to acquire during that period. He pays one third his product for the use of the land; he pays double the value of all he consumes; he pays an exorbitant fee for recording the contract by which he pledges his pound of flesh; he is charged two or three times as much as he ought to pay for ginning his cotton; and, finally, he turns over his crop to be eaten up in commissions, if anything still be left to him. It is easy to understand why the negro rarely gets ahead in the world. This mortgaging of future services, which is practically what a pledge of the growing crop amounts to, is in the nature of bondage. It has a tendency to make the negro extravagant, reckless, and unscrupulous; he has become convinced from previous experience that nothing will be coming to him on the day of settlement, and he is frequently actuated by the purpose of getting as much as possible and working as little as possible. Cases are numerous in which the negro abandons his own crop at picking time, because he knows that he has already eaten up its full value; and so he goes to picking for wages on some other plantation. In other cases, where negroes have acquired mules and farming implements upon which a merchant has secured a mortgage in the manner described, they are practically bound to that merchant from year to year, in order to retain their property: if he removes from one section to another, they must follow him, and rent and cultivate lands in his neighborhood. It is only the ignorance, the improvidence, and the happy disposition of the negro, under the influence of the lazy, drowsy climate, to which he is so well adapted physically, that have enabled him to endure these hardships so long. And, though the negro is the loser, the white man is not often the gainer, from this false plantation and mercantile system. The incidental risk may not be so large as the planter and merchant pretend, but the condition of the people is an evidence that the extortion they practice yields no better profit in the long run than would be gained by competition in fair prices on a cash system; and in leading up to a general emigration of the laboring population the abuses described will eventually ruin and impoverish those who have heretofore been the only beneficiaries thereof. The decay of improvements inevitable under annual rentings, the lack of sufficient labor to cultivate all the good land, and the universal idleness of the rural whites have kept the land owners comparatively poor; the partial failure of crops and the unscrupulousness of the negro debtor, engendered by the infamous exactions of his creditor, have prevented the merchants, as a class, from prospering as much as might be supposed; and, finally, the uniform injustice to the laborers induces them to fly to ills they know not of, rather than bear those they have. It is a blessing to the negro that the laws do not yet provide for a detention of the person in the case of debt, or escape would be shut off entirely; as it is, various influences and circumstances appertaining to the system in vogue have been used to prevent the easy flight of those who desire to go, and have detained thousands of blacks for a time who are fretting to quit the country.

Political oppression has contributed largely to the discontent which is the prime cause of the exodus. "Bulldoz-

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ing" is the term by which all forms of this oppression are known. The native whites are generally indisposed to confess that the negroes are quitting the country on account of political injustice and persecution; even those who freely admit and fitly characterize the abuses already described seek to deny, or at least belittle, the political abuses. The fact that a large number of negroes have emigrated from Madison Parish, Louisiana, where there has never been any bulldozing, and where the negroes are in full and undisputed political control, is cited as proof that political disturbances cut no figure in the case. But the town of Delta, in Madison Parish, is at once on the river and the terminus of a railroad that runs back through the interior of the State; thus Madison Parish would furnish the natural exit for the fugitives from the adjoining counties, where there have been political disturbances. It would be just as reasonable to contend that the plundering of the negroes has had no influence in driving them away, since many of those who have emigrated were among the most prosperous of the blacks, as to deny the agency of political persecution. Families that had been able to accumulate a certain amount of personal property, in spite of the extortionate practices, sold their mules, their implements, their cows, their pigs, their sheep, and their household goods for anything they would bring, — frequently as low as one sixth of their value, — in order that they might improve an immediate opportunity to go away; it is evident that there must have been some cause outside of extortion in their case. There are candid native whites who do not deny, but justify, the violent methods which have been employed to disfranchise the negroes, or compel them to vote under white dictation, in many parts of Louisiana and Mississippi, on the ground that the men who pay the taxes should vote them and control the disbursement of the public moneys. The gentlemen who advance this argument seem to ignore the fact that the very Northerner whom they are seeking to convert to "the Mississippi plan" may himself be a taxpayer in some Northern city, where public affairs are controlled by a class of voters in every way as ignorant and irresponsible as the blacks, but where bulldozing has never yet been suggested as a remedy. For the rest, the evidences of political oppression are abundant and convincing. The bulldozers as a class are more impecunious and irresponsible than the negroes, and, unlike the negroes, they will not work. There has been more of the "night-riding," the whippings, the mysterious disappearances, the hangings, and the terrorism comprehended in the term bulldozing than has been reported by those "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," the Southern newspapers, which are now all of one party, and defer to the ruling sentiment among the whites. The exodus has wrung from two or three of the more candid and independent journals, however, a virtual confession of the fiendish practices of bulldozing in their insistance that these practices must be abandoned. The non-resident land owners and the resident planters, the city factors and the country merchants of means and respectability, have taken no personal part in the terrorizing of the negro, but they have tolerated it, and sometimes encouraged it, in order to gratify their preference for "white government." The negroes have suffered the more because they have not resisted and defended themselves; now they have begun to convince those who have persecuted them that, if they will not strike back, they can and will run away. No one who is at all familiar with the freedman can doubt that the abridgment of his political rights has been one of the main causes of the exodus. Voting is widely regarded at the North as a disagreeable duty, but the negro looks upon it as the highest privilege in life; to be frightened out of the exercise of this privilege, or compelled to exercise it in conflict with his convictions and preferences, is to suffer from a cruel injustice, which the negro will now try to escape, since he has learned that escape is possible. The women, though free from personal assaults, suffer from the terror-

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ism that prevails in certain districts as much as the men. "We might as well starve or freeze to death in Kansas," they say, "as to be shot-gunned here." If they talk to you in confidence, they declare that the ruling purpose is to escape from the "slaughter-pens" of the South. Political persecution, and not the extortion they suffer, is the refrain of all the speakers at negro meetings that are held in encouragement and aid of the emigration. It is idle to deny that the varied injustice which the negroes have suffered as voters is accountable for a large part of their universal yearning for new homes, and it will be folly for the responsible classes at the South to ignore this fact.

As it is the negroes who are fleeing from the South, it is natural to look among the dominant class for the injustice which is driving them away; but it would be unfair to conclude that the blame rests entirely upon the whites, and still more so to leave the impression that there is no extenuation for the mistakes and abuses for which the whites are responsible. Much of the intimidation of the blacks has been tolerated, if not suggested, by a fear of negro uprisings. The apprehension is a legacy from the days of slavery, and is more unreasonable now than it was then; but still it exists. This is not an excuse, but an explanation. The Pharaohs of the time of Moses were in constant dread lest the Hebrews under their rule should go over to their enemies, and their dread doubtless increased the cruelty of the Egyptians; but, while this dread was an extenuation in the eyes of the persecutors, it did not prevent the Hebrews from fleeing the persecution. So the blacks are going without regard to the justification which the whites may set up for their treatment; the only difference between the old and new exodus is that, as the writer heard one negro speaker express it, "every black man is his own Moses in this exodus." The negro may be lazy; it seems impossible to be otherwise in the Southern climate. He may not be willing to work on Saturdays, no matter how urgent the necessity; the indulgence in holidays is said to be one of the chief drawbacks to the advancement of the emancipated serfs of Russia. The blacks are certainly extravagant in their way, though the word seems to be almost misused in connection with a race who live largely on pork and molasses, and rarely wear more than half a dollar's worth of clothes at one time. They have not the instinct of home as it prevails among the whites, but incline to a crude and unsystematic communism; the negro quarters of the old plantations are all huddled together in the centre, and, except where the land owners have interfered to encourage a different life, there is still too much promiscuousness in the relation of the sexes. The negro, as a rule, has no ambition to become a land owner; he prefers to invest his surplus money, when he has any, in personal and movable property. In most cases where the blacks have been given the opportunity of buying land on long time, and paying yearly installments out of the proceeds of their annual crops, they have tired of the bargain after a year or two, and abandoned the contract. The negro politicians and preachers are not all that reformers and moralists would have them; the imitative faculty of the African has betrayed the black politician into many of the vicious ways of the white politician, and the colored preacher is frequently not above "the pomps and vanity of this wicked world." All this is the more unfortunate, as the blacks have a child-like confidence in their chosen leaders, founded partly on their primitive character, and partly on their distrust of the native whites. Both their politicians and their preachers have given abundant evidence of their insincerity during the excitement of emigration by blowing hot and blowing cold; by talking to the negroes one way, and to the whites another; and even to the extent, in some instances, of taking money to use their influence for discouraging and impeding emigration. These are some of the faults and misfortunes on the part of the blacks which enter into the race troubles. The chief blame which attaches to the whites is the failure to make a persistent effort,

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by education and kind treatment, to overcome the distrust and cure the faults of the negroes. The whites control, because they constitute the "property and intelligence" of the South, to use the words of a democratic statesman; this power should have been used to gain the confidence of the blacks. Had such a course been taken, there would not have been the fear of reënslavement, which actually prevails to a considerable extent among the negroes. So long as a portion of the whites entertain the conviction that the war of the sections will be renewed within a few years, as is the case, the negroes will suspect and dread the class who would treat them as enemies in case the war should come, and will seek to escape to a section of the country where they would not be so treated. Perhaps, too, there would have been a voluntary political division among the black voters, had the whites used more pacific means to bring it about, and had they themselves set the example. And last, but not least, in making up the sum of blame that the whites must bear, is their own unwillingness to labor, which gives the rural population too much time for mischief and too little sympathy with the working classes.

As we have traced the causes that have led to the exodus, and described the conditions which warrant the belief that there will be a renewal of the emigration on a more extended scale next spring, and endeavored to distribute the responsibility for the troubles equitably among whites and blacks, remedies have naturally suggested themselves to the reader; in fact, they are more easily to be thought out than accomplished. A few general reflections may be added, however, in order to indicate the probable solution of the race troubles that have brought about the exodus, if, indeed, the whites and blacks of the South are ever going to live together in peace.

(1.) It is certain that negro labor is the best the South can have, and equally certain that the climate and natural conditions of the South are better suited to the negro than any others on this continent. The alluvial lands, which many persons believe the negroes alone can cultivate, on account of climatic conditions, are so rich that it might literally be said it is only necessary to tickle them with a hoe to make them laugh back a harvest. The common prosperity of the country — the agricultural interests of the South and the commercial interests of the North — will be best served, therefore, by the continued residence and labor of the blacks in the cotton States.

(2.) The fact stated in the foregoing paragraph is so well understood at the North that the Southern people should dismiss the idea that there is any scheming among the Northern people, political or otherwise, to draw the black labor away from its natural home. The same fact should also influence the people at the North not to be misled by any professional philanthropists who may have some self-interest in soliciting aid to facilitate negro emigration from the South. The duty of the North in this matter is simply to extend protection and assure safe-conduct to the negroes, if the Southern whites attempt to impede voluntary emigration by either law or violence. Any other course might be cruel to the negro in encouraging him to enter on a new life in a strange climate, as well as an injustice to the white land owners of the South.

(3.) There is danger that the Southern whites will, as a rule, misinterpret the meaning of the exodus. Many are inclined to underrate its importance, and those who appreciate its significance are apt to look for temporary and superficial remedies. The vague promises made at the Vicksburg convention, which was controlled by the whites, and called to consider the emigration movement, have had no influence with the negroes, because they have heard such promises before. Had the convention adopted some definite plan of action, such as ex-Governor Foote, of Mississippi, submitted, its session might not have been in vain. This plan was to establish a committee in every county, composed of men who have the confidence of both whites and blacks, that should be auxiliary to the

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public authorities, listen to complaints, and arbitrate, advise, conciliate, or prosecute, as each case should demand. It is short-sighted for the Southern people to make mere temporary concessions, such as have been made in some cases this year, for that course would establish an annual strike. It is folly for them to suppose they can stem the tide of emigration by influencing the regular lines of steamboats not to carry the refugees, for the people of the North will see that the blacks shall not be detained in the South against their will. It is unwise for them to devise schemes for importing Chinese, or encouraging the immigration of white labor as a substitute for negro labor, when they may much better bestir themselves to make the present effective labor content.

(4.) Education will be the most useful agent to employ in the permanent harmonizing of the two races, and the redemption of both from the faults and follies which constitute their troubles. It is not the education of the negro alone, whose ambition for learning is increasing notably with every new generation, but the education of the mass of the young whites, that is needed to inculcate more tolerance of color and opinion, to give them an aspiration beyond that of riding a horse and hanging a "nigger," and to enable them to set a better example to the imitative blacks in the way of work and frugality. The blacks need the education to protect them from designing white men; the whites need it to teach them that their own interests will be best served by abandoning bulldozing of all kinds.

(5.) Reform in the land tenure, by converting the plantation monopolies into small holdings; abolition of the credit system, by abandoning the laws which sustain it; a diversification of crops; and attention to new manufacturing, maritime, and commercial enterprises, — these are the material changes that are most needed. They can be secured only through the active and earnest efforts of the whites. The blacks will be found responsive.

(6.) The hope of the negro exodus at its present stage, or even if it shall continue another season, is that the actual loss of the valuable labor that has gone, and the prospective loss of more labor that is anxious to go, will induce the intelligent and responsible classes at the South to overcome their own prejudices, and to compel the extremists, irreconcilables, and politicians generally, of all parties, to abandon agitation, and give the South equal peace and equal chance for black and white.

James B. Runnion.

RECENT FRENCH AND GERMAN ESSAYS.

NEXT to the joy of sitting down to discuss a neighbor's habits, his moral turpitude, and the way he squanders his income, comes that of reading an intelligent book about a foreign country. This need not be a book of travels, for interest in them is felt by only a few people, while it would be hard to find any one who reads at all who does not care for the full studies certain writers give us about countries not their own. If it is our own land that is written about, our pleasure is apt to be tempered by quicker perceptions or suspicions of inaccuracy and prejudice than when it is our neighbors who are under discussion.

This being the case in general, one's feeling about any particular book depends of course upon the skill and knowledge of the writer; and when France is made the subject of a volume by an author who knows the land so well as does Mr. Karl Hillebrand, we have every cause for gratitude. This gentleman has lived

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there twenty years, and he knows France thoroughly. The mere fact of residence in a place does not make a man capable of writing about it, but this author is a trained observer, a careful student, and a good writer. This is the third edition of his Frankreich und die Franzosen,[1] an old book noticed in these columns shortly after its appearance in 1873. He has retained almost all the original matter, and has added enough to make the volume nearly double its previous size.

Besides our interest in France, there is another thing that makes this book valuable, and that is our ignorance of the country. Even Paris is not well known by the majority of travelers, however familiar they may be with one or more of its many sides; yet Paris is but a part of the complex country, although the most important part. Our ignorance of the country is not wholly our own fault. Frenchmen talk a great deal without being communicative. They discuss their private affairs in preference before an interested audience, yet they successfully elude observation whenever they wish to protect themselves. Their domestic life is concealed from foreigners almost as effectually as is that of Eastern ladies. Moreover, they do not tell their secrets in their literature, as the English do. The vast number of English novels photograph, with more or less exactness, the habits of the writer's fellow-countrymen, while the French, for the most part, leave the delineation of real life, and take up a more or less artificial discussion of imaginary beings, playing about what is more a literary puzzle than it is anything else.

Again, no one can fail to be interested in the French. For one thing, they are a most logical race, and in all that they do they try to carry out their convictions without temporizing and without dread of the consequences. They believe in reason, and since there is nothing that cannot be proved to the satisfaction of those who listen to but one side, it would be hard to draw a line which should exclude all the vagaries of the French race on social questions, for instance, and social questions cover a good deal of ground on which they are never tired of experimenting. Where the English modify their plans by doing what seems practicable rather than right; where the Germans form theories and do almost nothing at all, the French act with all the wild inconsistency of logic when taken for a rule of life. For, after all, one might as well try to regulate his deeds by the higher mathematics as by those neat theories which crumble to dust at the first touch of experience.

This desire that the French show to set things right on paper first, and then in action, according to the determined rules, is doubtless one cause of the — contempt would be too strong a word — of the sense of superiority, of amused interest, that some people of other races have in talking about the Gauls. Their intellectual activity often counts for nothing, and foreigners are often as much pleased at their shipwrecks as are conservative farmers, who frown upon new-fangled machinery, when a bold experimenter with steam-plows, or the like, comes to grief.

Now, since hatred implies a certain amount of respect, there is no unfairer way of looking at another nation than with contempt; the French themselves have suffered from doing this. As the French are always regarded as licensed merry-makers, they are continually surprising the world. It has always been one of the stock phrases of those people who, as Paul Heyse says, employ commonplaces to keep the world in its old mistakes, that the French could never have a republic; yet they have one, and their conduct under their new government has surprised every one. As to the elements that have combined to form it and the chances it has of living, it would be hard to find a book with fuller information than this of Mr. Hillebrand's.

The principal part, which is not seriously altered from the first edition, contains a careful and apparently accurate study of many of the peculiarities of French character and French life. This,

[1] *Frankreich und die Franzosen.* Von KARL HILLEBRAND. Berlin: Oppenheim. Boston. C. Schönhof. 1879.

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with all respect be it said, is still what is best worth reading in the book, for the simple reason that it is easier to describe the past than the future, and that Mr. Hillebrand's prophecies — while it must be said that he has a noteworthy knack at reading the future — cannot command universal assent. At any rate, reading prophecies is very much like what it would be, if such a thing were possible, to read the history of America if Columbus's ship had foundered when ten days out, or if George Washington and Benedict Arnold had been exchanged in the cradle. We can trust a good many men to tell us whether or not it snowed last Thursday, but we may doubt their forecasting of the weather three weeks hence.

Yet Mr. Hillebrand prophesies nothing very terrible. A sort of enlightened despotism, a liberal Cæsarism, is what he sees in the future, and it may be thus; at any rate Mr. Hillebrand thinks this may be the best thing for the French, all things considered. It will be noticed that he still regards them as children who need discreet encouragement, and, above all, constant oversight: they cannot manage their own affairs. After all, while this view of the country is but one of the most common of contemporary commonplaces, it must not be forgotten that there is at times a great deal of truth in commonplaces.

Mr. Hillebrand puts Renan on the stand as a witness on his side, for the government, it might be said; and surely he would have to go far to find a man of such authority, such learning, and one whose testimony would be more insidiously persuasive. Yet is there not a certain quality which borders on the vice known as priggishness in Renan's somewhat sniffing, disdainful abhorrence of the course events are taking? It is certainly sad to see that the art of conversation is dying out in France; that elegance is giving way to a desire for crude exactness in literary matters; in a word, that the earth is turning; but that everything is going by the board at once is what many old men have feared, and but few of their descendants have seen happen. One cannot help thinking of those times when great changes have begun to show themselves, and there was a general dread of the consequences. How it must have seemed to Frenchmen, at the end of the last century, as if everything that made life valuable was going! Yet this century has been not wholly devoid of charm, especially to those whose business it has been to decry it. Still, there is nothing to show that the old ways will last forever, any more than there is indubitable proof that all change must be for the worse. At any rate, repining cannot help matters.

While it is hard to find any sure footing between despair and hopefulness, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Hillebrand does not look so completely on the dark side of affairs as Renan does. Though this is not the part of the book where he is at his best, what Mr. Hillebrand has to say is well worth reading, like everything he writes. One cannot despair of a country that has recovered from its defeat in the way that France has done in the last eight years.

The Vicomte d'Haussonville has just published a volume containing four essays, — upon Prescott, Lord Brougham, Michelet, and George Sand.[1] These essays are not at first sight exceptionally attractive, on account of a certain lack of novelty in the subject, but on closer examination they will be found intelligent and interesting. What M. d'Haussonville has to say about Mr. Prescott is for the most part exact, — for it is easy to pardon a foreigner for calling Mr. George Bancroft an ex-vice-president, — and it is certainly gratifying, though fortunately by no means unusual, to find a European critic who judges so clearly and describes so accurately good work like that of Mr. Prescott's.

The paper on Lord Brougham may be left unread, for there must be a large number of people who feel that they already know quite as much about that famous man as they wish to know. With

[1] *Etudes Biographiques et Littéraires.* Par M. le Vicomte d'Haussonville. Paris: C. Lévy. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

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the last two essays it is different: Michelet is a man whom it is not at all easy to understand, and he is more likely to be set before us properly by a Frenchman than by a foreigner, who might not have patience with his extraordinary ways. While it is true, as Mr. Hillebrand says of the French in general, that they look much more closely at what will be useful to them; in short, that they are, so to speak, without any ideal, yet there are many exceptions to the general rule who are filled with nothing but the ideal, and never touch the practical side of things. Such a man was Michelet, — to whom Charles Kingsley bore a vague resemblance, — and it is curious to read about his lectures at the Collège de France, where his discursive style in course of time brought him into bad odor with his scandalized colleagues. At a formal meeting, called for the purpose of giving expression to their dissatisfaction, he appealed to one old gentleman, who said, "M. Michelet, you are professor of history and morality, but in your lectures I find neither history nor morality." And that anecdote well illustrates the man, who was as unscientific as an ancient prophet, but made up for this by fierce devotion to science and by a sort of poetical force, through which he has left his mark on this generation.

George Sand, again, has been made the subject of a good many essays, and sometimes she has been praised unduly, and at other times criticised with real harshness. On the whole, it may be held with certainty that nothing which can pass for even a short time as the last word has yet been said about her. Mr. Matthew Arnold's essay on her certainly leaves much to be said, and while M. d'Haussonville is in no way startlingly original, he has written what is certainly a very careful study of the famous novelist. Indeed, it might not be too much to add that this is, for information and intelligent criticism, probably the best thing that has yet been written about George Sand; for the main trouble with many other criticisms of her work has been that they were either full of indiscreet praise, or altogether too flippant. What M. d'Haussonville has done is to examine in turn each one of her books, and to show what relation it bears to the others as well as to her own varied course of thought. This is done well.

M. Jules Soury, a gentleman who is on bad terms with Christianity, has laid aside for a few moments his favorite occupation of decrying religions of all kinds, to publish in a small volume a few intelligent essays about some more or less well-known people. Why Schopenhauer should be included in a book bearing the title of Portraits of the Eighteenth Century [1] is not clear, yet the reader need not be deterred by the apparent error from running over a sufficiently agreeable little paper on the German philosopher of this century. Of more value than that book notice is the essay on Restif de la Bretonne, one of those writers who make foreigners wonder what the French mean when they speak of English eccentricity. This is one of the two tolerably complete papers in the volume, and it well deserves the attention of those who care for a painstaking study of a curious writer. The other serious essay is one on Fréron, the critic and antagonist of Voltaire.

M. Soury, besides having something to say, writes well; not with the somewhat uninteresting accuracy of M. d'Haussonville, but with briskness and alertness. In short, he is rapidly winning his way to a very respectable position among the younger French authors. In time he will outgrow his somewhat boyish glee over his freedom from orthodox opinions, — there is no sign of any indecent exultation, by the way, in this volume, — and his information on a number of interesting topics and his literary skill can hardly fail to bring him many readers. On the whole, French authors are generally successful in the essay, — perhaps more successful there than in other branches of literature. Almost every Frenchman writes with ease and grace, and that is more than can be said

[3] *Portraits du XVIII^e Siècle.* Par M. Jules Soury. Paris: Charpentier. Boston: C. Schönhof. 1879.

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concerning German and English writers. The essay, being most like talk, should have all the lightness and smoothness of good conversation; yet this is not always found outside of France, although it is common enough there. Still the French, being human, sometimes exaggerate their merits, as when Renan, in his Lettre à un Ami d'Allemagne (Paris: Lévy. 1879) page 2, says, "the world will appreciate you [Germans] exactly, only so far as we shall interpret you," — a statement that limits the world to but one country of Europe. It is to be remembered, however, that Renan can scarcely be called a representative Frenchman.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Since the death of the Hon. Charles Sumner, no event has so stirred the popular heart as the decease of William Lloyd Garrison. In the highest signification of the term, he was preëminently a fortunate man: fortunate in the circumstances of his life, even when they seemed most adverse; and especially was he blessed to fall asleep in the arms of domestic affection, honored by the wise and good, and blessed with the grateful benediction of the poor. All the events of his career seemed to curve naturally toward the completion of a circle; and this because habitual unselfishness was the pivot around which they revolved.

He was fortunate in being early subjected to the rigid discipline of poverty, which developed his energies and strengthened his will, as the muscles of a blacksmith have their power increased by the weight of his hammer and the hardness of the material on which he works. It is not easy to overestimate the blessed results of early self-denial and the necessity to labor. "The good Goddess of Poverty teaches her children the secret of God, of which she knows more than all the doctors and all the bishops. She is their robust nurse, their church militant."

It was another piece of rare good fortune that Mr. Garrison, at an early period, devoted his life to a distinct purpose, — a purpose which exercised his faculties, and at the same time consecrated them to high uses. Intellectually, he was by no means a remarkable man. He had not the profoundness of Emerson, the brilliancy of Phillips, or Whittier's visions of truth draped in poetic beauty. He simply had strong, practical good sense; but this was combined with intense moral earnestness, and the hammer and the fire together molded the hardest materials into the shape he willed.

It was a common charge against him that he used harsh and abusive language; and he undoubtedly had a predilection for strong epithets, which I think was partly owing to his being very thoroughly imbued with the phraseology of the Bible. Believing that the constitution of the United States had deliberately made a compromise with slavery, he called it "a covenant with death." The statement was true, but not considered sufficiently respectful toward the framers of that instrument. It was sometimes said of him that he needed to be prayed for after the fashion of a Massachusetts minister in the olden time, who thus petitioned the throne of grace in behalf of a brother clergyman: "We pray thee to teach him more moderation in his speech; for thou knowest, O Lord, that he will take a beetle to brush a fly from a man's face, when a feather would do as well." This was not, however, strictly applicable to Mr. Garrison; for he was dealing with something more formidable than flies, and weapons stronger than feathers were needed. He roused his audiences as no coiner of smooth and elegant phrases could possibly have done.

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Samuel J. May, whom he always stirred to the depths of his gentle nature, after listening to the vehement outpourings of his righteous indignation, exclaimed, "Why, Brother Garrison, you are all on fire!" To which Mr. Garrison replied, with characteristic solemnity of voice and manner, "Brother May, I have *need* to be all on fire, for I have mountains of ice around me to melt." Margaret Fuller, in answer to the charge of hard language, on the part of Mr. Garrison, said, "It is no wonder that he speaks loud, when he has so long been calling to deaf people."

His character, had, undoubtedly, a strong stamp of Puritanism, partly in his organization, and partly the result of being reared in an atmosphere of Calvinism. But, though he was always stern and uncompromising in the rebuke of wrong, those who knew him well were aware of an undertone of deep tenderness in his feelings. It was, in fact, a genuine love for his fellow-men that rendered him so severe in his denunciations of oppression. Any contemptuous estimate of human beings, whether they were women, negroes, or Chinese, kindled his indignation, and he never paused to measure the fashion of its utterance. But when he encountered a reasonable, manly antagonist, no one could be more courteous in debate than he. While traveling on a steamboat, he accidentally fell into conversation with a stranger, who proved to be a South Carolinian. The subject of slavery was almost immediately introduced, for in those days Southerners were even more alert to vindicate their "peculiar institution" than the abolitionists were to attack it. Mr. Garrison, in reply to the statements of his companion, frankly avowed that he was himself an ultra-abolitionist; and he went on to explain why he thought the abolition of so bad a system would prove equally beneficial to the white race and the colored. The Southern gentleman listened with apparent interest, and prolonged the conversation till the steamboat landed. At parting, he said, "I am pleased to have met you. If all the abolitionists were like you, they would not be such disturbers of the peace; but as for that violent fellow, Garrison, who is trying to instigate the slaves to cut their masters' throats, that fellow ought to be silenced." Mr. May, who stood near, now came forward with a bow and a smile, and said, "This is Mr. Garrison."

Our great reformer was not what is termed a cultured man. He had merely shared the common inheritance of good New England schooling. But it was, perhaps, a part of his good fortune that the native freedom and vigor of his soul had never been cramped by the elaborate drilling of what is called a finished education. The highest type of what is styled self-culture fell to his lot. His wide-awake mind gleaned knowledge everywhere, and made it a living power by converting it to immediate use. And he derived constant and healthy mental stimulus from richly endowed minds, whose scholarly advantages had been superior to his own, and who had been drawn into intimate relations with him by the magnetism of his earnest convictions of duty. He was slandered and persecuted for his persistent efforts to right a great wrong; and even his life was sometimes in imminent peril. But, in compensation for all this abuse and danger, his unflinching moral courage commanded the respect of a high order of minds, and gained for him a social position more advantageous than he would otherwise have occupied. This result would not have taken place if he had worked for that end. It is an old saying that "ghosts follow those who look for them;" but it is otherwise with the respect and admiration of mankind. The self-conscious may easily obtain present notoriety, but fame follows him who thinks not of it in his eager pursuit of a noble aim.

Moral directness was the most striking trait in Mr. Garrison's character. It was literally impossible for him to pursue a truth by any crooked or circuitous route. Without reasoning that "a straight line is always the shortest, in morals as in mathematics," the necessity was upon him to steer directly for

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any point he had in view. In this respect there was a strong resemblance between him and the Hon. Charles Sumner. A gentleman who was arguing with the senator remarked, "All men do not look upon slavery as you do; they view it from another side." "Sir," replied Mr. Sumner, "on a question like this there *is* no other side."

Merchants might talk of cotton as the mainspring of commerce, and contend that slavery was essential to the production of cotton. Office lovers might urge that discussion angered the South, in whose hands were the reins of political power. Sumner and Garrison scornfully denied that such pleas were the other side of a great moral question. They sturdily maintained that such reasons for silence had no affinity whatever with *any* principle. They saw in slavery a violation of divine law, a criminal infringement of human rights, a shameful contradiction of the professed principles of our religion and our government, and to their minds it had no other side. It was precisely this inflexible moral directness and rectitude which made both of those men such plagues to politicians, and such towers of strength to the popular conscience.

Doubtless minds thus constituted are in danger of becoming dictatorial and exclusive; of being as obstinately tenacious of mere opinions as they are in their adherence to eternal and universal principles. Mr. Garrison, with his Cromwellian temperament and his Calvinistic training, might perhaps have become a bigot, had not his zeal as a reformer brought him into close contact with honest, conscientious people, holding all sorts of opinions concerning theology; in all of them he saw that moral principle had but one side, while opinion had many.

It was impossible to keep theology out of the antislavery conflict. Many were zealous to maintain that the Bible sanctioned slavery. Mr. Garrison denied it; but, with his usual directness, he said, "If you can prove that the Bible sanctions slavery, so much the worse for the Bible." The pathway thus opened proved wider and longer than was at first perceived. To many minds this statement seemed to be a plain admission that the Bible was amenable to the moral consciousness of man, and that its contents were to be received or rejected according as they stood that test. Mr. Garrison knew the venerable volume by heart, from beginning to end. It was an arsenal full of weapons for the defense of the poor and the oppressed, and no man could parry and thrust with them more skillfully than he. He had appropriate quotations ready for all occasions, and his felicitous application of them often imparted to his utterance a singular degree of beauty and power.

But, as a mere matter of controversy, the Bible question, as it was called, became the *bête noir* of conventions. It was unspeakably tedious at the time, and the apparent results were small. It seemed like traveling over a stony road with a lame horse to hear men declare that the curse upon Canaan was divine authority for negro slavery, and in proof thereof proceed to trace the genealogy of Africans from the dim historical spectre of Ham, who was doomed to be the servant of Japheth. But this controversy, so wearisome at the time, and apparently useless, was imperceptibly loosening other rivets than those which fastened the chains of negro chattels; and, without diminishing the reverential tendency of Mr. Garrison's mind, it helped to bring him out upon the high and broad plane of unqualified freedom of thought on all questions of religion. In the later years of his life, his sympathies embraced all the religions of the world.

Indeed, nothing proves the unity of truth so forcibly as the effort to controvert any one truth. It is impossible to present a single ray of light without producing a rainbow, — a bow forever reappearing in the clouds, a signal that God will keep his covenant with the earth, and never allow it to be overwhelmed with a deluge of error.

Carlyle says, "Any road will lead to the end of the world, if you do but follow it;" and antislavery, in its straight-

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forward progress through the traditions and prejudices of men, perhaps illustrated the truth of this saying even more forcibly than the reformation by Luther.

As the right to discuss slavery unavoidably introduced questions of religious freedom, it also inevitably involved equality between the sexes. Orthodox clergymen were shocked when Abby Kelly, a modest, sensible young Quakeress, rose to make a remark upon the subject under debate. It was pleaded, in excuse for her, that women had always been accustomed to speak in Quaker meetings; but Garrison rejected any such plea. He maintained that whoever had anything to say had a right to say it, and needed not the apology of Quaker custom. This paved the way for Angelina Grimke, a noble-hearted woman from South Carolina, herself the inheritor of slaves, to make an eloquent protest against the system before the legislature of Massachusetts. The native largeness of soul which led Mr. Garrison instinctively to step over all limitations of color or race, sex or creed, induced him to refuse to take a seat in the World's Antislavery Convention, at London, because English conservatism excluded Lucretia Mott, who was sent from Philadelphia as a delegate. His manner towards women habitually indicated a frank, respectful, fraternal affection and confidence; and this was, indeed, the prevailing characteristic of most of the earliest abolitionists. It had no tinge of that odious thing called gallantry, distasteful to sensible women, because it is obviously a mere veil for condescension and often for profligacy. Mr. Garrison and his comrades simply acted with entire unconsciousness of any question of relative superiority. They consulted with antislavery women, and listened to their suggestions with the same respectful interest that they listened to each other.

The value of this as a means of education for the minds and consciences of women cannot be overestimated. I have seen a picture of the funeral of a German poet, whose pall-bearers were women, in token of gratitude for the respect for women manifested in his writings. If Mr. Garrison had received a similar tribute it would have been well deserved; for he was a veritable Bayard in the cause of women from the beginning to the end of his career.

Again I cannot but repeat what a fortunate man he was! It is not often the lot of mortals to witness the realization of reformatory ideas on which they have expended the energies of their youth. He lived to see negro slavery abolished beyond all chance of restoration, and colored men chosen as members of the legislature of Massachusetts, and the Congress of the United States. He lived to see Jews and Buddhists citizens of the United States, with the legal right to worship God in their own way. In the same community where Abby Kelly's right to make a remark in meeting had been vehemently disputed, he lived to see Mrs. Livermore receive more invitations into pulpits than time would allow her to accept. And when the end came, death was to him merely passing from one room into another, both filled with friends; for his faith in reunion with those he loved was so strong that he called it knowledge.

In the very city where he had been dragged to prison to save his life from a mob, and where his effigy had been hung on a gallows before his own door, the flags were placed at half-mast to announce his decease, and the universal tributes of respect to his memory almost amounted to an apotheosis.

And blessed above all is he in the long train of influences he leaves behind him. Time will never diminish the impulses he gave to human freedom in various directions, because all the orbs of his thought revolved round a centre of fixed principle. Those who hereafter seek to redress human wrongs will derive strength from the proofs he has given that all obstacles must yield to the power of self-forgetful moral earnestness. And those who long to keep their faith in the upward and onward tendencies of the human race will be cheered by the fact that such wonderful revolutions in

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public sentiment were produced within the memory of one generation by the exercise of clear-sighted conscience and indomitable will.

The models men venerate indicate the measure of their own aspirations, and the possibility of their realization. Therefore, I look upon the spontaneous ovations to the memory of such men as Charles Sumner and William Lloyd Garrison as among the best guarantees for the stability of this republic.

Lydia Maria Child.

VESTIGIA QUINQUE RETRORSUM.

AN ACADEMIC POEM.[1]

WHILE fond, sad memories all around us throng
Silence were sweeter than the sweetest song;
Yet when the leaves are green and heaven is blue,
The choral tribute of the grove is due,
And when the lengthening nights have chilled the skies
We fain would hear the song-bird ere he flies,
And greet with kindly welcome, even as now,
The lonely minstrel on his leafless bough.

This is our golden year, — its golden day;
Its bridal memories soon must pass away,
Soon shall its dying music cease to ring,
And every year must loose some silver string,
Till the last trembling chords no longer thrill, —
Hands all at rest and hearts forever still.

A few gray heads have joined the forming line;
We hear our summons, — "Class of 'twenty-nine!"
Close on the foremost, and Alas, how few!
Are these "The Boys" our dear old Mother knew?
Sixty brave swimmers. Twenty — something more —
Have passed the stream and reached the further shore!

How near the banks these fifty years divide
When memory crosses with a single stride!
'T is the first year of stern "Old Hickory"'s rule
When our good Mother lets us out of school,
Half glad, half sorrowing, it must be confessed,
To leave her quiet lap, her bounteous breast,
Armed with our dainty, ribbon-tied degrees,
Pleased and yet pensive, exiles and A. B.'s.

Look back, O comrades, with your faded eyes,
And see the phantoms as I bid them rise.

[1] Read at the Commencement Dinner of the Alumni of Harvard University, June 25, 1879, by one of the Class of 1829.

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Whose smile is that? Its pattern Nature gave,
A sunbeam dancing in a dimpled wave;
KIRKLAND alone such grace from heaven could win,
His features radiant as the soul within;
That smile would let him through Saint Peter's gate
While sad-eyed martyrs had to stand and wait.
Here flits mercurial *Farrar;* standing there,
See mild, benignant, cautious, learned *Ware*,
And sturdy, patient, faithful, honest *Hedge*,
Whose grinding logic gave our wits their edge;
Ticknor, with honeyed voice and courtly grace;
And *Willard* larynxed like a double bass;
And *Channing* with his bland, superior look,
Cool as a moonbeam on a frozen brook,
While the pale student, shivering in his shoes,
Sees from his theme the turgid rhetoric ooze;
And the born soldier, fate decreed to wreak
His martial manhood on a class in Greek,
Popkin! How that explosive name recalls
The grand old Busby of our ancient halls!
Such faces looked from Skippon's grim platoons,
Such figures rode with Ireton's stout dragoons;
He gave his strength to learning's gentle charms,
But every accent sounded "Shoulder arms!"

Names, — empty names! Save only here and there
Some white-haired listener, dozing in his chair,
Starts at the sound he often used to hear,
And upward slants his Sunday-sermon ear.

And we — our blooming manhood we regain;
Smiling we join the long Commencement train,
One point first battled in discussion hot, —
Shall we wear gowns? and settled: *We will not.*
How strange the scene, — that noisy boy-debate
Where embryo-speakers learn to rule the State!
This broad-browed youth,[1] sedate and sober-eyed,
Shall wear the ermined robe at Taney's side;
And he, the stripling,[2] smooth of face and slight,
Whose slender form scarce intercepts the light,
Shall rule the Bench where Parsons gave the law
And sphynx-like sat uncouth, majestic Shaw!
Ah, many a star has shed its fatal ray
On names we loved — our brothers — where are they?
Nor these alone; our hearts in silence claim
Names not less dear, unsyllabled by fame.

How brief the time! and yet it sweeps us back
Far, far along our new-born history's track!
Five strides like this; — the Sachem rules the land;
The Indian wigwams cluster where we stand.

[1] Benjamin Robbins Curtis. [2] George Tyler Bigelow.

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The second. — Lo! a scene of deadly strife —
A nation struggling into infant life;
Not yet the fatal game at Yorktown won
Where setting Empire fired its sunset gun.
LANGDON sits restless in the ancient chair, —
Harvard's grave Head, — the same who made the prayer
When from yon mansion, dear to memory still,
The banded yeomen marched for Bunker's hill.
Count on the grave triennial's thick-starred roll
What names were numbered on the lengthening scroll —
Not unfamiliar in our ears they ring —
Winthrop, Hale, Eliot, Everett, Dexter, Tyng.

Another stride. Once more at 'twenty-nine, —
GOD SAVE KING GEORGE, the Second of his line!
And is *Sir Isaac* living? Nay, not so, —
He followed *Flamsteed* two short years ago, —
And what about the little hump-backed man
Who pleased the bygone days of good Queen Anne?
What, *Pope?* another book he 's just put out. —
"The Dunciad" — witty, but profane, no doubt.
Where 's *Cotton Mather?* he was always here. —
And so he would be, but he died last year.
Who is this preacher our Northampton claims,
Whose rhetoric blazes with sulphureous flames
And torches stolen from Tartarean mines?
Edwards, the salamander of divines.
A deep, strong nature, pure and undefiled;
Faith, firm as his who stabbed his sleeping child;
Alas for him who blindly strays apart
And seeking God has lost his human heart!
Fall where they might no flying cinders caught
These sober halls where WADSWORTH ruled and taught.

One footstep more; the fourth receding stride
Leaves the round century on the nearer side.
GOD SAVE KING CHARLES! God knows that pleasant knave
His grace will find it hard enough to save.
Ten years and more, and now the Plague, the Fire,
Talk of all tongues, at last begin to tire;
One fear prevails, all other frights forgot, —
White lips are whispering, — hark! *The popish Plot!*
Happy New England, from such troubles free
In health and peace beyond the stormy sea!
No Romish daggers threat her children's throats,
No gibbering nightmare mutters "*Titus Oates;*"
Philip is slain, the quaker graves are green,
Not yet the witch has entered on the scene;
Happy our Harvard; pleased her graduates four;
URIAN OAKES the name their parchments bore.

Two centuries past, our hurried feet arrive
At the last footprint of the scanty five;

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Take the fifth stride; our wandering eyes explore
A tangled forest on a trackless shore;
Here, where we stand, the savage sorcerer howls,
The wild cat snarls, the stealthy gray wolf prowls,
The slouching bear, perchance the trampling moose,
Starts the brown squaw and scares her red pappoose;
At every step the lurking foe is near;
His Demons reign; God has no temple here!

Lift up your eyes! behold these pictured walls;
Look where the flood of western glory falls
Through the great sunflower disk of blazing panes
In ruby, saffron, azure, emerald stains;
With reverent step the marble pavement tread
Where our proud Mother's martyr-roll is read;
See the great halls that cluster, gathering round
This lofty shrine with holiest memories crowned;
See the fair Matron in her summer bower;
Fresh as a rose in bright perennial flower;
Read on her standard, always in the van,
"TRUTH," — the one word that makes a slave a man;
Think whose the hands that fed her altar-fires,
Then count the debt we owe our scholar-sires!

Brothers, farewell! the fast declining ray
Fades to the twilight of our golden day;
Some lesson yet our wearied brains may learn,
Some leaves, perhaps, in life's thin volume turn.
How few they seem as in our waning age
We count them backwards to the title-page!
Oh let us trust, with holy men of old,
Not all the story here begun is told;
So the tired spirit, waiting to be freed,
On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read
By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,
Not *Finis*, but *The End of Volume First!*

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

RURAL ENGLAND.

WHILE I was in England I saw nothing of its factory life. I kept away from mills and mines and everything connected with them, — from all mills except grist-mills and saw-mills, finding very few of the latter. As to factories, I saw only "the black country" around Wolverhampton, as I passed through it; and the sight tempted me to no closer acquaintance. It looked like the valley and shadow of death, "a wilderness, a land of deserts and pits, a land of drought, and of the shadow of death, a land that no man passeth through, and where no man dwelt." And, like Christian in the midst of this valley, I perceived the mouth of

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hell to be there, and it stood hard by the wayside, and ever and anon the flame and smoke would come out in such abundance with sparks and hideous noises, and still the flames would be reaching toward me; also I heard doleful voices and rushings to and fro; and this frightful sight was seen and these dreadful noises were heard by me for several miles together. Poor Christian went through it on foot; I had the advantage of him in being in a railway car, which would have helped him much; but then there would have been no story, and the world would have lost one of the most vivid and stirring descriptions of the terrible and of terror that exists in all literature.[1] Of the grievous blasphemies that the pilgrim, so hard bestead, had whispered into his ears, I heard nothing; but I fear that I supplied that deficiency myself, in my heart at least, at the sight of such dark desolation deliberately wrought upon earth and sky, that else might have been bright with beauty and glad with meadows and trees and fields of corn.

It is impossible not to see that railways and mills and forges and towns are gradually, and not very slowly, destroying rural England. Railways, however, are not so barely hideous there as they are in the United States. All that can be done is done to soften and mitigate their harsh unloveliness. They are carried over the roads or under them; and this precaution against danger does much to preserve beauty and diminish unsightliness. The glimpses of country roads and village streets, undisturbed by the passing train, that are caught from the windows of railway carriages are charming in themselves, and are witnesses of the care that is taken there that those who wish "rapid transit" shall not have it at the cost of the property, the business, the safety, the comfort, or even the pleasure of the neighborhoods through which it suits their convenience or their interest to hasten. The maxim "Sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas" (So use your own that you injure not that which is another's) seems to be a guiding one in the administration of British affairs — at home. Indeed, as compared with the United States, and with many other countries, England may be defined as the country in which every man has rights which every other man is bound to respect. The rights are not always the same rights, but they may always be enforced even by the humblest and poorest, and they are usually asserted and maintained. In England there is both private independence and public spirit, and both have at their back the two great powers of the land, — the law and public opinion. There are great lords and great corporations in England; but neither can do a wrong to the poorest laborer, much less to a great body of people, with impunity, or lawfully take a penny without restoring it. The remedy lies at hand in the courts, which are incorruptible, and it is always availed of. If any one should by chance suppose that I have in mind the elevated railways, existing and proposed in New York, he is quite right in his supposition.

English railways are banked and sodded, and, if need be, walled, so that as you travel over them it does not seem as if the country had been rudely torn in twain and left at ragged ends for your passage. Even the stations are made sightly, and some of them are very pleasant to the eye. Many of them have little gardens on either side which are cultivated by the station-master's family; and in not a few places I observed that these gardens, containing vegetables and flowers and shrubs and even small trees, were extended many rods either way from the station-house. Telegraph poles, such as those which traverse our roads and even the streets of our cities, looking like posts and lines on which Brobdingnag washerwomen might dry the petticoats of Glumdalclitch, are unknown in England. All unsightly things are kept out of sight as much as possible; all unpleasant sounds are suppressed as much as possible. In the cities manufacturers are not allowed to fill the air four times a day with the shrieks of steam-whistles, simply because it is convenient for them to mark their

[1] I need not tell the reader of Pilgrim's Progress that in the passage above I have borrowed Bunyan's phraseology.

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hours of work by turning a steam-cock. They are not permitted to save trouble and a little money by annoying all others who are within hearing. Indeed, as I have mentioned before, even the railway whistle is rarely heard, and when heard it is a very mild and inoffensive creature compared with that which shrieks and howls over the plains and in the cities of our favored country. For generations England has been a manufacturing country, and the manufacturing interest is now the most powerful influence in its affairs; but there even manufacturers are obliged to respect the minor rights and little comforts of other people. It might be so with us if in our so-called "land of liberty" we had personal independence and public spirit. But we have neither; and the peculiarity of our liberty seems to be that it is the liberty of every man, and especially the liberty of any combination of rich men, to get gain at the cost of other people.

But no care or contrivance can make railways and steam-mills and forges other than an offense to all the senses, or cause them to harmonize with a human environment. If we will have what they give us, we must yet accept them as necessary evils. Therefore it is that, there being so many of them in so small a country, they are destroying rural England. By means of the first, and chiefly because of the others, the great towns encroach upon the country. This is true of all the great towns, but it is especially true of London. London not only grows monstrously itself, but like some germs of corruption, it throws out prehensile feelers which draw other objects to it, to be changed into its own likeness, and made in fact part of itself. London town already in reality lies upon four counties, and spreads so rapidly, changing every place to London as it goes, that it seems as if in a not very remote future it will meet the off-shoots thrown out by other great towns, that it will absorb and assimilate them, and that England will become one great London, an island city of trade and manufacture and art, the political and commercial metropolis of a peerless empire, yet dependent for its food and its rural recreation upon other countries, which its imperial people will use as their grain fields and as their grazing and hunting grounds. "Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe."

Enough of rural England, however, still remains to make it the most beautiful country in the world to those who love to see nature humanized, and her spontaneous beauties molded by the hand of man and blended with his work. They who like rugged roads better than green meadows and cultivated slopes, or palms better than oaks and elms and beeches, or who like to live by rivers upon which fleets may sail, may seek their enjoyment of the beauties of nature in other climes. They to whom the blending of castle and cottage and spire with forest and field brings no enhancement of the beauties of unmitigated nature may find the latter elsewhere, or have it "dry shod at home." But the lover of humanized nature may find it in England in a perfection which imagination can hardly surpass. If the climate of England tempts a man into the open air more than that of any other country, the beauty which rural England spreads before his eyes more than doubles the temptation. I expected much; but although I am a man and did not come from Sheba, I was obliged to borrow the words of the woman who did, and say that the half had not been told me. When Wordsworth wrote —

> "One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil, and of good,
> Than all the sages can,"

it was an English landscape that he had in his mind's eye. No true brother of the angle, no contemplative man whom any pursuit or taste tempts into communion with nature, even in our raw, rude country, can fail to apprehend and feel, although he may not quite comprehend, what Wordsworth means by his somewhat extravagant utterance; but in England its truth comes home to him with tenfold strength. Nature there is informed with humanity; there the landscape, without being artificial, has been

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redeemed from savagery. And this has been done not with purpose, but simply by man's taking nature to himself, to love her and to cherish. It is remarkable that a people so inferior in the arts of design should have been able so to treat nature that art may look to the result as a model, almost as a realized ideal. The beauty of English scenery is a set-off against many acres of painted canvas of which other peoples boast.

In my country walks I was interested not only in the beauty of rural England, which in greater or less degree never failed to delight my eyes, but in the people; and indeed it was in my endeavors to observe them, and in my way to see places and buildings of note, that I found the former. I wished to know something by personal contact of the English country folk, the farmers and the peasants; and I was able to do so. I found them accessible, good-natured, and truly hospitable. A fine afternoon tempted me to a long walk in the country around Canterbury, and as the twilight came on I saw a little cottage in the midst of a great sprout-field. The approach to it from the road was by a narrow path. In this I found a poor man, an agricultural laborer, standing by a plow which he was untackling, and by him stood his little child, ragged and barefooted. The man's face was sad, and his child was sad, too, and silent. He answered my greeting civilly, but so heavily and with such manifest reserve that I did not stop and speak with him, as was my custom. The incident was nothing, even to me, except that it seemed to show how little change had been made in men of his condition by the lapses of centuries. For it brought up at once to me that passage in Piers Plowman's Creed, which even in my boyhood, and before I had pondered the sorrowful problem of life, had moved me to tears, in which the writer tells of his meeting with the poor man who hung upon the plow, whose hood was full of holes so that his hair came out, and whose toes looked out of his clouted shoes as he wallowed in the fen almost to his ankle; whose wife was with him using the goad, barefooted on the bare ice that the blood followed; and their children were there: —

> "And al they songen o song
> That sorwe was to heren;
> They crieden alle o cry,
> A careful note."

And this wretched man, when he sees Piers Plowman weeping, stills his children, lets the plow stand, asks him why he grieves, and says that if he lacks livelihood he shall share with him such good as God hath sent. "Go we, leeve brother."

Passing the poor man and his child, I went to the cottage door, which proved not to be his. It was half open, and at the sound of my step a woman appeared. She was homely of feature, but pleasant of look, healthy seeming, and comfortably clad. She bade me "Good even," which I returned, and asked if she could give me a glass of water, saying that I had had a long walk, and that there was no ale-house near. This I did because I had been told that the peasants were very shy of the curious, and resented sullenly the mere intrusion of their superiors. She answered, cheerily, "'Deed I can, sir, and I will. But will ye walk in, sir, an' sit down. We're just havin' supper." This was just what I wanted, and more than I had hoped for, and I said, Yes, if she would n't let me disturb them. "'Deed an' ye won't, sir; an' if ye 'd sit with us an' take a cup o' tea, ye 'd be kindly welcome." Then, turning to her husband, who sat munching his supper in stolid but not ill-natured silence, — the usual mood of the inferior man animal here when not under excitement, — she said, "Mate, the gentleman wants a glass of water; step out and draw him some fresh." He obeyed in silence; and while he was out she said, "We 've good water here, sir; sweet an' soft, an' it comes cool from the well." The water when it came was worthy of her praise, and was one of but two draughts of sweet, soft water that I had in England. For there all over the country (as I found it) the water is hard; it does not adapt itself to your thirsty throat; and when you wash, the soap does not mix with it, but forms a patchy scum with eyes, that floats about and looks at you.

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I accepted the invitation to sit with them at table, and was pleased, and, after what I had heard and read of the hard lot of the famished English farm-laborer, surprised at the comfort of their meal. The bread was good, better than that which is sold by most bakers in New York; and they had butter (good also), cheese, and tea, which although not very good was still tea, and quite drinkable when concocted with milk and white sugar, both which they had of good quality. They had also a dish of cabbage and potatoes, of which I did not eat. As I took my cup of tea and ate my slice of bread and butter, I talked with them, and asked questions about their life. I say with them, but it was the woman who did all the talking, the man sitting silent, only uttering a few words or a simple "aye" when she appealed to him: "Mate, how is that?" or, "Mate, is n't that so?" I liked her use of "mate" instead of that unpleasant word "husband."

The sum of my observation and information at this visit was as follows. The cottage was of three rooms, entered, after the first, in which we sat, one from the other. These rooms were about ten feet square, and the walls, which were of rough stone plastered, were about seven feet high. The rooms were ceiled, and the roof was thatched. For this cottage they paid half a crown (sixty-three cents) a week. The man earned twenty shillings a week, and the woman got washing and odd jobs to do. They were cheerful, and seemed to think themselves very comfortable. They complained of the odd sixpence in the rent (half a crown is two and sixpence), and thought that they ought to have the cottage for two shillings. If they could but do this and have a patch of ground for a vegetable garden, the woman said they "would be made;" but of the latter there was no hope. To my surprise, I found wherever I went among the peasants this absolute lack of a square foot of ground on which to grow a radish. What is the cause of the universal, or at least the general, unwillingness to let these poor people have the use of a few square yards of land beside their cottages I did not learn, and cannot conjecture. It cannot be the value of the land, for at least as much as they could use is thrown out of cultivation by the very presence of the cottage. I afterwards found that this cottage and the fare and fortune of its inmates were fairly representative of the housing and living of the peasants in such parts of England as I visited; but I was not in the western counties, where, I believe, the peasants fare most hardly. This couple had no children, as, in answer to me, the woman said with a droop in her voice that showed that she had ceased to hope for one. Poor creature! if her natural longing had been satisfied perhaps there would have been less comfort in her cottage and less cheerfulness in her face.

The landlord of the cottager is not, or is rarely, the squire or the lord of the manor. His landlord is the farmer; and my observation and inquiry led me to the opinion that the farmers as a class are disposed to be very hard upon the farm laborers. It is they who refuse them little garden allotments; it is they who exact rents for miserable hovels which are entirely out of proportion to their value, and to the rent of the ground on which they stand. It is the English farmer who is most strongly opposed to household suffrage in the rural districts. I do not mean to say that upon the latter point he is in error, or to express any opinion in regard to the subject; I merely remark upon it as a fact not unsignificant. In truth, the English farmer is an aristocrat. He is willing to take his place in a system of caste, and to look up, if he may also look down. He will touch his hat to the squire, and think it quite right that people should be respectful to their superiors; and he is confirmed in this opinion, or rather this feeling, when Hodge touches his hat to him. To give Hodge a vote would be to take away one of the marks of his inferior condition, and so to level him up, in every respect except money, to the position of his employer. With my limited opportunities for observation, it would not become me to pronounce

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upon the social and political feelings of whole classes in England; but I believe the farmers to be the most conservative body in the kingdom, the least disposed to change, and to be the main-stay of the tory party.

The English farmer must be a man of some money capital. It is common for him to have from one thousand to five thousand pounds (that is from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars), and some farmers are worth much more than that. As none of his money is invested in the land which he tills, he has it as working capital, as an improvement fund, and as a reserve. This gives him the position and the importance of a capitalist, and brings him a certain consideration even from the great landholders; but it does not make him independent, or, I should say, even aspiring, with extremely rare exceptions. If crops are good, if his wife and his sons and daughters are healthy and do his will, and if the squire is "haffable" when they meet, he is content; and who shall say that he does not wisely? So long as his rent is paid with fair punctuality and his family live decent lives, he may be sure of not being disturbed; and indeed he is not uncommonly living in the same house in which his father and his grandfather lived before him, and his plows are following theirs along the old furrows. And if he cannot pay his rent, his landlord, the son or the grandson of theirs, would be an exceptional English squire if he were not ready to do anything in reason to make it easy for him in the present, and to help him in the future. But however prosperous, he never dreams of such a thing as setting up for a gentleman; nor does he seek to acquire the tastes or the habits of one, although he may be better able to afford them than many of those who have them by birth and breeding. The truth is, they would not suit him; to be obliged to live like a gentleman would be to him a daily affliction. He sometimes hunts a little; but hunting is a rough, out-o'-doors amusement, which may be enjoyed to the full by the dullest and coarsest of human creatures, as well as by their superiors in intellect and refinement. But here the English farmer generally stops in his direct contact with and imitation of the gentry. He reads little, and thinks less. He has his place in the social scale, and with that he is content.

English cottages and farm-houses are generally picturesque objects in a landscape, their forms and colors being almost always pleasing in themselves and harmonious with their surroundings. And the cottages within doors, although they may be very rude and comfortless, have a character which is not to be found in houses of a corresponding or of a much higher class in the United States. Our square, sharp-edged houses, built yesterday, directly on the road-side, of clapboards and shingles, and painted white or lead color, are very unsightly objects in themselves, and compared with English cottages of stone or brick, or beams and plaster, with their pitched roofs, tiled or thatched, their softened outlines and rich color, are very much inferior. But in real comfort and in healthiness I am inclined to think that our flimsy wooden houses are superior. For they are dry and warm. Their shingle roofs keep out the rain, which comes through thatch, or soaks and rots it, and their clapboard sides do not become reservoirs of cold dampness. Rheumatism is not so common among those who live in them as it is among the English rustic folk. In an English village, or along an English country road, you see more old men leaning upon sticks, or sunning themselves as they sit crooked over by their doors, than you do in the farming districts of New England and the Middle States.

Picturesque, too, as the English farm-house is at a distance, and picturesque as it often is within, — made so by old brown beams and red brick and mellow-tinted stone left in sight, and old brown tables and settles that are softened and enriched by the smoke and the use of generations, — when seen close by, it generally bears without, as it does within, the mark of the inferior condition and habits of its occupants. Sight and

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smell are offended by objects that are in unnecessary nearness; and there are no indications that the inhabitants are anything more than tillers of the ground, and that when work is done they put it and its belongings out of sight and out of mind, and change their occupation with their clothes. The family live generally in the kitchen, although there is a parlor, or keeping room, which is used on high days and holidays, and sometimes on other days in the evening. I have in mind one in which I was, and which might be taken as a type of its class. The occupant paid two hundred and thirty pounds a year for his farm, quite equal to fifteen hundred dollars here. The kitchen, where I found the family, was paved with large red brick, which is the common flooring of farm-house kitchens. Damp as it must be, it is preferred. Landlords told me that they had offered to put down plank floors, but that the offer had been declined. It might be reasonably supposed that the women would gladly change the bricks for wood; but they have been accustomed to the bricks, and they cling to them. Certainly the advantage in appearance is largely on the side of the old flooring. I remember another farm-house kitchen in which I drank buttermilk, which with its unceiled beams, its old oak window casings and settles, its gigantic chimney-piece of the same, its soft, sombre plaster, its red brick floor, and rows of red flower-pots standing behind the lattice in the deep window, presented one of the richest and most charming combinations of color that I ever saw. And it was a notably home-like-looking place, with individual traits and a physiognomy of its own, to which one might become attached; being in this respect far superior to the possibly more comfortable, but utterly blank and characterless rooms corresponding to it in our country. In the other farm-house I was hospitably offered cider, for which the neighborhood had reputation, and was invited into the keeping room to drink it. Compared with Newark cider, or any of our cider of like grade, it was a dull, flavorless fluid; but the drinking it gave me an opportunity to chat and look about me. In the former way, however, I effected little. It was difficult to extract anything more than monosyllables from my entertainer. Indeed, I found the farmers the most taciturn class in England; and I may say that they were the only people that I met there who as a whole were silent and reserved. The peasantry I found very ready to talk, as I did also the higher classes; but the farmer sat mum-chance. The cause of this of course I do not know, but it occurred to me that it might be his position. He knows little more than the peasant, and can talk but little better; and yet he has a consciousness of superiority which makes him, in the presence of his betters, ashamed of his great mental inequality with them, and therefore he is silent. Certainly, the furnishing of this parlor showed the barest possible condition of mind in those for whom it was prepared. There was a heavy old sideboard, evidently looked upon with great respect, upon which stood some old decanters and glasses, heavily cut and very ugly; upon the walls were three or four colored wood-cuts of the cheapest kind, ugly also; on the table was a large Bible and an almanac, or some book of the sort; and these, with the chairs, one of which was a rocker, completed the furnishing of the room, compared with which the kitchen was cheerful and attractive. The holder of such a farm as this in New England or the Middle States would have taken me into another sort of room, would have received me more on a footing of equality, and would have had more to say in reply to my inquiries. Whether he would have been a better farmer I doubt; whether he would have been a more respectable man, or even a happier, I shall not pretend to decide.

An English village is not at all like one in New England; at least I saw none such, and I walked through scores of them, north, south, and east. Instead of the long, wide street, with its great elms and maples, on which are the churches and meeting-houses, the houses

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of the principal farmers, of the clergyman, the lawyer, and the physician, as well as of the minor people, an English village shows a knot of little brick, or stone, or antique beam and plaster houses, very close together, and mostly without grass or trees of any kind. There is an ale-house, which has for its sign and name the head or body of some wild beast of impossible color, or the arms of the nearest nobleman or gentleman, a shop or two, and in the middle, the town pump. These villages generally belong bodily to the bearer of the arms aforesaid, and in some cases they are not more than half a mile apart. It impressed me strangely when a gentleman who was driving me through one of these said, as we passed a group of houses, from one of which a coat of arms hung out, "This is Lord ——'s village." "Then," I replied, "that one we drove through last [it was about fifteen minutes before] was yours." "Yes," he said, with a little smile at my question. He had said nothing of it as we passed through.

One of the remarkable conditions of rural England is this nearness to each other of places regarded as distinct. I asked a little fellow in Essex if he was born in the village in which we were. "Oa noa!" he answered with surprise, almost with resentment. "I were born in ——" (I forget the name). "And where is ——?" "Yon," he said, pointing to a nest of half a dozen little houses, about as far off as the width of Boston Common. Every place, every clump of wood, every little knoll, every hollow, has a name by which it is known to the whole neighborhood. Even the shaws, which are hollows filled with a growth of shrubs and dwarf trees, are named.

The smallest isolated village through which I walked was Speke, in Lancashire. Its utter insignificance may be gathered from the fact that it contained no shop, and not even an ale-house. The absence of this customary place of refreshment (where you may be pretty sure of good beer and good bread and cheese, if not of a good chop) caused me, after I had walked out a few miles into the country around, to look about me for luncheon. Two pretty little cottages at the end of a short lane attracted my attention, and I resolved to try them. As I walked up the lane I passed three boys playing, whose names, oddly enough, were Tom, Dick, and Harry. After a few words, I proposed that each of them should accept a penny. The proposition was received in silence, but with a delight manifested by flushed cheeks and brightened eyes, and, when the pennies had been bestowed, by a mutual exhibition of them, accompanied by that twist of the head which means so much in a boy, and which is of no race or people; or if it be peculiar to Anglo-Saxons, then all boys of English blood may pity the French and German and other boys who have it not. The like sum, however, would have elicited no such signs of pleasure from "American" boys. But in England a penny is a possession to a child, of whatever rank. One day a little lady, some six or seven years old, who was sitting on my knee, while her younger sister sat with mamma, hard by, said to me with an amusing air of importance, "I had a penny yesterday," — the room in which she made this announcement was hung with antique tapestry that was given to one of her ancestors by a king, — "and I had it," she went on, "for reading." Whereupon her little ladyship opposite spoke up, saying, "And I had a penny, too; and I had it for not reading," at which charming *non sequitur* there was a merry peal of laughter from mamma and me that greatly disconcerted the little damsel. I thought at the time how much better this restriction as to money was than that lavish use of it to which American children are accustomed. A young lady whom I knew well was at a famous school on the continent of Europe, where she had not a few titled school-mates. Certain exercises being required which were mere manual drudgery, and a certain orderly arrangement of the toilette table, *et cetera*, my fair friend, being somewhat lazily disposed, was able by her excess of pocket money over that of her noble companions to have her exercise copied by a princess, and her toilette table kept in order by a

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countess. As to which I think that as to the end, the discipline of the noble young ladies was of better omen than that of the merchant's daughter.

But I am long on my way to the cottages, where indeed I found little of peculiar interest, not even the thing of most interest to me just then, — luncheon. The one which I entered seemed to have but two rooms, but it may have had three. That one at the door of which I found myself was, as usual, the kitchen and living room. The walls were plastered; the beams and the thatch showed; the floor was paved with flat stones, which were much broken in places, so as to show the ground beneath. This floor must have "heaved," to use the word by which the peasants express the striking up of the wet ground and the dampness in these floors. Nearly opposite the door was a large dresser, on which was a not copious array of crockery. A fire-place as large as that in the kitchen of an old-fashioned New England farm-house stood out into the room.

Notwithstanding the condition which I have described, the aspect of the place was cheerful, much more cheerful than that of many "best parlors" in which I have been. Perhaps this cheerfulness was somewhat owing to the fact that it was a bright, genial day, and that a mellow light and a soft air entered the door with me: perhaps, also, to the fact that one of three women whom I found seated before the chimney (from habit, for there was no fire) was a handsome mother, who was suckling her child, which sweet sight, with charming freedom from shame, perhaps from consciousness of beauty, she did not hesitate to allow me to enjoy. But no small part of the attraction of the room was a flowering vine which climbed up the cottage wall and strayed in through the open lattice. And there, too, in this humble habitation, stood a row of pots with flowers, common flowers, the grandest of them a geranium; but all were well cared for and nearly all were blooming. Nothing struck me more forcibly as peculiar to the lower classes in England, or won me more in their favor, than this love of flowers. It is universal. Go where I would, in the abode of the poorest farm laborer, through the back streets of little country towns, where the houses were hovels grimier and gloomier than any cottage I entered, I saw flowers. Sometimes it was a single flower that could have cost nothing, set in an old broken tea-pot or other shard of earthenware; but it was there, and it was put in the window, and plainly was prized and tended. The beautiful feeling of which this is a manifestation seems to be almost lost to us. For it has absolutely nothing in common with that fashion of cutting flowers off by the head and making them up into huge, artificial masses for decorative purposes at feasts and at funerals, which has prevailed among us for many years. That fashion, on the contrary, is actually at war with this feeling; for it destroys the very beauty which the flower lover so much prizes; it does away with the character of the flower, which is only to be seen as it stands upon its stem and amid its leaves; and it deprives the flower nurse of her tender pleasure. This flower-loving and flower-tending, although of course it has no moral significance, seems to me a very charming trait in the character of English women.

After giving the woman with the child good-day, I asked her (for she plainly was at home) if she could give me some bread and milk, mentioning as my excuse that even if I walked back to the village it had no public house. She replied pleasantly, "No offense, sir, but I 'm sorry I can't give you any milk; we 've no cow." Whereupon there was a consultation between her and the two old crones, who sat with their chins between their hands and their elbows on their knees. One cottage and another in the neighborhood was suggested, but in vain; not one had a cow. And this, by the way, I found very general. If the cottager has a pig he does well; the possession of a cow is a mark of somewhat high grade in agricultural society. At last the name of such an aristocrat was remembered, and I was told how to reach him or her. I had merely to go back through the lane, cross

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the road, and take the next by-road, and follow it about a mile.

On my way thither I passed a man doing work that we hear of sometimes, but never see, — breaking stones on the highway. He was an old man, and he sat flat upon the road, with a heap of small square stones between his legs, at which he pegged away with a hammer having a small head and a long handle. I stopped and talked with him. He had on a pair of wire goggles to protect his eyes from the splinters of the stone. They stood well out from his face, and as he lifted his head to answer my greeting he had the look of a large, benevolent lobster set upon end in the road-way. He was not stolid, but talked intelligently, speaking very good English, and seemed cheerful and contented. His wage was eighteen shillings a week; and as he had now no one dependent upon him he was quite at his ease. That at his age, he being certainly sixty-five years old, he should sit all day upon a damp road-way and smite small stones into smaller pieces he seemed to take as the ordinary and inevitable course of things. I learned from him that the wages paid in that neighborhood were, for plowing twenty shillings a week, for harvesting twenty shillings, for digging and piece work eighteen shillings. On my telling him that he would get nineteen shillings that week, and proving it to him, he was very grateful. I turned away and resumed my walk and he his hammering.

I soon found the house to which I had been sent, and the mistress was at home; and a very comfortable body she was to have about a house, ample, healthy, and, without being at all pretty, not uncomely, and very cheerful. I made a hungry man's request. Her reply was prompt and cheery. Indeed I could have some bread and milk, and cheese too, if I would walk in and sit. This I did at once, taking a seat by a small table by the kitchen fire (for it was the kitchen); and while she went off on her Eve's business, just as if I had been an archangel, I looked about me. All that I saw was very homely; but comfort and plenty were manifest on every side, with neatness and order. I got a glimpse of the living room through a half-open door, and it was much more attractive than what I saw in the south of England. Indeed, the farm-houses and even the cottages in Lancashire seemed to me better in every respect than those in the southern and eastern shires.

My hostess soon returned, and set a pitcher of milk (she would have called it a jug, and so would her betters, but it was a pitcher), a loaf of bread, and a big wedge of cheese before me, and bade me welcome. I fell to, and she turned to an ironing table and began to sprinkle clothes that lay in a large buck-basket. As I ate and she worked we chatted; and I learned that her husband was a small farmer, paying for twenty acres of land, this nice stone house, with a stable and barn, twenty pounds a year, if I remember aright. Her goodman was kind to her (I saw plainly that she loved him); they were forehanded folk; and she was "as happy as the queen, God bless her majesty," — with a little courtesy. I slackened the working of my jaws, and stopped, when she pressed me to my food, begging me to eat the whole, for there was plenty more. But although I had not eaten for six hours, and had walked many miles, I was quite inadequate to what she proposed, which gave me an astonishing notion of her goodman's performances at table. Hearty thanks and a shilling at parting were pleasantly received as full payment, and I went on my now aimless way.

I walked straight on into the country, by the richness of which and the fine farming I was strongly impressed. In the newly plowed fields the ground turned up a dark, rich loam, and the furrows across a twelve-acre field were drawn as straight as if they had been ruled. I had observed this highly finished plowing elsewhere in England. In some fields, for a reason that I know not, there was an alternation of four or five furrows with an unplowed green space of about the same width all across the field. The lines were drawn so accurately and the sides of the unplowed spaces were so exactly parallel that the effect was as if a gigantic piece of green music-paper had

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been spread upon the earth. The farm-houses and their out-buildings were substantial, comfortable, and in good repair, and I passed some well-trimmed hedges that were quite ten feet high. But as I walked I was conscious of a difference between this country and that in the middle and southern shires from which I had just come. At first I did not see to what the different impression was owing; but all at once it came upon me, — the land was level and there were no trees. As far as I could see, all around me, the land lay flat, or in very gentle undulation, and there was scarcely a tree in sight. The only green was that of the fields and the hedges; and the latter were confined to the grounds just around the houses. This absence of trees and scarcity of hedges deprived the landscape of what we regard as its peculiarly English traits. But the notion that the hedge is the universal fence in England is erroneous. Even in the south, where hedges are most common, post and rail fences are even more common; for the hedge is used chiefly on the road-line, and to mark the more important divisions of property. Elsewhere, post and rail fences and palings are frequently found. The hedges that line the roads are generally not more than three feet and a half high, and are not thick, but grow so thin and hungrily that the light shines through them. Near houses, especially in suburban places, brick walls are common; and I observed in these a fact which seemed significant. In most cases I saw that the walls in such places had been raised by an addition of some three feet. The upper courses of bricks were plainly discernible to be of a make different from that of the original wall, and the joint and the newer mortar could easily be detected. This seemed to show unmistakably an increase in the feeling of reserve, and perhaps in the necessity for it. The walls that would sufficiently exclude the public a hundred years and more ago were found insufficient, and some fifty years ago (for even the top courses were old and well set and mossy) the barriers were made higher, — high enough to be screens against all passing eyes.

Another change seemed to me to be witnessed by the fields all over the country. I observed not uncommonly trees standing in lines in fields or meadows, but chiefly in the latter. Seen from any point but one, their linear arrangement was hardly apparent, but with a little trouble they might be sighted in line. Now such an arrangement of trees in an open field is almost certain evidence that the line in which they stand was once that of a fence of some kind; and these trees therefore bore witness to the increase of the size of fields in England in late years, — a natural accompaniment of an increase in the size of farms and buildings generally. The Lancashire fields past which I now was walking were free from these trees and from hedges. I cannot but believe that they had been removed for purposes of agricultural thrift; for trees in fields and hedges between them are greedy devourers of the nourishment that is needed for the crops. I found a plowman sitting on a rail fence, but he could tell me nothing about this, although he seemed to be a sensible fellow. "The land was as he had allus knowed it." He gave me the same information as to wages that I received from my old lobster friend, and like him praised the land without stint. I found all the Lancashire country folk proud of their land, and with good reason.

My road soon became very lonely. I had not met one human creature walking since I ate my luncheon; but now no human habitation was in sight. The road narrowed and wound about, following the course of a sluggish little stream, which, with alders and ragged bushes stooping over it, was always at my right hand, and began to be offensive to me. What business had it there, stealing along in noiseless shadow? It was neither beautiful nor useful, but a mere ditch of running water. I began to hate it. The sun was going down, darkened by heavy dun clouds, casting a gloom upon the landscape. As I walked on I thought, Why should not some of these people that I have seen this afternoon, that plowman on the fence, for instance, murder me and throw me into that hateful

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stream? The few sovereigns that I have with me, and my watch, would be ample temptation, and if any one or two of them should do it, they would quite surely escape detection. For I should not be missed. The friend that I left in Liverpool, even if I did not return within a day or two, would merely suppose that I was off on some traveler's expedition, and would await letters for a week or a fortnight, may be, before making any inquiry. And if inquiry were made, I might possibly be traced to the farm-house where I took my luncheon, but no farther; for in all this distance of some miles I have not seen man, woman, or child. Such things are often done in England, and this is just the time and place and occasion. The ideas of time and place suddenly suggested to me that to be back in Liverpool that evening I must be at the railway station at a certain hour, and I was miles away from it. I looked at my watch, and found that at my best pace I had barely time to make the distance. I turned, and set off at a swinging gait that I knew I could keep up for half a day. As I went, the gloom vanished from my soul; my quickened pace and my settled purpose almost changed the face of nature to me, and made even the sluggish stream not quite hateful.

As I passed the great field where I had left my murdering plowman on the fence, I saw him whistling behind his plow, half a furrow's length off. At the farm-house, my comely hostess looked out the door and gave me a smiling, cheery "Good-even, sir." Just as I reached the station I heard the little chirp of the steam-whistle on the coming train, and before nine o'clock I was in Liverpool.

Richard Grant White.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Among the good things which have been said of Pinafore, I have seen no reference to what is to me its most wholesome service. I refer to the fact that the so-called Moody and Sankey hymns have been by it remanded to their proper place, — light fancies and flippant tongues and frolicsome moods finding it an ampler and more congruous vehicle of delivery than the "revival" strains of former years. This sentiment is put forth timidly, but most conscientiously, and, lest The Atlantic's reputation should not be sufficient to float it, let me hasten to support it by declaring that it has been tentatively exhibited here and there in the most orthodox latitudes with approval. I could even quote the vehemently cordial assent of a most reverend bishop, whom all men, dissenters though they be, delight to honor, did not a story which he told me at the same time (and whoever may doubt his claim to the crosier, none will deny his supremacy as story-teller) remind me that the very illustriousness of such an advocate might ruin my cause in some quarters. Here is the story: Two women were overheard discussing family affairs at a watering-place, last summer. One was a ——ist, and the other's sect the bishop, with pronounced courtesy, declined to "give a name to" in that audience. The son of the ——ist had recently become engaged to marry "a church girl," and on inquiry the nameless sectary found that the prospective mother-in-law approved the match. "Yes, sister Jones, she really does seem to be a nice girl, and I don't know as John could have done better." Silence reigned for some minutes, to be broken finally by sister Jones's voice, demanding in tones deepened and muffled to becoming solemnity, "*Is — she — pious?*" John's mother obviously

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winced and writhed under this home thrust, but at last rallied sufficiently to stammer out, "Well — she 's 'Piscopal pious."

So, leaving "the bishop and other clergy, and the congregations committed to their charge," as those who in this life, at least, can never hope to rise superior to a qualified piousness, I betook myself to what they would call "dissenters," to find there, too, only unanimous assent to my Pinafore proposition. The stricter the sect (and this is particularly significant) the more active in Christian service among all classes, and therefore the more sensitive to the incomparable value of spiritual songs at proper times and in proper places, there was found the most hearty rejoicing at the decrease in the use of the so called "revival hymns" as a mere explosive for thought, vacant minds, and exuberant spirits. The only question raised was as to the cause of this decrease, and the interviewed, with scarcely an exception, instantly recognized in Pinafore, when suggested, with its innocent substitutions, a means of grace to be warmly welcomed by every devoutly reverent soul.

There are those by whom the mere articulation of goody words is counted as righteousness, and to them, as to a few wiser souls (and these last it would greatly grieve me to offend, as doubtless I must herein), so happily circumstanced as never to have had eyes and ears opened to the monstrous evil we deprecate, — to all these the least suggestion that such well-meant and often irreproachable hymns can anywhere be objectionable will seem well-nigh blasphemous.

I gratefully acknowledge that the Gospel Hymns have done, and will doubtless long continue to do, excellent service in many localities, and in frequent convocations and conditions of men and women. But when I hear young people in our own church school (or their papas and mammas in the regular services of the same church), who are, or might be, familiar with the music of Beethoven and Händel and Mendelssohn, and with the choicest hymns of the ages, singing, during a single session, twenty or thirty verses of *quasi*-religious doctrine and mushy sentiment, expressed in more or less doubtful rhythm and jerky melody, it seems to me sometimes ludicrous, and always rather pitiful; but this is merely a question of taste. The time and the place and the surroundings may, and we will hope do, induce a mood with which the real intent of the pietistic words is not utterly incongruous. Let them, if they must, sing then and there, "Hold the fort," or "Dare to be a Dan'el," or,

"Have you on the Lord believed?
Still there 's more to follow;
Of His grace have you received?
Still there 's more to follow.
Oh, the grace the Father shows,
Still there 's more to follow;
Freely He his grace bestows,
Still there 's more to follow.
Have you felt the Saviour near?
Still there 's more to follow;
Does his blessed presence cheer?
Still there 's more to follow.
Oh, the love that Jesus shows,
Still there 's more to follow;
Freely He his love bestows,
Still there 's more to follow.
Have you felt the Spirit's power?
Still there 's more to follow;
Falling like the gentle shower?
Still there 's more to follow.
Oh, the power the Spirit shows,
Still there 's more to follow;
Freely He his power bestows,
Still there 's more to follow.

CHORUS.

More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh, his matchless, boundless love!
Still there 's more to follow."

But when these same young people are out on a "field-day" of their Natural History Society, or coming home from a picnic of the Archery Club, or resting between the dances of a sea-side "hop," let them sing, to be sure, with all their might, but (as they would keep their lips from speaking guile, their reverent spirits from that vulgar familiarity in handling sacred subjects which breeds contempt and hopeless heathenism, and their hearts ever sensitive to holy influences) let their tongues cleave forever to the roofs of their mouths rather than rattle glibly through the awful verities of Gethsemane, Calvary, and the

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last judgment, set to whatsoever infectious jig-tune. Nothing can efface from my memory the horrid blasphemy of a single incident of my last summer, which I fear almost any reader can match from his own observation: —

A large sailing party, promiscuously gathered from the hotels and boarding-houses of a certain watering-place, were scudding home before a stiff breeze. The at first incessant babble of the various cliques had subsided; the conundrum stage was passed; the silences became more and more prolonged, and meantime the motion of winds and waves increased uncomfortably. The self-appointed master of revels, having exhausted his store of expedients for reviving drooping spirits, at last cried out, "For mercy's sake, let somebody start some singing, or I shall be seasick myself!" Various so-called "popular" songs were suggested, and even started, only to be dropped, when, suddenly, the most rollicking belle of the party, whose flirtations and erratic pranks were the sensation of the season, yelled (bear with me, since nothing less could express her manner of utterance) at the top of her voice, and with a grotesque intensity of accentuation,

"Hallelujah, 't is done! I believe on the Son,
I am saved by the blood of the Crucified One,"

to be greeted at first with shouts of laughter, and then voice after voice took up the refrain, and vociferated it dozens of times, with every variety of vocal effect. I have never in any country heard profanity which seemed to me so ominous and abhorrent as this, and the apparent unwittingness of evil among these light-hearted blasphemers was its worst feature.

It goes without showing that on a similar excursion during the present summer a similar challenge, in a similar exigency, would be met, ninety-nine chances to one, instantly with "I am the captain," or "I 'm called little Buttercup," to be followed by the dozens of irresistible nothings with which H. M. S. Pinafore is full-freighted for our deliverance from an incalculable evil.

— Mr. William M. Hunt, in his Talks on Art, second series, in Dwight's Journal of Music, asserts that "Harvard University has not graduated a great man for fifty years."

"A great man" is of course a relative term. I have had the curiosity to look over the catalogues, from 1829, and find the following distinguished names: Dr. O. W. Holmes, Professor Benjamin Pierce, Charles Sumner, John Lothrop Motley, Wendell Phillips, Professor Jeffries Wyman, E. Rockwood Hoar, John Weiss, Professor James Russell Lowell, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Theodore Parker (who at least graduated from the Divinity School), Mr. William W. Story, Dr. Edward H. Clarke, Mr. Chauncey Wright, Mr. John Fiske, Colonel Robert G. Shaw.

There are many other names which at least bear honorable mention, and the list might be made a long one. We might easily single out twenty, if not more, who, if not *absolutely* great men, would certainly take the precedence, in comparison with the same number of graduates for the last fifty years from any other American college. I think a survey of the Harvard catalogue might incline our great painter to qualify his rather rash assertion.

— I think the writer of the first paragraph of the Contributors' Club for June tells but half of an important truth as to the usage — ill usage as he shows it — of the government departments in withholding information as to debts which it owes. Any man who has, or who represents one who has, or thinks he has, a claim against the United States, and who addresses a note to the head of the proper department, disclosing who and what he is, and what he wishes, will receive very prompt attention. The head, or a responsible subordinate, makes the necessary indorsement, and in due, or *over*due, time he receives such information as the department has.

There are unascertained millions, due to all possible parties, for all imaginable services and things. Until the adoption of the comparatively stringent rules, the facilities for robbery and plunder of the government were such that the most

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enormous frauds were successfully practiced. Take an instance which fell under my personal notice: By connivance with inside clerks a party procured the names, descriptive lists, etc., of a great many thousand colored soldiers, to whom bounties in some form and amounts were due. These he took to New Orleans, and procured negroes to personate the claimants, and actually got many thousand dollars, by forgery and perjury, before the thing was detected.

Even when an honest or demi-semi-honest use is intended to be made of the information, the cases fished out are prosecuted in the interest of the attorney or claim agent rather than of the creditor of the United States, who usually contracts to pay the larger share to the discoverer of his case, or who sells it, with the use of his name, for a trifle.

It is to guard against the efforts of these mere speculators that the present stringency of practice has grown up. The United States do not mean to be dishonest or mean.

A long residence at Washington, in the practice of the law in its various forms as connected somewhat with the civil service, enables me to speak confidently upon this matter.

— It is to Mr. W. H. Mallock, a gentleman who has spent a good deal of time in defaming his betters, that public rumor ascribes the authorship of a little squib entitled, Every Man his own Poet; or, The Inspired Singer's Own Recipe Book. By a Newdigate Prizeman. In this valuable volume are to be found various mock-solemn accounts of how to write a poem like Mr. William Morris, or Robert Browning, or Robert Buchanan, the directions given resembling those in cook-books. To illustrate Mr. Mallock's wayward humor, there is, on page 19, a rule given "to make a poem like Mr. Matthew Arnold:" "Take one soulful of involuntary unbelief, which has been previously well flavored with self-satisfied despair. Add to this one beautiful text of Scripture. Mix these well together; and as soon as ebullition commences grate in finely a few regretful allusions to the New Testament and the Lake of Tiberias, one constellation of stars, half a dozen allusions to the nineteenth century, one to Goethe, one to Mont Blanc or the Lake of Geneva, and one also, if possible, to some personal bereavement," etc.

Of course, thirty-two pages are much too little to satisfy most readers, yet there would seem no reason why, the trick having been learned, real humorists should not go on forever in this amusing way.

In a sort of introduction, Mr. Mallock, if he is the ingenious author, says that "some object that poetry is not progressive." Others may also lament that his humor, although delightful, is not "progressive." Any one who will turn to the Guardian, No. 78, will see what this complaint means. In that paper — which was written by Pope, by the way — is "A Receipt to make an Epic Poem. Take out of any old Poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece) those parts of the story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale," etc. For a Tempest: "Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse: add to these of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing."

The reader will notice what Mr. Mallock may possibly be willing to explain, the startling coincidence between these two bits of waggishness.

— I have recently been reading, with more amusement than profit, Von Hellwald's Die Erde und ihre Völker, and especially that part of it which relates to the United States. At first, I supposed that the author was writing a burlesque of our political, social, and religious condition; but before concluding the book, it had become apparent that the supposed burlesque was the result

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of an almost mediæval ignorance, supplemented by violent prejudice against everything American.

He commences by gravely informing us that in the United States "a new race is being developed, the result mainly of climatic conditions, and especially of the dryness of the atmosphere," . . . "drawing constantly nearer to the aboriginal Indian type." Farther on, he quotes with approval from Pruner Bey the following description of his new race, which, like the hero of Frankenstein, he has manufactured to order: —

"From the chaos of miscegenation now going on in America, there is being formed a new species or breed of men. After the second generation the Yankee already begins to show traces of the Indian caste. Later on, the glandular system is reduced to a minimum of its normal development; the skin becomes dry as leather, the warmth of complexion, the flush of the cheek, vanish, replaced in man by a clayey tint, in woman by a sallow paleness. The head grows smaller, round, or even pointed, while a large development of the cheek-bones and masticatory muscles becomes perceptible. The temples are more sunken, the jaw-bones more massive. . . . The hair assumes the long and lank character of the Indians; . . . the muscles become stringy, and show themselves; the tendons appear on the surface; the body becomes strikingly lean; the neck becomes very slender, and consequently disproportionately long; symptoms of premature decay begin to manifest themselves."

Herr von Hellwald next tells us that the white race, presumably his "fiat" race, is in process of decay, and proves from the figures in Vital Statistics of America, in support of his position, that the birth-rate is annually decreasing, and is now less than it was in France in her most troublous times. Herr von Hellwald is an ingenious statistician. He has in the highest degree, as is exemplified in several places in his book, the power of suiting his facts to his theories, of making his figures conform to his preconceived notions.

And not only is our poor race destined to dissolution in this manner, but its individuals are already showing "unmistakable symptoms of degeneracy, . . . the decay of physical energy," etc. Bret Harte's question is answered. Our civilization, then, is a failure; the Caucasian is played out.

The marital relations between the sexes in this country are very peculiar, and leave man in a deplorable condition. "While in Europe the husband, as a rule, controls the household, the reverse is the case in America. Here the wife assumes the upper hand: in the morning sends her consort, basket in hand, to do the marketing, and at the end of the week relieves him of his earnings, so that he may learn to dispense with his glass of beer, and leave all the more for her personal adornment. In fact, here man is completely the slave of the fair sex, which considers itself as superior to him as it is to all manual work," etc. Our author, in stating these startling facts, forgets to mention the obvious deduction from them, that we are, by our treatment of women, the farthest removed from the savage tribes, and consequently can plume ourselves on being the highest in the scale of civilization.

He finds our children extremely precocious, especially in villainy, and narrates in illustration several impossible stories, probably taken from our lowest sensational newspapers. But the wickedness of the country is by no means confined to children. Indeed, villainy and murder stalk red-handed through our cities in broad daylight. "Scarcely a day passes in New York without risk being incurred from the bowie-knife or the revolver. . . . Murder is of frequent occurrence in all the large towns, but the murderous scenes that take place in the streets of New York are of quite a special character. . . . The universal practice of going about with arms has unquestionably contributed much to the increase of such outrages; but they are mainly due to the ease with which the criminal escapes from the hands of justice."

He finds our public schools vastly be-

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low those of Germany, and our colleges, with but the single exception of Cornell, little better than places for the propagation of sectarian beliefs in religious matters. He says, "The majority of the higher institutions have been founded by religious sects, and the chairs are consequently filled by professors bound in conscience to teach scientific subjects strictly in accordance with the peculiar theological views of their patrons. . . . Cornell University is perhaps the only institution of the kind that does not make the office of the teacher dependent on any particular religious profession."

He notes also "an almost total absence of academies of art, polytechnic and mining schools," and by implication, museums of natural history.

In treating of the late civil war, its causes and results, he assumes a strong pro-slavery attitude, repeats the old threadbare arguments used by slave-holders twenty years ago in support of their peculiar institution, and, after describing the present condition of the negro as being deplorable in the extreme, he points the finger of scorn at those would-be philanthropists who, in their mistaken zeal, have set the black man free. No idea of abstract justice or right seems to have entered our author's brain.

These are but a few of the hundreds of blunders and misrepresentations which are crowded into the book. It is amusing to read, but becomes annoying when one reflects that many, especially Germans, will form their ideas of this country from such a work.

— Has not the professional critic undergone a change of heart of late years? The traditional critic, the *bête noir* of unfortunate authors, from whose pen flowed a mingled stream of biting acid and the gall of bitterness, has he not become humane and softer-hearted than of yore? I speak of the critic of fictitious works, — a being whom, if he be conscientious and really read what it falls to him to comment on, I deeply pity. How seldom do we see a novel heartily condemned, or even judged with any uncompromising strictness. Surely this is not because there are no poor novels to abuse. On the contrary, as it seems to me, there never was more necessity for the existence of the old-fashioned stern censor. If a modern novelist could be killed by an article; if by the rigid decree of the whole body of critics, united for the righteous purpose, nine tenths of the living story-writers could be summarily forbidden ever to publish another novel, I think there might be a chance for the public to recover a healthy appetite once more. We have all heard of men who read the Bible and Shakespeare, and may be some one other book, alone, and thought these all sufficient. I do not wish to confine myself or any one else to such a limited library, but every day the necessity of selection in our reading becomes greater.

I do not believe in "encouraging" young or weakly authors by praising poor work of theirs. A good snubbing is the best thing that can happen to them. If there really is decided promise of better things to come, then by all means say so; but do not forget, Mr. Reviewer, to point out exactly, at the same time, the faults. However, the real critic of course knows all this better than I can tell him, and the majority of reviewers are in no high sense critics at all. Women are the greatest readers of novels; the novel is for them what the cigar or the occasional drink is for a man, — a sedative or a stimulus, according to the temperament. And I am sure they get as much of mental injury from the weak trash with which they dilute their intellect as the men get of physical harm from habitual smoking. The chief reason for this demand of mine for more severe judgment from the critics is an unselfish interest in the mental welfare of my reading fellow-creatures; but I have also my own private reason for it, and that is that I am very fond of novel-reading, and cannot get enough good novels to read, and am convinced that one cause of it is that there are far too many novels.

— The affair to which I allude happened, some thirty-five years ago, in a suburban village, now a city. A zealous parson fancied his disciples rendered

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listless at morning service by partaking too freely of the old-fashioned dish by which it was once said Sunday was chiefly marked. Pragmatical, if anything, the earnest doctor labored with his flock, and even on one occasion admonished them from the pulpit, especially suggesting that the custom of going to the bake-shop every Sunday morning was manifest Sabbath-breaking, and should be abolished. This, of course, though the parson was orthodox, was gross heresy; and, in a rash moment of honest indignation, a big pot of brown baked pulse with crackling brawn was placed upon the parson's doorstep just before service time, and white beans liberally scattered along his path to the meeting-house. Before the summer was over an abundant crop of vines fringed the churchyard, to the great amazement of the villagers, many of whom, though not of his persuasion, *knew beans*.

— The late "hard times" have developed many undesirable things, and among them not the least is the native American beggar. Does anybody, I wonder, like him better, or think him an improvement on the Old World mendicant? If so, I beg to dissent, and add that the latter's doubtful story, prefaced with "Savin' yer presence," and "With respects to you," finds its way to my pocket in half the time that the former's thankless demand and aggrieved independence are traveling through my consciousness.

If the Club were not such a stickler for brevity, I could adduce proof, amusing and vexatious, in support of an opinion so uncomplimentary to our poor. There is an art in asking alms, as in all other things, and the recipient of your bounty who tells you in effect, if not in actual words, that you are bound to do something for him because he is just as good as you are, if he is poor, has scarcely mastered that art.

And, after all, I 'm not sure that the trouble is n't in the air rather than in our institutions, since the very aborigines display the traits I complain of, — at least such remnants of them as I have seen. Their barefaced asking is always matched by their stolid thanklessness. One of the drollest things I ever saw was a Penobscot squaw, refused by the mistress of the house, walking into a kitchen and carrying off a large ham. When followed by the astonished and irate mistress, and told to bring it back, the squaw coolly answered, "No, no, white sister, me hungry; you get plenty more, me got none. Your people take my people land, me take your meat; all right!" Of course she conquered and carried off the ham.

It seems to me recent events have developed a good deal of this spirit among some white natives, also.

— Of course, this is not the day for the Bonapartists, and Mr. Bartlett has already, in his admirable Dictionary of Quotations, shown that the great Napoleon may have been quoting from the Monday Lectureship's friend, Tom Paine, when he said there was but a single step from the sublime to the ridiculous. For did not The Age of Reason — a book, it may be said, by the way, that has known what it is to be a scape-goat — contain these words: "The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again"? Yet the antithesis had been already written down, although Napoleon gave the final mint-mark that made the saying current. In Joseph Warton's Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope (London: Dodsley. 1782), vol. ii., page 60, is the statement, "Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ariosto, made very sudden transitions from the sublime to the ridiculous." After all, the saying is more often quoted in this earlier form. Paine's book appeared in 1795.

— Those of the readers of the Wreck of the Grosvenor who, like myself, first read it at the sea-shore, with the accessories of an occasional wild storm and intercourse with some of the finest specimens of sailor character on the Atlantic coast, must have felt in a peculiar manner the photographic reality of the whole story. Striking testimony to the cor-

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rectness of what sometimes seemed exaggerated has fallen in my way more than once.

A broad-breasted, manly skipper, in whose company I was thrown last summer, and whose face has caught much of its bronze while rescuing human lives, had an experience identical with that of the heroine and her father on the rolling, deserted hull. A passing ship had taken one boatful from the wreck in a frightful sea; the officer refused to return for the three sailors, of whom one was my narrator, and their lives were saved only by an act of heroism such as is described in the Grosvenor.

And now, in a remote corner of the shipping news in my morning paper, among the sadly numerous disasters of the past month, is a story curiously resembling the circumstances of the crisis which came to the Grosvenor when off the Bermudas. The reader will remember the mutiny of the crew, led by the ship's carpenter; the death of the captain; the placing of the hero, the second mate, in command; the false reckoning which the latter kept; the supposed nearness to Florida, but real proximity to the Bermudas; and the intention of the mutineers to leave the mate and Miss Robertson on board, after having scuttled the vessel. Then came the suspense of the counter-plotters, — the boatswain being hidden below, instead of dead, as the mutineers supposed, — when the carpenter came up from below, after boring auger holes in the ship's bottom, and deserted the vessel with the mutineers. I copy the coincidence from the report, word for word: —

"Brig L'Avvenire, from Messina for New York (before reported), arrived in Five Fathom Hole, Bermuda, March 29, in charge of Capt. Page, late first officer of barque Black Prince, of St. John, N. B. The latter fell in with the brig March 23, lat. 28.40, long. 67. She was drifting about in a crippled condition, with foremast, maintopmast, jibboom with all attached, carried away, and had to all appearances been abandoned. Capt. Tyrell, of the Black Prince, took the brig in tow, and towed her for some time, when he found it would be more judicious to adopt another course. He accordingly cut the hawser, and put his first officer with four seamen on board the brig, and ordered them to bring her to Bermuda. With some spare spars from the Black Prince jury masts were rigged, and the ship reached port as already mentioned. Capt. Page reports that when he went on board the brig, he found eight feet of water in her hold. He and his crew set to work at the pumps, and soon gained on the water. After the water had been lowered, he overhauled the vessel, and found three auger holes in the hull, and two three-quarter inch augers lying near by. One hole was forward, quite low down; a second one was opposite the mainmast; and a third one was near the stern-post. After these had been stopped up, the vessel was perfectly tight, and proved herself an excellent sea boat. The L'Avvenire is built of white oak, is a new vessel apparently, and was well fitted. She is loaded with a cargo of oranges, lemons, and wine, and the fruit appears to be in an excellent condition. The vice-marshal in the Court of Admiralty took charge of the ship and cargo, pending the action of the parties interested in them. The vessel had commenced to discharge cargo, April 4, by order of the Court of Admiralty."

When it is remembered that soon after the date of picking up the brig there followed one of the severest storms (March 30th) known in many years, the parallel is almost perfect. Could there be even the remotest connection between the Wreck of the Grosvenor and the wreck of the L'Avvenire? Had the book been known on board, or had another ill-treated crew evolved from their inner consciousness just such a liberation as had occurred to the author of the Grosvenor?

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RECENT LITERATURE.

ONE of the most useful things that can happen to a man, and possibly also to a world, is a change in its point of view. In the movement known as the Renaissance the world suddenly changed its point of view. It had been Christian and ascetic; it became practically pagan and self-indulgent. Its attention was directed to the remains of classic antiquity, and it realized what men were capable of under other ideals. Unhesitating faith gave place to curiosity. The Reformation legitimatized curiosity; the Revolution followed, sweeping away in a desperate burst of impatience the impediments which prevented the application of the results of free inquiry to actual affairs. Out of this turmoil issued modern times. When the Renaissance began the world was provincial; at present no one doubts that it is sufficiently cosmopolitan. There is nothing it does not tolerate, doubt, investigate.

It is to an exposition of the evolution of the modern idea out of the mediæval idea that Mr. Symonds, in the valuable work before us,[1] has devoted himself. When the movement began, in the fourteenth century, St. Anthony was the recognized type of perfection; at its culmination, in the sixteenth, it was more nearly the young Antinous.

There had been an infallible theory for every department of life and the arts, deduced from the religious idea. Life was understood as a period of probation. The pleasures possible to be extracted from it were not meant to be extracted. They were temptations, to be resisted in order to establish a claim to a future reward. To yield to them was not simply an improvident choice of the lesser for the greater good, but fatal criminality. The anchorite of the desert, afflicted with every earthly ill, yet resisting the faintest trace of concession to the supremest combination of earthly seductions, was the highest type of perfection and mundane usefulness.

To this, born out of a sudden discovery of the beauty and merit in the long-neglected remains of antiquity, succeeded an intense worldliness. One extreme begets another; the world had been nothing, now it was everything. It is a matter of undoubted record that the cultivated world in the Renaissance period became frankly pagan. It was no longer a question of enjoyment in a problematic future state, but how to get the greatest enjoyment out of this. It was held that beauty was a good in itself. Its pleasures were for actual use, as they seemed, and not for avoidance. The complex faculties of human nature were meant not merely for worship, but to be employed upon objects as diverse as themselves. The body was a noble and lovely creation, its senses to be gratified instead of being repressed and blighted. The Renaissance in its essence was the rebirth of paganism, whose creed is the sufficiency of the purely mortal life, and whose worship the apotheosis of purely mortal beauty and capacity.

This was the changed point of view from the occupation of which arose the immense diversity of modern times.

Opinion did not long remain at this new extreme. The reformation of Luther in the north, and the Catholic counter-reformation in the south, made the artistic paganism into which all, from pontiff to peasant, had lapsed disreputable. But the new ideal was in the world, and could not be abolished. Life has ever since been a struggle between this ideal and that which it superseded. Morality endeavors to find the difficult limit to which the allurements of the world may be pursued, while the mind is kept mainly fixed upon heaven. It would be difficult to dwell disproportionately upon this conflict between the two opposing principles of asceticism and worldliness, which is the essential fact and the surviving impression both of Mr. Symonds's work and of the Renaissance period.

His plan proposes to trace the progress of the revived classic ideas in the threefold departments of (1) governmental and civil life, (2) literature, and (3) the fine arts. A volume is devoted to each. A fourth volume is projected, to cover literature more in detail and to a later period. The volumes are not numbered consecutively. Each is a comprehensive work so far as its own branch of the subject is concerned, and to be read separately with profit. This sharpness of elimination and distribution

[1] *The Renaissance in Italy.* By JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. London: Smith, Elder & Co. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

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of each class of subject matter to its own department, although having its advantages in presenting to the special student the part in which he is interested in the clearest form, may be thought to be disadvantageous as giving a less connected view of the whole.

Apart from this, and inside of the order chosen, there is nothing obscure. The arrangement and manner evidence a mind which has a genius for logic and orderly divisions. It is a clear and symmetrical narrative in a very pleasing style.

It must be admitted that Italian history, in English at least, is both less written and less read than any other. The school books, from which perhaps our most lasting impressions are derived, slight it extremely. Our Prescotts and Motleys pass it by to devote their painstaking research and powers of vivid description to matters without a tithe of the innate interest or actual importance of this.

The numerous independent states which in Italy take the place of the single dynasties and clearly defined fortunes of other countries, and some dark stories of peculiarly ingenious cruelties, selected from its annals by purveyors of the marvelous, create about it in the popular mind a repulsion and an appearance of difficulty which it does not really possess. This darkness wherever pierced yields the richest returns; it is an obscurity comparable only to that of a treasure chamber in which the rays of the lantern sparkle back from walls incrusted with precious stones. The complex Italian character is found subtle, ingenious, enterprising, intellectual, scholarly; delighting in art; evolving the ideal of the perfect courtier, which is also the ideal of the modern gentleman; living a life of splendid refinement at a time when the rest of Europe was scarcely emerging from barbarism.

Mr. Symonds's Renaissance in Italy is hardly a history proper, but belongs rather to the philosophical school of Buckle and Lecky. Yet it does much to introduce simplicity into the apparent complication mentioned. Strung along upon the thread of his inquiry, which is kept constantly in view, the seeming tangle of republics, oligarchies, imperial fiefs, and ecclesiastical powers resolves itself into a few classifications and easily distinguished types.

The Italian Renaissance can by no means be regarded as a mere subdivision of the great classical revival. It was *the* Renaissance. It was born, developed, and reached its highest possibilities there. Afterwards it sent its influence and its patterns to France, Spain, England, and the ends of the earth, to be modified according to the genius of each locality. It was an intellectual influence, which seems to increase in intensity inversely as the distance in time. They were patterns which produced chintzes, Watteau shepherdesses, a Louis Quatorze crowned with Roman bays over a full-bottomed wig, Sir Christopher Wren churches, the brown stone magnificence of private life in New York and Boston, and the most orthodox court-house models for New South Wales. It was not till well into the present century that some bold innovators in literature, — Scott in England and Châteaubriand in France (a sort of Mazeppa, according to Sainte-Beuve, after whom the hosts of literature galloped into romanticism), — and Pugin and others in architecture, began to make head against the exclusive predominance of Renaissance ideas.

The period embraced in the culmination of the Italian Renaissance may be included between the fall of Constantinople, in 1453, and the sack of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, in 1547; but the gradual steps of preparation for this efflorescence date from the Divine Comedy of Dante, in 1308. The Renaissance, according to the striking phrase of Michelet, discovered the world, and discovered man. Now that earthly life was a worthy thing in itself, everything must be done to make it as complete as possible.

The extent of the interest in the classic fragments, manuscripts, and marbles, when attention was suddenly called to them after they had lain neglected for centuries, is something hardly now conceivable. No literary man and no artist can contemplate without effusion and a sense of compassionate kindliness at its enormous self-delusion the god-like honors paid to their craft by this enthusiastic age.

Cimabue's Madonna, the first picture that showed evidences of an escape from archaic traditions, was borne in procession, and made the occasion of a Florentine holiday. The leg bone of Livy was presented by the republic of Venice to King Alfonso of Naples, as a precious relic. This monarch took to his wars a secretary who read Livy to him and his captains in his tent. The birthday of Plato was observed. Nobles and merchants ruined themselves in the purchase of books. Young men left

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their wine and dicing and women to listen to a learned teacher of Greek.

The immense superiority of the works of antiquity to any feeble efforts of their own seemed to make blind imitation the highest form of progress. Imitation extended into every department, and matters which could not be treated in classic phrase were not treated at all.

They loved liberty because Cicero and Demosthenes had loved liberty. They retired to their Tusculan farms and loved nature in precisely the turns of expression employed by Horace, Virgil, and Theocritus. There were Heliconian Muses, Pans, Galateas, fauns, and river-gods, but hardly a word, except in the pleasing numbers of a late minor poet, Flaminio, about actual persons or woods, skies or flowers, as they really are. In writing nobody pretended to see with his own eyes. In consequence, an artificial, mannered literature of sounding emptiness grew up. The form was everything, the matter of only the slightest account. To take some trivial subject and play upon it in hexameters of correct *Latinism — for it was not till late in the* movement that Italian was deemed suitable for any dignified use — was sufficient to gain the applause of courts and predictions of lasting fame from learned academies. Literary talent was esteemed so fine a thing that it was released from all ordinary rules. The greatest obscurities and blasphemies were pardoned to it, judged only according to the verses in which they were couched, and liberally rewarded. Poggio published in his Facetiæ a series of the most scurrilous satires upon the papacy, but notwithstanding was made papal secretary, which post he had for fifty years.

The revival of learning had below it for the Italians, what it could not have anywhere else, the sentiment of patriotism. The greatness of antiquity was in a sense their own. Every exploitation of it was an enhancement of themselves. They were direct descendants of imperial Rome, which had been mistress of the world. The treasures of art they unearthed were not startling new discoveries; they had merely been mislaid a little while. They could be pointed to as evidences of the capacity of the race.

It is curious to note that the more theoretical talk about liberty increased the more fully men were enslaved. The Italian states without exception passed through this period under some form of despotism. They had adopted a conception of liberty which contained the seeds of ruin within itself. They desired freedom for themselves, but enslavement for all others. Ambitious generals were not slow in finding the logic of such a theory. The Washingtons of the period, instead of retiring to private life upon the conclusion of hostilities, made it their aim to seize upon the chief power, and to become despots.

The characteristics of these illegal rulers, and their relation to their times, constitute the first branch of Mr. Symonds's inquiry. He presents them in a few clearly depicted types, from which we divine the whole. The picture is for the most part gloomy, but it is brightened with the splendor of the arts. The despots extended to them a liberal encouragement. Doubtless, it was largely a matter of policy. The trick has not been unknown, either before or since, of dazzling a people into forgetfulness of their liberties with splendid monuments and literary awards. In other cases the interest was genuine. In Gian Galeazzo Visconti, a prince who had a hideous record of *assassinations and wanton cruelties behind* him, "pure intellect had reached to perfect independence. In the erection of public buildings he was magnificent. The Certosa of Pavia and the Duomo of Milan owed their foundation to his sense of splendor. At the same time he completed the palace of Pavia which his father had begun, and which he made the noblest dwelling-house in Europe. The University of Pavia was raised by him from a state of decadence to one of great prosperity, partly by munificent endowments, and partly by a wise choice of professors. . . . He completed and partly carried out a scheme for turning the Mincio and Brenta from their channels, and for drying up the lagoons of Venice."

The author takes a darker view of the Italian despot than Macaulay, who believed him not to be wantonly cruel, but "on the contrary, where no political object was at stake, soft and humane." His picture at the best is bad enough, and his union with so base a nature of scholarly and æsthetic enthusiasm a psychological puzzle of which we shall have a further word to say.

The professed scholars of the new learning, known as "humanists," who frequented these wicked courts offered no rebuke in the manner of their lives to the profligacy around them. It is rather a matter of record that they were foremost in licentiousness. They revived the worst pagan vices,

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and under their new theories of life scorned every restraint. "While professing stoicism," says Symonds, "they wallowed in sensuality. . . . Licentiousness became a special branch of humanistic literature. Under the thin mask of humane refinement leered the untamed savage; and an age that boasted not unreasonably of its mental progress was at the same time notorious for the vices that disgrace mankind."

In the extraordinary union of such traits as these with a genuine passion for intellectual pursuits in this strange period, there seems something discouraging for civilization, — something hopeless for humanity. One is even inclined to doubt the efficacy of the public schools of the present day as an all-sufficient palladium of morality and our liberties. If a polite and accomplished people, with a proficiency in the arts and an interest in learning that have never been equaled, could arrive at nothing more than monstrous vice and groveling servility, one asks, is there no lesson for us? Shall we not pause while it is yet time, and cease encouraging our publishers and clamoring for increased æsthetic facilities?

The problem is one of the most baffling that comes out of history. What is the limit to which a nation may safely advance, and which it may not overpass without going down to destruction? In all the days of decadence civilization is at its highest. The vases and sarcophagi are of the most elegant form; the jewels and tapestries the most exquisite; the writers the most polished and satiric; the people the most defenseless against the rude enemy storming at the gates.

In the matter of art Ruskin attempts a solution of the enigma and an escape from the apparent logic of history in his most characteristic manner, but succeeds only in presenting its conditions more forcibly. He contrasts the simple Highlander, whose only artistic invention is the checker-board pattern of his plaid, with the fertile-brained Hindoo, teeming with rich and ingenious fancies. "Out of the peat cottage," he tells us, as the case in fact is, "come faith, courage, self-sacrifice, purity, and piety, and whatever else is fruitful in the work of heaven; out of the ivory palace come treachery, cruelty, cowardice, idolatry, bestiality, whatever else is fruitful in the work of hell." The possibility of the æsthetic improvement of the Highlander is passed over, but it is asserted that the Hindoo need by no means be so bad as he is — and the rest of us modern nations who are endeavoring to beautify our lives are to take due notice — if, in his ubiquitous ornaments, he had delighted in decoration *not for what it is, but for what it suggests*, and had endeavored to make it suggest natural objects!

We have not even so much of an explanation for the anomaly so far as literature is concerned. But, not to concede that there is no necessary connection between literature in its best development and morality, what has been said of the soulless character of the literature under consideration must be remembered. It was mainly a matter of form without essence. Nothing is more entertaining than the personal sketches of these scholars. Their quarrels and printed invectives are beyond the extremest amenities of the modern provincial press in times of political heat.

Their pedantic learning was valuable as a foundation stone is valuable, — for what was to be set upon it. It did not furnish in itself the ennobling sentiments and ideals which we like to believe make the best modern literature a tangible restraining force and safeguard.

The Italian Renaissance has its features of interest for every taste. In its progress changes were evolved of vital importance to every human interest. But that which gives it its greatest charm, and leads its votary to turn with avidity to the prospect of new details and linger with untiring fondness over the old, is the color and light, the all-pervading sentiment of beauty, in which it is bathed. The historian without artistic feeling has no vocation in its annals. The tone of Mr. Symonds is philosophic, in keeping with the character of his studies, and his air for the most part temperate and discriminating. Yet he is not lacking in warm appreciations, which upon occasion find expression in picturesque and glowing passages. Such a one is his explanation of the supremacy of color in the Venetian school of painting: —

"There is color in flowers. Gardens of tulips are radiant, and the mountain valleys touch the soul with the beauty of their pure and gem-like hues. Therefore, the painters of Flanders and of Umbria, John Van Eyck and Gentile da Fabriano, penetrated some of the secrets of the world of color. But what are the purples and scarlets and blues of iris, anemone, or columbine, dispersed among deep meadow grasses, or trained in quiet cloister garden-beds, when compared with that melodrama of flame

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and gold and orange which the skies and lagoons of Venice yield almost daily to the eyes? The Venetians had no green fields and trees, no garden borders, no blossoming orchards, to teach them the tender suggestiveness, the quaint poetry, of isolated or contrasted tints. Their meadows were the fruitless furrows of the Adriatic, hued like a peacock's neck; they called the pearl shells of their Lido flowers *fior di mare*. Nothing distracted their attention from the glories of morning and of evening presented to them by their sea and sky. It was in consequence of this that the Venetians conceived color so heroically; not as a matter of missal margins or of subordinate decoration, but as a motive worthy in itself of sublime treatment."

As a critic of art, and indeed in his work in general, Mr. Symonds is rather an appreciative follower of authority than an originator of striking new reflections or points of view. He consigns nobody to obloquy whose verdict had not already been pronounced, and redeems nobody from it, except it be Botticelli; and this not of his own motion, but to note the singular interest which has lately been shown by the school of Ruskin and Bourne Jones for this hitherto obscure painter of the middle Renaissance. He is thought to be a peculiarly characteristic representative of the subtle moment of transition when the new classic scholarship was making its way into the old traditions of painting, and had not yet fully prevailed over them.

In this irrepressible conflict, the sympathies of Mr. Symonds appear somewhat vacillating, and his uncertainty of feeling leads to minor contradictions. Thus, at one moment we learn that "painting and sculpture were alike alien to the grosser superstitions, the scholastic subtleties, and the ecstatic trances of the Middle Ages;" and, later on, that "the idyllic grace of maternal love in the Madonna, the pathetic incidents of martyrdom, . . . the loveliness of a pure life in modest virgins, and the dramatic episodes of sacred story furnish a multitude of motives admirably pictorial."

His sympathies are with the exuberant worldliness that raised Italy to so great a pitch of magnificence, yet he by no means spares the dissolute humanists, nor withholds his appreciation from Savonarola. These hesitations and reluctances are not more than can be condoned by a public which is itself so far from shore on a sea of uncertainties.

In general, it may be said of this new history of the Italian Renaissance that, without offering novel propositions or curious research, it is a compendium of the best that has been wrought out upon the subject in most of its departments. It renews the picture of Florentine civilization, more graphically presented than anywhere else in George Eliot's Romola; it coincides with Macaulay in his estimate of the typical figure of Macchiavelli; its literary judgments do not differ from those of Hallam. It follows Fergusson — a somewhat flippant guide — in architecture, and it avails itself of the views of Taine, while by no means ignoring those of Ruskin. Its value will be found, we believe, in its collection and presentation at a single view of materials not otherwise accessible without the expenditure of much time and pains.

— Mr. Bishop calls his artistic and pleasing story a romance;[1] and so it is as to motive, but the characters and the incidents — all except the shattering of the mirror in the Palazzo Grazzini — are the characters and the incidents of a novel. The story is, in fact, a rarely successful blending of the two kinds, and is itself of a kind of which there are few examples. We have always thought the motive uncommonly good, and we are glad to testify here to our sense of the poetic insight with which it is managed. Our readers ought all to remember it: that notion of two men plotting a crime for which one voluntarily suffers the whole legal penalty, and transmits to his son the shame and misery of his inexpiable wrong, while the other goes free. Nothing can be better than the study of Detmold's consciousness under the agony of his inherited disgrace, which he hides from every one in a distant city, and under which he is now abjectly hopeless of any good in life, and now recklessly defiant and resolute to seize love and happiness in spite of his unjust degradation. Nor is the father less strikingly portrayed. When he comes out of prison he lives down his crime in the very place where it was committed, and wins the respect, the affection, all but the silence, of his fellow-townsmen, who, after exhausting every other sensation possible from his history, continue to tell it to strangers for the sake of enjoying their surprise, and out of a sort of local pride in a man who could so survive his disastrous past. These are points, as the reader perceives, not only very subtile, but very strong. The situation is

[1] *Detmold: A Romance.* By W. H. Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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powerfully conceived, and it is pictured with a reserve, a cool mastery, that in the end is profoundly affecting. There can be no hope for Detmold except in the identification of Mr. Starfield's adoptive daughter with the daughter of his father's partner in guilt, which duly happens after he has followed her to Europe for love, and their friendship has deepened throughout those charming scenes in Verona. This conclusion is strictly and rightly in accordance with the romantic idea of the plot, — the romance being, like the poem, at once more elevated and a little more mechanical than the novel.

The story is well balanced, and is most conscientiously wrought out to the end with care that never falters and never visibly becomes anxiety. The interest culminates with the betrayal of Detmold's secret to Alice at the ball in Verona. She does not know her own relation to it, but one feels in one's heart that she is related to it, and that they will marry before the end of the book. Yet if one did not read to the end, he would lose much of the best work. There are everywhere very penetrating touches, — but few better than the final allusions to Detmold's father, and the young man's remorse, when his father is dead, that he should have striven so hard and so long to dissociate himself from a man whom Alice justly "looked upon as cast in a heroic mold." If Mr. Bishop wishes a hint for another story, let him enlarge the sketch of the elder Detmold to the dimensions of a romance. The character here so firmly outlined would bear elaboration, and the story is a pathetic and noble one.

Alice Starfield, the heroine of the present romance, has charm, — that first essential of a heroine. The thought of her lingers in the mind like a delicate perfume, and there is a distinct sense of her maidenliness which we hardly know how the author has contrived to impart. The slow ripening of her friendship for Detmold into love, her gentle reluctance to be other than she is, her sort of bewilderment at his passion, — there is something exquisitely innocent and lovely in all this; and there is something fine in the instant fusion of her regard into a warmer feeling when she believes Detmold slandered. The love-making throughout the book is charming, and the talk between the lovers is real lovers' talk, — not an easy kind of talk to keep going. Let the reader turn to that chapter where Detmold and Alice are sketching at the Museo Civico; or to that extremely pretty episode called The Idyl of an Italian Hillside. At the Museo the talk is light, gay, and on her side unconscious; on the hillside, where they lounge on the grass, it deepens to tenderness and trembles to confession. It is something uncommonly nice where Detmold is suffered to engrave "an imaginary monogram with a pencil upon the stone of a turquoise ring she wore," and there are constantly things to commend them to the reader's recognition as veritable young people, who are none the worse for being "silly sooth." At the Museo, "he placed himself at a little distance, for her to make a rapid sketch of his head and shoulders in a certain position. 'This is not to be regarded as a finished likeness, you know,' said she, regarding him quizzically, as the work drew to a close. 'You are not particular about having the nose in, are you?' 'Not at all, — don't mention it. You might omit the eyes and mouth if it is any object.' 'I have them in already. They are not so hard to do as noses!' Then she showed him a remote resemblance to himself, much flattered." Somehow, this young lady's presence is a tangible affair to the reader; she is not minutely painted, but sketched with an occasional minuteness which is very effective. At other times, Mr. Bishop knows how to employ this art, and, still better, how to spare it. Pages of description could not say so much as the simple phrase, "Detmold turned feebly to depart," in the tragic moment when Castelbarco has betrayed his secret to Alice.

We must pay our tribute to the literary workmanship throughout the book. It is fine without being superfine, and it is delicate without weakness. The subordinate persons are exceedingly well done, especially Hyson; Mr. Starfield, intelligent American business man, is very good, and so is Signor Niccolo, the Italian farmer, whose farm is a hitherto unpainted bit of real value. But Castelbarco strikes us as rather conventional; he is the weakness of a book which has few weak points and many strong ones. We shall be disappointed if its excellent quality, its very distinct and characteristic flavor, is not generally appreciated. It has humor, too, of a fresh and original sort, which agreeably relieves the prevailingly sombre cast of the story. It is in fine a finished achievement of a high sort in fiction, and it gives us the right to expect other good things from Mr. Bishop.

— The Sisters of Charity in the United States numbered at a recent enumeration

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eleven hundred and seventy-nine, in charge of one hundred and six establishments for the care of orphans, infants, widows, patients, insane, and school children. All of these institutions, if we read correctly, had their origin in the consecration and labors of one woman. That is to say, Mrs. Eliza Seton, better known as Mother Seton, began in 1808, at Emmetsburg, in Maryland, the formation of a sisterhood in connection with a school, and that was the parent of similar societies, now widely scattered throughout America. The life[1] of such a woman as the foundress could scarcely fail of presenting points of interest, and Dr. White has used freely the materials in his hands for a biography. If he has given more attention to the religious exercises of Mother Seton's mind than to those features which we naturally look to for an explanation of material success, it is because to a co-religionist especially the secret of the woman's career lay in her devotion rather than in her prudence. Mrs. Seton was born of American parents in 1774, and married a physician whose health declined, leading them to make a journey to Italy with one of their children, in 1803. After a few months, Dr. Seton died, leaving his widow and child in the care of friends, who gave them a home, and sent them back in due time to America. Mrs. Seton, who was of a very emotional nature and ardent temperament, had been brought up in the Protestant Episcopal Church, but while in Italy was attracted by the Roman Catholic Church, and after her return to America, in the face of strong opposition from her friends, became a member of that communion. The glimpses given of the Romish Church in America at this time, and of the social sacrifice made by a convert to it, are curious and interesting. For a little while one is permitted by the author to look with a mild compassion upon the misguided people who endeavored in vain to hold back the eager devotee; a half-patronizing credit is given to the religious influences which had helped to mold Mrs. Seton's character, and then the curtain drops on Protestantism, and the reader is bidden to follow the new disciple into the untroubled bosom of the church.

The picture of Mother Seton will seem to many a singular restoration of a mediæval portrait. One reads the lives of European saints and looks at pictures of rapt foreign devotees with a sense of separation, not merely in time and space, but in all the modes of familiar life. It gives one an impression of the continuity of certain forms of life in the Romish Church which had, as it were, disappeared in the community at large, and to find such an example of conventual sanctity in the raw atmosphere of the New World is like discovering a Fra Angelico in the Studio Building. The type of religious life which Mother Seton presents is not easily produced by Protestantism, and we are apt to think the approaches to it more or less affected and imitative when we discover them in Protestant communions. Fortunately for the world, devotion, self-sacrifice, and penances of life still appear outside of the walls of a religious house; if it were not so, we should all despair, and be ready to take Hamlet's fiercely-whispered advice; and it will be found that the form which Mother Seton's devotion took makes but a transparent separation between her life and that of other women who never get beyond the title, say, of aunt. We confess to a little suffocation in reading the rhapsodies of Mother Seton's religion; it is like the enjoyment of half-tropical flowers in a hot-house. It may be a provincial taste, but the flowers that grow in the open air please us better, and the exotics seem never capable of a hardy growth in our soil. America is supposed to be large and tolerant, and capable of maintaining a very diversified life. We look at these things differently from what our good fathers did; still, when we catch glimpses of the alarm mingled with childish curiosity which received the first transplanting upon our shores of religious houses, we hesitate to convict our fathers of an unreasonable fear. They were not afraid of foreigners; they had a healthy feeling that the country could absorb them and Americanize them; but they were uneasy at the appearance of institutions which, however picturesque in the distance, bore a singular likeness to evils which had had a good deal to do with causing the new republic in America. So we watch the expansion of a system in which Mother Seton was so marked a character, with abundant admiration of her unselfishness, but not with entire

[1] *Life of Mrs. Eliza A. Seton, Foundress and First Superior of the Sisters or Daughters of Charity in the United States of America.* With Copious Extracts from her Writings, and a Historical Sketch of the Sisterhood from its Foundation to the Time of her Death. By CHARLES I. WHITE, D. D. To which is added an Appendix containing a Summary of the History of the Sisters of Charity to the Year 1879. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co 1879.

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admiration of that surrender which she made to a mighty image.

— Reading Mr. Anthony Trollope's essay on Thackeray,[1] one is at a loss to know just what portion of the British public is addressed in Mr. Morley's biographies of English Men of Letters. Is it young people, or persons of feeble mind? Or is the average reader in England to be amused or instructed by this sort of thing? With all one's American willingness to think ill of Englishmen, one hopes not. Apparently, however, there is a British public which may be expected to sympathize with Mr. Trollope's feeling that a man like Mr. Trollope may fitly talk down on a man like Thackeray. Or is this only appearance, and is Mr. Trollope singular in his impression? Or is it, after all, the inevitable attitude of a man who is in some sort alive toward a man who is in some sort dead? Whatever it is, the patronage begins almost at the beginning, and is shared pretty equally between the reader and the subject of what Mr. Trollope would call his lucubrations. But the introductory biographical sketch is not so offensive as the special criticism of Thackeray's work with which the book is filled out. Mr. Trollope has not yet struck his triumphant note. This is first heard toward the end of the chapter, where he palliates while he is obliged to condemn the spirit and the language in which Thackeray spoke of the Four Georges. "If we wish ourselves to be high," he says with perfect gravity, "we should treat that which is over us as high. And this should not depend altogether on personal character, though we know — as we have reason to know — how much may be added to the firmness of the feeling by personal merit." Is it possible? The same liberal casuist, however, condones the fault of a brother who happened to be made differently from himself. "Thackeray's loyalty was no doubt true enough, but was mixed with little of reverence. *He was one who revered modesty and innocence rather than power,* against which he had, in the bottom of his heart, something of republican tendency. His learning was no doubt of the more manly kind." After this, no one will be surprised to learn that Mr. Trollope believes Thackeray was morbidly sensitive to the existence of snobbishness, and that, in sum, snobbishness is not so bad. A curious proof of the thickness of the medium through which Mr. Trollope considers Thackeray is his entire confusion of mind upon this point. He finds, after going over the whole matter, that if you do not lie and steal you are not a snob; whereas it was the very essence of Thackeray's effort to show that you might have none of the vices and yet be a snob, if you had not social courage, — if you "meanly admired mean things," if, in other words, you "wished to be high by treating that which was over you as high." Mr. Trollope thinks the snob papers were carried too far, and that their author would better have divided snobs into fewer classes. This may be, but one wishes that he were yet alive to give us a subdivision devoted to the biographical snob.

Generally speaking, Mr. Trollope's discussion of Thackeray's work is as entirely idle and valueless a disquisition as any we know. It does not throw a ray of new light upon Thackeray's methods or motives; it does not analyze acutely; it is without insight. He has indeed the luck to say that Barry Lyndon is not surpassed "in imagination, language, construction, and general literary capacity," by anything else the author did; but he thinks it wonderful that the author should so tell the supposed autobiographer's story as to appear to be altogether on the hero's side. This Mr. Trollope cannot understand, — perhaps because it is a stroke of genius; but he is good enough to assure his readers that "no one will be tempted to undertake the life of a *chevalier d'industrie* by reading the book, or be made to think that cheating at cards is either an agreeable or a profitable profession." "Sir," asked his admirer of Mr. Wordsworth, "don't you think Milton was a great poet?" And Charles Lamb, whom Hunt was trying to suppress, called out from behind the door, "Let me feel his bumps! Let me feel his bumps!"

The commonness, the thumb-fingered awkwardness, of the criticism prevades the language and imagery of the book, and Mr. Trollope talks of "the literary pabulum given for our consumption;" of "the then and still owners of Punch;" of a "doctrine which will not hold water;" of Beatrix, who wished to rise in the world, and whose "beauty was the sword with which she must open her oyster." And Mr. Trollope keeps his family "skeleton," not in the closet, but "in the cupboard."

Mr. Trollope was simply unfit for the work to which he was appointed. When

[1] *Thackeray.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. [English Men of Letters. Edited by JOHN MORLEY.] New York: Harper and Brothers. 1879.

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he does not speak of Thackeray he sometimes speaks very well, and there are certain passages referring to the office and responsibility of the modern novelist which we wish to quote for their truth and suggestiveness. They are not brilliant or graceful, but they are just, and they ought to be read: —

"I should be said to insist absurdly on the power of my own confraternity if I were to declare that the bulk of the young people in the upper and middle classes receive their moral teaching chiefly from the novels they read. Mothers would no doubt think of their own sweet teaching; fathers of the examples which they set; and schoolmasters of the excellence of their instructions. Happy is the country that has such mothers, fathers, and schoolmasters! But the novelist creeps in closer than the schoolmaster, closer than the father, closer almost than the mother. He is the chosen guide, the tutor whom the young pupil chooses for herself. . . . Shall he, then, to whom this close fellowship is allowed — this inner confidence — shall he not be careful what words he uses, and what thoughts he expresses, when he sits in council with his young friend? This, which it will certainly be his duty to consider with so much care, will be the matter of his work."

— The greater part of The Lover's Tale[1] was, as Mr. Tennyson tells us, written in the author's nineteenth year, but was withdrawn from the press through a sense of its inferiority. A few copies, however, were distributed without his knowledge among friends, and these have lately been reprinted without his consent, and without his contemplated corrections. He now hopes to be pardoned if he reprints the poem, since what "he had deemed scarce worthy to live is not allowed to die;" and he reprints it with its sequel, The Golden Supper, which we already know.

The "pirates" who "mercilessly" obliged Mr. Tennyson to this course have done his fame no harm, though they are none the less pirates for that reason. Since the poem existed, its publication was only a question of time, and it will be judged as the work of a very young man. But it is easy to understand why the taste of the young man able to write it might condemn it; for it really was not "worthy to live." It is very prolix; the passion is strained; and the uncertainty which overshadows the narration is not dissipated till the second reading, which the poem requires rather than invites. A young man loves his cousin, and she loves his friend, and marries him. Then the lover, in great darkness and distress of mind, is visited by dreams of her death and resuscitation, which leads up to the sequel founded on the old Italian story of the lover who goes to lament his mistress in her tomb, and finds that she has been buried alive. We think that in the original he marries her, but in Tennyson's poem *he necessarily restores her to her husband.*

Here is not much inspiration, and the story cannot be said to be managed with great skill. The language is sometimes as strained as the passion; but it is all perfumed with the poet's peculiar spirit, and is as Tennysonian as anything we have since had from Tennyson. He had already mastered certain mannerisms, which characterize much of his latest work. A passage like this, for instance, with its graceful repetitions, and its pretty artifice in conjunctionally running the thought from point to point, might occur in any of the Idyls; it is undramatic enough to occur in the Dramas:

"Then had the earth beneath me yawning cloven
With such a sound as when an iceberg splits
From cope to base — had Heaven from all her doors,
With all her golden thresholds clashing, roll'd
Her heaviest thunder — I had lain as dead,
Mute, blind, and motionless as then I lay;
Dead, for henceforth there was no life for me!
Mute, for henceforth what use were words to me!
Blind, for the day was as the night to me!
The night to me was kinder than the day;
The night in pity took away my day,
Because my grief as yet was newly born,
Of eyes too weak to look upon the light;
And thro' the hasty notice of the ear
Frail Life was startled from the tender love
Of him she brooded over. Would I had lain
Until the plaited ivy-tress had wound
Round my worn limbs, and the wild brier had driven
Its knotted thorns thro' my unpaining brows,
Leaning its roses on my faded eyes.
The wind had blown above me, and the rain
Had fall'n upon me, and the gilded snake
Had nestled in this bosom-throne of Love,
But I had been at rest for evermore."

It will be in following such traits of style from this early growth to their later development that the critical reader will largely find his account. But any reader may enjoy the touches of description which continually occur, and of which we think two of the best are, —

"A purple range of mountain-cones, between
Whose interspaces gush'd in blinding bursts
The incorporate blaze of sun and sea.

. . .

[1] *The Lover's Tale.* By ALFRED TENNYSON Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1879.

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> On the other side, the moon,
> Half melted into thin blue air, stood still,
> And pale and fibrous as a wither'd leaf."

But generally even the descriptive passages, when compared with those in the Morte d'Arthur and The Gardener's Daughter, are as inferior as the passionate expression will appear when compared with that of such a poem as Love and Duty.

Nevertheless, it is a pleasure, once in a way, to read the poem. It has at least the magic to recall, if not the master's early greatness, then the delight with which we first read him: it brings back the reader's own youth and freshness, when Tennyson seemed such an important interest of life, and laid that gracious debt upon us which none of us can or would forget.

— Now that archery seems about to displace croquet in the hearts and on the lawns of summer pleasurers, we know no greater favor we can do them than to direct them to Mr. Thompson's manual [1] for both the literature and the practice of their graceful sport. He is himself at once poet and archer, and he writes of the bow with knowledge and inspiration. It has been his companion in Southern glades and Western woods; his arrow has struck the heron on the wing, and caught the hare in his flying leap. Mainly his adventures were in Florida, where his early life was spent, and there are some half dozen delightful chapters relating these, which are full of fresh and original observation; and there is a poem, The Death of the White Heron, which is one of the best of a kind that Mr. Thompson has almost made his own kind, — a sylvan incident narrated with such breath and color that you are under the tropic sky amid the wild savannahs while you read: it is a marvelously genuine bit of poetic realism. Then come some pleasant chapters about Robin Hood and the archery of the ballads; then something about the game of archery, on the lawn and in the woods; then more chapters of adventure and observation; then an appendix, with abundant instructions in the science of the sport, with directions as to the choice of bows and arrows, and all that pertains to amateur archery.

[1] *The Witchery of Archery: A Complete Manual of Archery.* With many Chapters of Adventures by Field and Flood, and an Appendix containing Directions for the Manufacture and Use of Archery Implements. By MAURICE THOMPSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

[2] *Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin.* By GEORGE STEWART, JR., Author of Evenings in the Library, The Story of the Great Fire, etc. Toronto, Canada: Rose Belford Publishing Company. 1878.

— Mr. Stewart's history of Canada under the administration of Lord Dufferin [2] is certainly a valuable book. The subject is one in which most of the inhabitants of this country might fancy that they would take little interest; yet if they open this bulky volume they will find not only that the story is clearly told, but that there is so much in recent events in the neighboring country which bears a likeness to our own troubles that they will be glad to see the machinery of another government at work. Moreover, the history of all parliamentary government, not excepting that of Turkey, is valuable to those who care for the higher side of politics. Even if the reader is indifferent to Canadian history, it is unlikely that he will not find himself entertained and instructed by Lord Dufferin's capital speeches, which are here reported generally in full. These frequent addresses — for the governor-general was always receiving a deputation, or speaking to a school or college, or thanking the people for some courtesy — are excellent reading: they are wise, discreet, witty, and full of tact, and they well deserve preservation. It is easy to see why the Canadians regretted Lord Dufferin's departure, for the only bad turn he has served them has been making the place a very hard one for his successor to fill with similar satisfaction to all.

Besides what we may call its temporary value as a book to lie on every centre-table in Canada, this book will be of service at some future time when the history of Canada will have to be written. The annalist of that day will be grateful to have his work so well done for him, for certainly this volume deserves all praise for its thoroughness and exactness.

— Mr. Drone's title-page [3] is what Bentham would have called a "question-begging" title-page. At the foundation of any intelligent discussion of copyright lies the question whether it is or is not a branch of the law of property. Mr. Drone in his title-page assumes that the question is necessarily answered in the affirmative. But the proof that this is the necessary answer is furnished in the body of the volume, and no one, we think, who examines it can fail to come to

[3] *A Treatise on the Law of Property in Intellectual Productions in Great Britain and the United States.* Embracing Copyright in Works of Literature and Art, and Playright in Dramatic and Musical Compositions. By EATON S. DRONE. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

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the conclusion that the proof is very strong. Our space is too limited to permit a detailed analysis of Mr. Drone's argument with regard to the origin, nature, and history of literary property, of which the first hundred pages of his book are made up; nor to do more than refer the reader, whether lawyer or layman, to the book itself, if he wishes to see how an argument which a hundred years ago was placed on a firm basis by Lord Mansfield has been since reinforced and illuminated by the course of judicial decision, of legislation, and the course of public opinion. Mr. Drone has thoroughly covered his ground, and his book is full of evidence of patient research, as well as that still more valuable quality in a legal writer, — the power of extracting *principles* from decided cases. His book is on the whole decidedly the best treatise on copyright in the language, and will undoubtedly have an effect in shaping the action of the courts before which questions of copyright may come in the future. It would probably have a still greater effect in this way if it were not for a single defect, which is also rather a singular defect in a law book, — a violence of language which impairs the judicial weight of the author's opinions. This tendency has not apparently perverted Mr. Drone's statement of what the law actually is, and arises chiefly from an earnest conviction of the wide disparity between the condition of the law and what it ought to be, and a generous eagerness, which even the most hardened practitioner must look upon in a lenient spirit, to do his share in improving this branch of the law.

The copyright question, just before the publication of Mr. Drone's book, had been undergoing in England one of those periodical discussions which at intervals of a generation or so serve to prove that the law is not yet settled on a satisfactory basis. A royal commission was appointed, which submitted its report in June, 1878; and there are some facts connected with its report not generally known on this side of the water, which bring out in a strong light the point that the claims of property in intellectual productions are always strengthened by impartial discussion. The inquiry, however it originated, was made the engine of a most vehement attack on copyright from a quarter in which danger was least to be expected. If we were asked to determine in advance from what class of men we would least expect intellectual property to be attacked, we should most certainly answer from the free traders. That the disciples of the doctrine that every man should be allowed to dispose of the fruits of his labor in the best market should come out as advocates of any theory hostile to copyright would seem *a priori* impossible. The reasoning by which the attack has been supported is somewhat as follows: Books in London cost a great deal more than in the United States. Owing to the absence of a copyright treaty between the United States and Great Britain, and the inherent difficulty of repressing the trade between Canada and the United States, cheap American reprints of English works find their way into the British colonies; so that the British colonist is enabled to buy English works at a far less cost than the native Englishman. Consequently, on the ground of "cheap books," certain English free traders have persuaded themselves that there is some difficulty with the law of copyright, which enables the British book-seller or publisher to place an arbitrary price upon his wares. It seems as clear as anything can be that with a fair international copyright law prices between England and the United States would equalize themselves; though it is undoubtedly a fact that books published for a small but luxurious public will always cost more than books published for a large and poor public, and that as long as American publishers have the benefit of foreign publishers' experience of the market without having to pay for it, they will always undersell English publishers. Why these facts have any tendency to show that authors' rights ought to be curtailed we are at a loss to see, and so in the end was the English copyright commission; for after a careful examination of these extraordinarily novel free-trade theories, and the evidence adduced in support of them, they came to the conclusion that what copyright needed was not curtailment, but enlargement, and accordingly recommended that the duration of copyright be lengthened.

Of course, Mr. Drone has a good deal to say with regard to international copyright, and the reader will find in his volume a very clear discussion of the present condition of the question, the latest contribution to which has taken the shape of a proposal, by a leading publishing house in New York, that authors' rights between England and the United States shall be protected, provided that English authors, to have the benefit of the treaty, shall be required to select an American publisher. This is inter-

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national copyright, subject to the application of the principle of protection to the materials which enter into the construction of books, and the proposal is believed to command the assent of most of the leading publishing houses in this country. It is on many accounts objectionable, and it is very difficult to tell in advance how it would work in practice. It would, however, clearly be an improvement upon the present system of legalized piracy, of which, having first reaped the fruits in the shape of unfair gains, we are now beginning to suffer the penalty in the shape of unfair losses.

MR. KELLY ON MR. LINTON.

To the Editor of the Atlantic Monthly:

Sir, — Mr. Linton, in his article on wood-engraving, does me the honor to devote a good deal of attention to my work. He puts to me a direct question in the following paragraph: —

"Need the instruction be carried further? Shall we look again at Henry Bergh on Duty? I am still speaking to the heathen, — say to some rural purchaser (may the shadows of such increase!) of illustrated works. Dear sir, or madam, as the case may be, be pleased (not too much) to notice that the coat of the driver (page 873, April number of Scribner's, again), the front of the carriage, side in perspective and front of the horse, part (why only part?) of Mr. Bergh's apparel, the sky, the unshadowed parts (again why only those parts?) of the pavement, the perpendicular sides of houses, the more distant figures, the glass lamp, also some trees, are one and all represented by nothing more or less than a series of perpendicular lines crossed by horizontal white ditto. Most innocent purchaser of 'fine art'! do you think you have it here? Look a little on to The Bull-Dog of the Future, at page 880, or at Moran's views of the Stickeen River, in the same number. But I guess these last are altogether by machinery; so there is no one for me to blame. Enough of these abortive popularities!"

If I may be allowed to reply, I will say that the white-lined parts referred to are intended to be shown as touched by sunlight. I have adopted the principle of distinguishing such portions in this way from those in half tint and shadow, as a method adapted to give the greatest force and truth to nature in light and shade. I consider that it corresponds to the practice of "loading" in painting. For my shadows I prefer the simple perpendicular line as giving in the same way most fully the quality of transparency.

In my picture of Bergh complained of elsewhere, the important thing, it seemed to me, was that Bergh was seizing the bit bur. I concentrated attention upon that; if the more remote details were vague in texture, it was because they were of less importance, and ought not be allowed to distract the attention.

In justice to my engraver, I will say that it is not he who is responsible for the method so displeasing to Mr. Linton. He followed the directions above described, which seem the most satisfactory to me after an apprenticeship at engraving preceding my practice as a designer. This is not a matter in which I am more interested than the public at large, but Mr. Linton makes the multiple graver responsible for sins which it is not only not guilty of, but is incapable of committing. The engraver of my works tells me that he does not use it at all, and that any engraver of judgment should know that it is impossible to cut a tint with that instrument.

Respectfully, J. E. Kelly.

New York, *June* 10, 1879.

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